THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

DEC. 25, 1915

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Fibble, D.D. By Irvin S. Cobb—Winged Crime By Arthur Train

FAIRY SOAP

For toilet and bath

Fairy Soap is refreshing because of its purity and pleasing cleansing quality. Skilled soap-making experts use only the choicest materials in making it.

Fairy Soap is as pure as its whiteness suggests. Each cake is kept clean and sweet by the dainty tissue wrapper and the individual box in which it is enclosed.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

The white oval cake fits the hand

5¢

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

The New

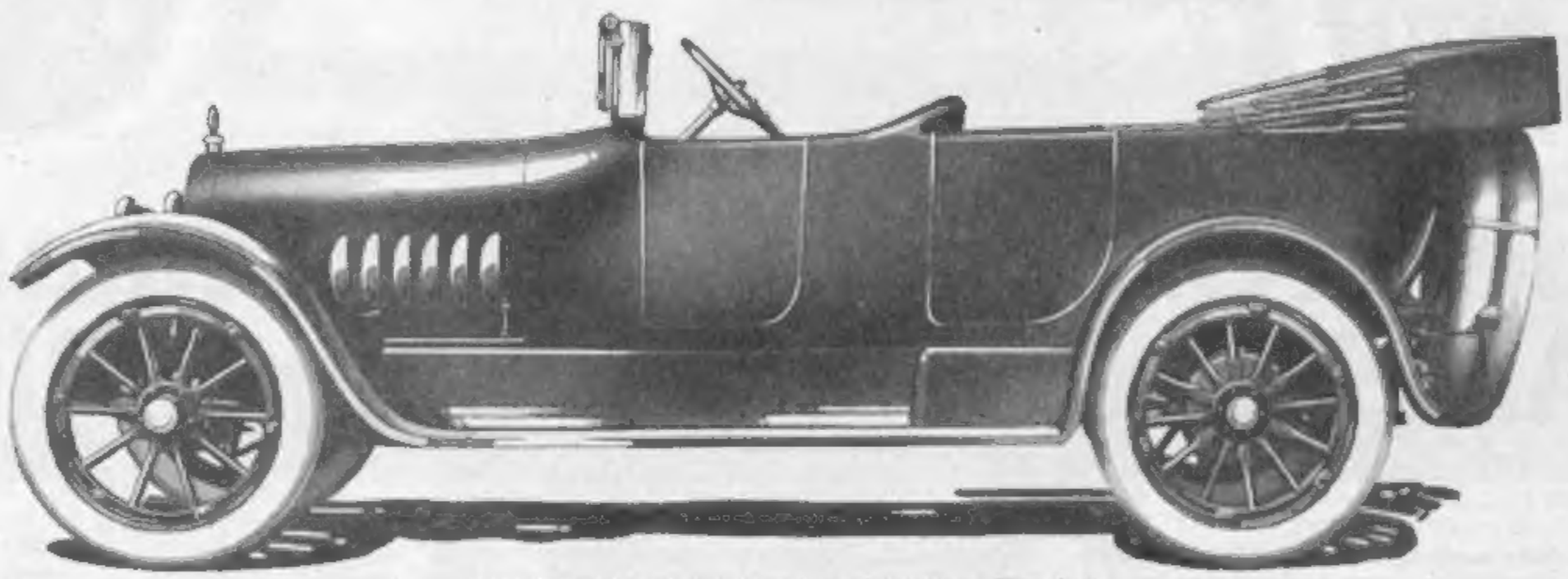
PEERLESS EIGHT

MODEL 56

will be exhibited at the NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOWS

New York: December 31st to January 8th
Chicago: January 22nd to January 29th

and at the Local Automobile Shows by PEERLESS Distributors, who will also have Demonstrating Cars at their show rooms in the near future



PEERLESS Model 56 Seven-Passenger Touring

This New PEERLESS EIGHT
confirms the value of long experience

THE first PEERLESS motor car was produced in 1902. Since that time a great many PEERLESS models have been developed, selling at a maximum price of $6,000.00 and an average price of over $4,000.00.

The value of the experience gained in this development cannot be overestimated.

The new Model 56 Eight-Cylinder car is the natural result of this experience, and has received more careful and painstaking attention through a longer period of time than any other model developed in the PEERLESS Factory.

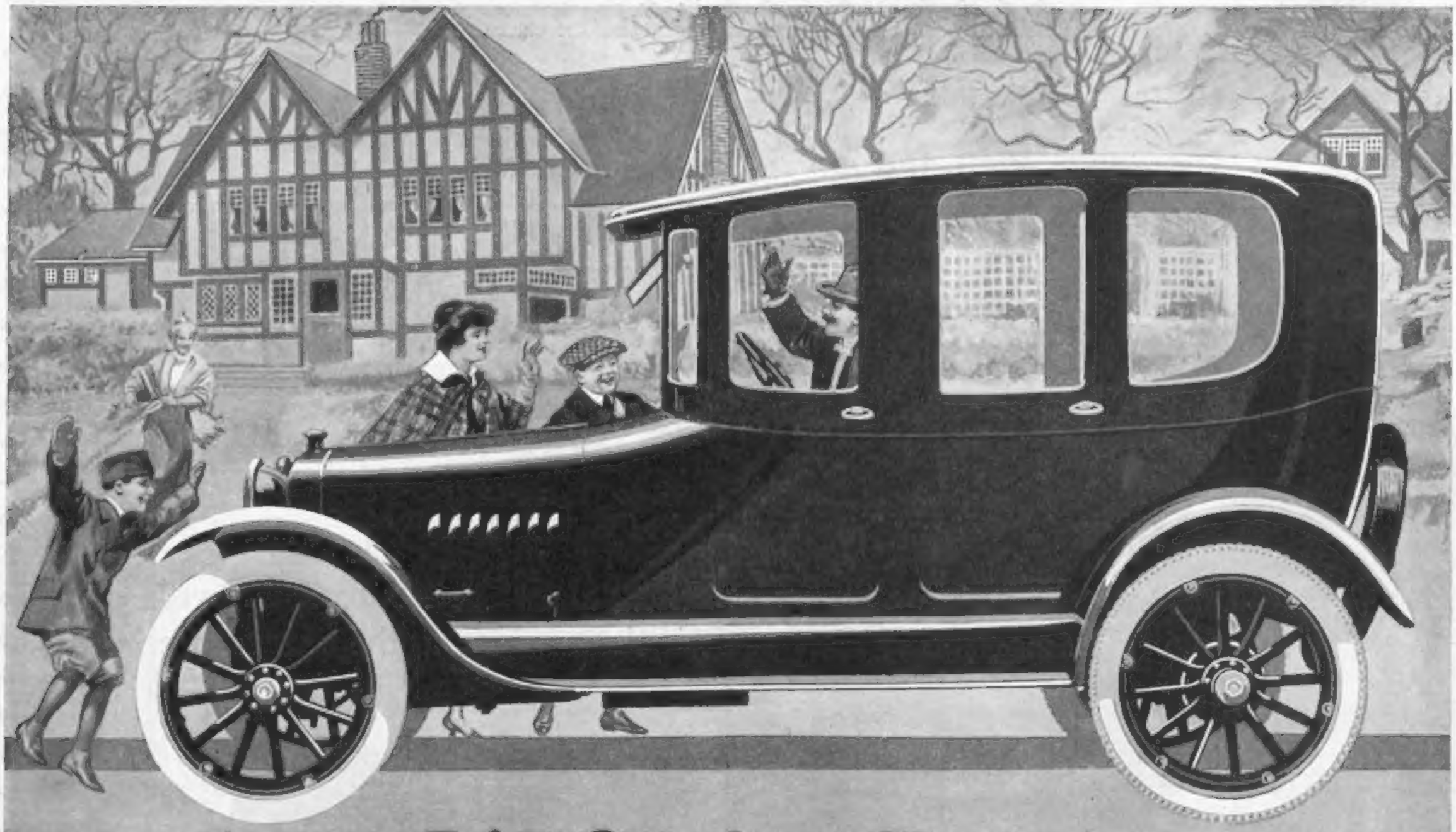
CHARACTERISTICS OF PEERLESS MODEL 56

PEERLESS Eight-Cylinder, V-type, high speed Motor. Bore 3¼ inch; stroke 5 inch. A. L. A. M. rating 33.8 H. P.; 80 brake H. P.; cylinders cast four *en bloc*; Force Feed Oiling. Unit Power Plant; Multiple Disc Clutch; Three-Speed Selective Transmission. 125 inch Wheel Base. Weight 3500 lbs. 35x4½ inch Cord Tires front and rear. Thin leaf Springs, PEERLESS Platform Type. Divided Front Seats.

PRICES: Touring $1890 Roadster $1890 Limousine $3060

The equipment is characteristically PEERLESS *in its quality and completeness*

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Licensed under Kardo Company Patents, CLEVELAND, OHIO



Get a SAXON for Christmas And Make Sure of a Happy 1916

Note carefully this car—this **all-season** Saxon "Six"—you men and women who measure motor car values closely.

A short time ago $935 meant a low-grade car. There was not a "Six" but at twice that price.

Now it buys an **all-season** Saxon "Six"—a finished example of the present-day quality car.

See this fine closed car

Note its new attainments in lightness, in luxury, in operative economy.

Note its new refinements in beauty, in finish, in equipment.

Note, too, that for $935 you really get **three fine cars.** On cold, stormy winter days—with the detachable top in place—you enjoy all the luxury and comfort of a costly limousine.

For the crisp, open-air days of spring and fall you can have a touring car with a permanent top—by simply removing the sides of the **all-season** top.

And the long summer through you can have an open touring car. Just lift off the **all-season** top and substitute the touring car top.

These features attest its excellence

For they mark today's class car standards.

Lightness—gained through modern engineering and quality materials. Backed by tested strength in every point. This means great saving in fuel and tire expense.

Power—continuous, silent, flexible. Saxon "Six" high-speed motor gives you greater power per gallon of gasoline—gives you matchless acceleration, smoothness and coolness under all conditions.

Beauty—Yacht-line grace of resistless appeal. An exquisite finish of lasting lustre.

Roominess—112 inches in wheelbase. Comfort a-plenty for all five passengers.

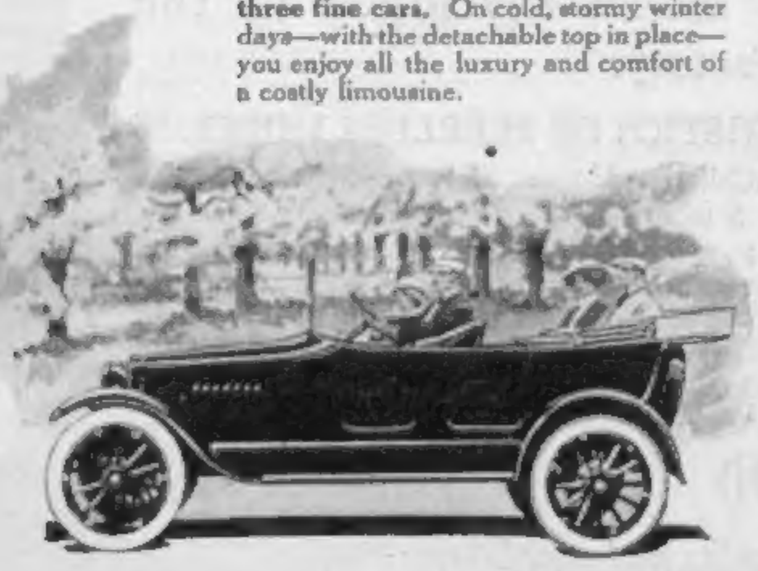
Two-unit electric starting and lighting system; Timken axles and Timken bearings throughout the chassis; silent helical bevel gears; linoleum covered, aluminum bound running boards and floor boards. And countless further attractions.

"Six" touring car $785
"Six" roadster $785
"Six" touring car with detachable **all-season** top—touring car top included $935

Saxon "Four" Roadster $395

No other car—at a like price—lists such record features: three-speed selective transmission; Saxon high-speed motor; Timken axles; Ventilating windshield; Signal lamps at side; Streamline body; Vanadium steel cantilever springs; Adjustable pedals; Honeycomb radiator; Dry plate clutch; and fifteen further refinements. Operative cost—½ cent per mile. See this car at the nearest Saxon dealer's.

Standard Roadster, 4-cylinder . . . $395
(Electric starting and lighting, $50 extra)
Standard Roadster, with detachable coupé top—open roadster top included . . $455
Delivery Car, three-speed transmission . $395



SAXON
Strength-Economy-Service

Saxon Motor Car Corporation, Detroit

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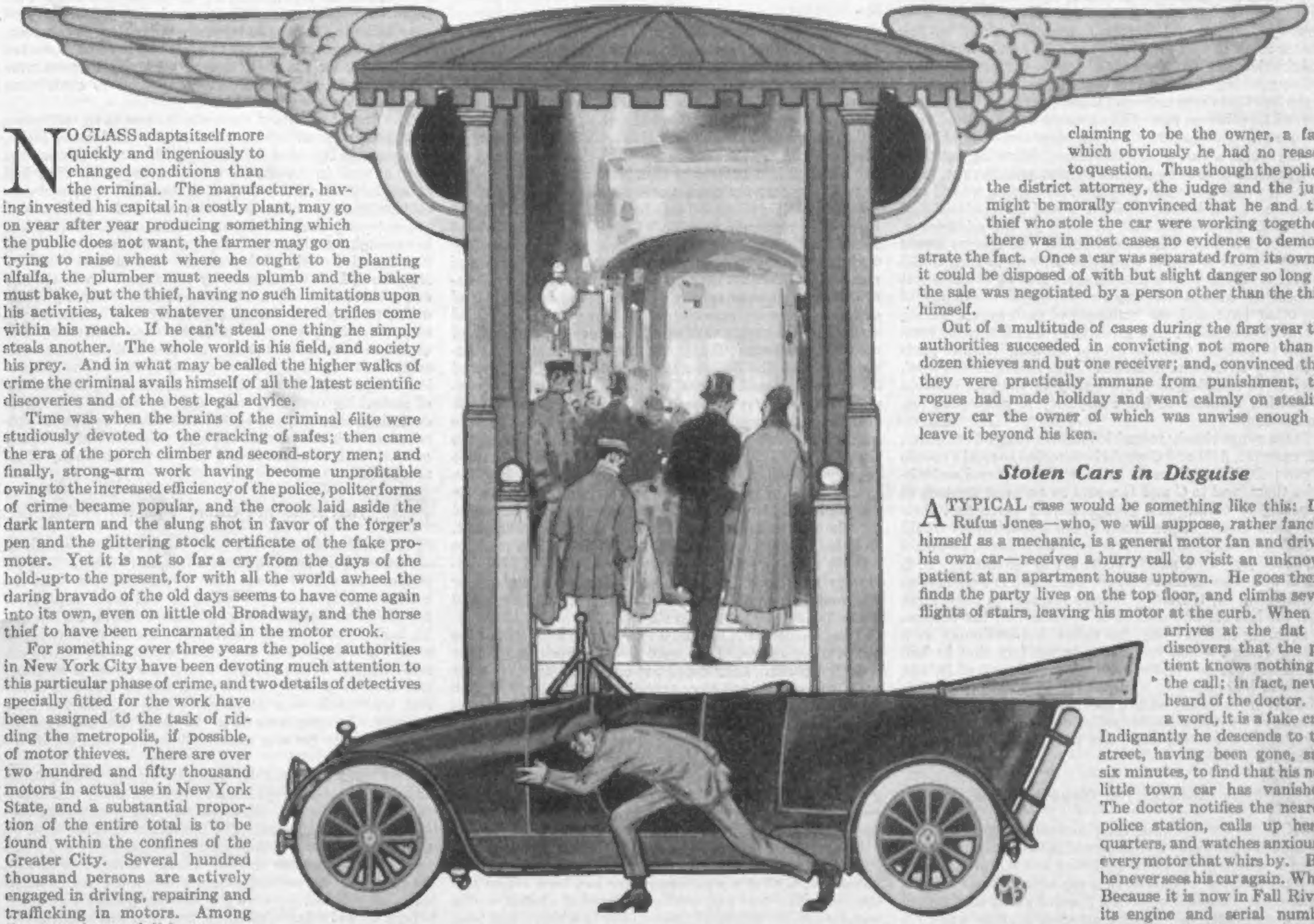
WINGED CRIME

By ARTHUR TRAIN

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



NO CLASS adapts itself more quickly and ingeniously to changed conditions than the criminal. The manufacturer, having invested his capital in a costly plant, may go on year after year producing something which the public does not want, the farmer may go on trying to raise wheat where he ought to be planting alfalfa, the plumber must needs plumb and the baker must bake, but the thief, having no such limitations upon his activities, takes whatever unconsidered trifles come within his reach. If he can't steal one thing he simply steals another. The whole world is his field, and society his prey. And in what may be called the higher walks of crime the criminal avails himself of all the latest scientific discoveries and of the best legal advice.

Time was when the brains of the criminal élite were studiously devoted to the cracking of safes; then came the era of the porch climber and second-story men; and finally, strong-arm work having become unprofitable owing to the increased efficiency of the police, politer forms of crime became popular, and the crook laid aside the dark lantern and the slung shot in favor of the forger's pen and the glittering stock certificate of the fake promoter. Yet it is not so far a cry from the days of the hold-up to the present, for with all the world awheel the daring bravado of the old days seems to have come again into its own, even on little old Broadway, and the horse thief to have been reincarnated in the motor crook.

For something over three years the police authorities in New York City have been devoting much attention to this particular phase of crime, and two details of detectives specially fitted for the work have been assigned to the task of ridding the metropolis, if possible, of motor thieves. There are over two hundred and fifty thousand motors in actual use in New York State, and a substantial proportion of the entire total is to be found within the confines of the Greater City. Several hundred thousand persons are actively engaged in driving, repairing and trafficking in motors. Among these are the usual dishonest percentage ready to take advantage of the situation for their own profit. It did not take them long to discover that a motor is the easiest thing in the world to steal. It is worth stealing, to begin with; its identity can be almost destroyed in a few hours, and it merrily whirls itself and the thief away to safety and concealment at fifty miles an hour. Then began, for a while, the heyday of crime.

When Motor-Stealing Was Safe and Easy

THINGS reached a point where a man's motor would disappear while he was in the drug store, drinking an innocent glass of soda water, or during any other brief interval in which it might be left unguarded. Sometimes half a dozen would be taken in one day, and there was one case on record where the president of an automobile company had driven up to the door of his showroom on Broadway, only to have his motor stolen behind his back as he stood on the threshold talking to one of his employees. It almost seemed as if the cars ran away of their own accord. One chauffeur complained that his car had suddenly begun to move as he was engaged in lighting the tail lamp, and had shot down the street into the dusk, never to be seen again. It was almost impossible to trace the thieves.

The car, to be sure, occasionally turned up—in some suburban garage usually. If it happened to be insured and the insurance company offered a reward, it almost always turned up. But the thieves themselves disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. If by any chance the police discovered a stolen car, it was always in the possession of some person who glibly explained that he had bought it of a man claiming to be the owner, a fact which obviously he had no reason to question. Thus though the police, the district attorney, the judge and the jury might be morally convinced that he and the thief who stole the car were working together, there was in most cases no evidence to demonstrate the fact. Once a car was separated from its owner it could be disposed of with but slight danger so long as the sale was negotiated by a person other than the thief himself.

Out of a multitude of cases during the first year the authorities succeeded in convicting not more than a dozen thieves and but one receiver; and, convinced that they were practically immune from punishment, the rogues had made holiday and went calmly on stealing every car the owner of which was unwise enough to leave it beyond his ken.

Stolen Cars in Disguise

A TYPICAL case would be something like this: Dr. Rufus Jones—who, we will suppose, rather fancies himself as a mechanic, is a general motor fan and drives his own car—receives a hurry call to visit an unknown patient at an apartment house uptown. He goes there, finds the party lives on the top floor, and climbs seven flights of stairs, leaving his motor at the curb. When he arrives at the flat he discovers that the patient knows nothing of the call; in fact, never heard of the doctor. In a word, it is a fake call. Indignantly he descends to the street, having been gone, say, six minutes, to find that his new little town car has vanished. The doctor notifies the nearest police station, calls up headquarters, and watches anxiously every motor that whirs by. But he never sees his car again. Why? Because it is now in Fall River, its engine and serial number altered, and the body painted a bright baby-blue. Depending on circumstances, the transformation has occurred either in a New York garage, a barn in the suburbs, Hartford, or Fall River itself. The chances are ninety-five per cent in favor of the owner's not recovering it. How can he? Once outside the immediate vicinity of the good doctor's office, who is to recognize the fact that the motor is a stolen motor or the youth who is driving it a thief? So the doctor foots it for a while, availing himself, when opportunity offers, of street cars, stages and the subway, and then—buys another motor. But this time—you bet you!—he insures it against theft. No thief seems to take any interest in the roadster now, until one day, while at Mrs. Smith's examining the rash on her new baby, he happens casually to look out the window and discovers that the new car has disappeared. Alas! But he has his policy in his pocket and, after notifying the authorities as before, he goes down to the Interplanetary Fidelity and Insurance Company, proves his loss and immediately receives a check in full—if he is lucky. Of course he looks round a bit for his car, but this time it has gone to Newark, been done over in red with yellow stripes and sold as a "demonstrator" to a movie actor, who drives it until some other thief steals it from him. The reader can go on imagining the future history of that larcenous car until it is finally scrapped.

For some time the tracing of stolen cars seemed almost an impossibility. It was like looking for a lost canary bird—dyed pink or some other unexpected and unsuspected color. Then the thieves began to feel their oats, became reckless, and at last one of them was caught—with a stolen motor which he had neglected to drive away from the city. From this man the police learned—in exchange for a guaranty of leniency—that a well-organized conspiracy existed, of exactly what dimensions he could not say, of

which there was undoubtedly a single head—a sort of Moriarty—who planned and directed the major part of all the motor thefts in the metropolis. The informer could not tell who this man was or where he concealed himself, but alleged that this King of the Motor Thieves had confederates in various outlying cities such as Newark, Paterson and Hartford, who, under the guise of operating local garages, received, altered and concealed the cars stolen in New York until they could be disposed of with safety. According to the man's story, which was later demonstrated to be accurate in most particulars, the conspirators utilized in each case the services of three distinct groups of criminals, who worked independently of each other. Each group consisted of from two to four individuals, depending upon the necessities of the case.

The first group—the members of which we will call the thieves—stole the car, being tipped off by someone higher up as to where it could be found. The second group—the receivers—received and disguised the car thus stolen by the first group. The third—the middlemen—took the car away and sold or otherwise disposed of it. Behind all these groups was what a writer of mystery stories would describe as a master mind; but the master mind in this instance was no figment of anybody's imagination. It actually existed—somewhere.

The most ingenious feature of this criminal syndicate lay in the fact that the members of these different groups rarely worked together on more than a single occasion, and each group worked independently of the other two. The thieves, having stolen a car, would thereupon, following out their instructions, take it to a certain point and leave it, from which it would be removed by the receivers to, we will say, a barn on Long Island, where it would be repainted and disguised. Thence it would be taken by the middlemen, who would sell it. Sometimes one of the thieves would deliver the car to one of the receivers, who in turn would deliver it to one of the middlemen. But as often as not none of the groups had any knowledge of the doings of the other two; and the members of each group, having operated successfully in a given case, would then be reassigned to entirely different groups working in other parts of the city or in other localities. Thus no individual thief, receiver or middleman could testify to the participation of another member of the conspiracy in more than one transaction.

These gangs closely resembled interlocking directorates. For example, A, B and C would be directed to steal a couple of cars; D, E and F would be ordered to conceal and disguise them, and to G and H would be assigned the task of disposing of them. The groups having performed their individual tasks independently of one another, they would probably be assigned, when the next trick was to be pulled off, as follows: C, F and H would act as the thieves; B, E and G would act as the receivers, and A and D would act as middlemen. If, therefore, A were arrested in connection with the last car and desired to "squeal" for the purpose of squaring himself with the police, his testimony as a state's witness would be limited to the fact that he had negotiated the sale of the car in the company of D, and he would be obliged to confess that he knew of no other previous criminal act on D's part. This clever device was conclusive evidence to the police and the district attorney's office that they were not dealing with the acts of isolated criminals.

Easy Chances for Double Profits

FROM the first informer the police secured the names of the different men who had participated with him on previous occasions in the theft, alteration and sale of cars, and, by trailing these, were able to make several other arrests. Some of the defendants having pleaded guilty and turned state's evidence, the district attorney's office was in a position to corroborate the story of the first informer and check up certain important details. None of the crooks could tell for whom they worked, but they all agreed that the man higher up was the owner of a large garage in the Tenderloin. They based their belief on the fact that they had received instructions from unknown sources over the telephone or through anonymously written communications to leave cars at, or take cars from, the neighborhood of the garage in question. They also asserted their belief that certain other men, whose names they gave, were in some way or other connected with the general conspiracy, including a garage owner in Newark and a painter in Philadelphia.

Obviously little could be accomplished so long as the arch-criminal escaped detection and arrest. The police could capture individual thieves or receivers, but others would come forward to take the places thus left vacant in the ranks of crime, and the supply of criminals was fully equal to the demand. In almost every case that was brought to their attention the archconspirator figured in one way or another. But it was never in such a way as to connect him criminally with any given car.

Fully ten per cent of all the motor cars in New York are insured against theft. When motors first came into use it

was generally deemed sufficient to insure them against fire. Then physical damage and personal liability clauses were added to the policies. But as time went on and the number of thefts of automobiles multiplied, the companies issued a general policy insuring the owner against fire, damage, personal liability and the theft of the car itself. It is, of course, impossible to tell exactly how many cars in New York State are thus insured; but I am informed by the Fidelity and Insurance Companies that the number is probably not far from twenty-five thousand, and as approximately a thousand cars have been stolen in the last three or four years in New York City, it follows that about a hundred of these have been insured for approximately their full value. On such insured stolen cars the insurance companies state that they have paid on an average a thousand dollars a car, or approximately one hundred thousand dollars. This sum, apportioned to four years and divided among a considerable number of insurance companies, is, of course, in the case of any one insurance company comparatively small. But as a new car which has been insured for three thousand dollars has a market value of a considerable amount, say fifteen hundred dollars for safety, it is plain that it is well worth the while of the company in the event of the car's being stolen, having paid the insurance to the owner, to ascertain if possible where the car is, and to replevy and sell it. For as the company has reimbursed the insurer it is the legal owner of the car, and whatever the car can be sold for, after deducting expenses, can be posted into the credit side of the company's profit-and-loss account. For this reason many companies have made it a practice to offer rewards running from two hundred and fifty dollars to five hundred, and occasionally even higher, for information that will lead to the discovery and return of insured cars that have been stolen.

This, incidentally, opened a new field of activity for the motor conspirators. They were now in a position to make a double profit. They could not only steal and sell a car for a round sum but they could get five hundred dollars more by revealing to the insurance company the name and whereabouts of the unfortunate purchaser—usually described as the sucker. For there can be no title in a stolen article. A bona-fide purchaser, however honest he may be and however much he may have paid over, cannot get good title from a thief. The owner, or the owner's assigns, can exercise the right of recaption whenever he can find his stolen property.

So there grew up a fourth group in this maze of criminality, composed of *quasi* or apparently respectable individuals who, after a well-insured car had been stolen and the immediate hue and cry had somewhat abated, would wander into the offices of the company in which it had been insured and, after inquiring as to whether a reward had been offered for the car, would announce that they believed they were in a position to secure knowledge of its whereabouts. Of course this information always came to them "accidentally" or "in confidence," or through some person whose identity it would be "highly improper" and "prejudicial" to reveal. But the information was generally accurate, and the insurance companies were glad enough to pay four or five hundred dollars to an informer in order to get back a three or four thousand dollar car. Thus the thieves made a dual profit—first on the sale of the car, and second on the sale of the information as to who had bought it. This situation gave rise to some extraordinary complications.

One morning in January, 1915, Police Commissioner Woods took a bunch of cards out of his desk, thumbed them over, picked out one and, for the time being, put the others back in the drawer. He sent for Second Deputy Police Commissioner Lord, whom he had that day put in charge of the Detective Bureau, and showed him the card and told him he wanted that kind of stuff stopped. Lord told him it could be stopped in only one way, and that was by making the locking up of automobile thieves of primary importance and the recovery of stolen cars of secondary importance. The police commissioner told him he wanted the thieves locked up and the cars gotten, too, just how he didn't care, but he supposed that it could be done and was determined that it should be done. On that day, you might say, for the first time an intelligent effort was made to stop this motor-thieving business. The thieves along Automobile Row at that time had opposite their names "S. S.," meaning Suspended Sentence. They were just as proud of those letters—or more so—as I am of my "B. A." Most of these men were entitled to honorary "LL. D.'s" for the work they had done. A suspended sentence was an immunity bath. A man would be caught with a stolen car, arrested and taken downtown. He would tell some prosecutor that he would plead guilty if he got a suspended sentence and give information against another man. He pleaded guilty, gave the information and was turned loose. He then went up on Automobile Row and told his friend that he had been caught in a jam down in the district attorney's office and the only way he could get out was to hand somebody over. His friend would say: "That's all right, Bill; I'll go down and hand over Mike." He then got a suspended sentence and handed over Mike, explaining to Mike the exigencies of the occasion. Mike in turn handed over his brother-in-law, and so on. When, for the first time, suspended sentences were not tolerated, car stealing really seemed to contain an element of danger to the thief.

The first of a series of cases which came to my attention as a prosecutor, and which were actually tried before juries, was perhaps the most interesting. The motor thieves had been at work in the city for nearly three years. They had stolen in the neighborhood of a thousand cars, and cars still continued to be stolen at the rate of about two a day. Some twenty-five thieves, middlemen and receivers had been caught and had pleaded guilty, and a majority of them had signified their willingness to turn state's evidence. But the difficulty presented by the situation was that no one of these thieves could corroborate the testimony of any other, as they had worked separately. It became necessary, therefore, to card-catalogue each stolen car and ascertain from the informers what men had participated in each theft. In this way we gradually secured a more or less complete history of the facts surrounding the larceny of something over fifty cars and, by setting a corps of detectives at work, were in several instances able to corroborate their stories with the legal evidence which the law of New York requires in the case of the testimony of an accomplice.

Just How the Game Was Worked

THE trial to which I refer was that of a young man whom we will, for want of a better name, call Taussig. The car stolen was a new one. The owner testified that on a rather chilly winter's evening he had taken a party of friends to a restaurant near Columbus Circle for dinner. He had no chauffeur, and as he drove the car up to the door a man in a slouch hat, and with his coat collar turned up, had stepped on the running board and asked if he could not have the privilege of watching the car while its owner and his friends were at dinner. This request had been granted. An hour later when the party emerged from the restaurant the car was gone, and so was the man in the slouch hat.

The narrative was then taken up by the next witness, the proprietor of a road house, one of the many mushroom inns and restaurants with which the highways leading into New York are infested. The innkeeper testified that, on the night the car was stolen from Columbus Circle, Taussig, the defendant at the bar, whom he had known as a frequenter of his establishment, entered the inn at about eight o'clock and inquired if a certain person was there, whom we will refer to as Klein, and who was identified by the innkeeper as being then in the court room in the custody of a deputy sheriff. On being informed that Klein was not at the road house Taussig had called for a drink, made use of the telephone, and had then sat down in a corner of the barroom and waited for twenty minutes or half an hour, at the end of which time his friend Klein had made his appearance. The two men had had a conversation, had gone outside, and later on Taussig had returned to the barroom carrying two lap robes, one brown with a red fringe and the other of a plaid mixture. These robes he asked to be allowed to leave with the innkeeper until he should call for them. He had then left the road house and subsequently the innkeeper had heard two cars go down the driveway.

The third witness was Klein, who had been caught in the possession of another stolen car and had pleaded guilty, turned state's evidence, been sentenced to the penitentiary, and was now in court on a writ of *habeas corpus ad testificandum*. Having been sworn, he stated that he had known Taussig for upward of a year, that on several occasions the latter had asked him to take part in stealing or disposing of motors, and that Taussig was the known go-between or agent for the mysterious man higher up. He further testified that on the night in question he had been

called to the telephone and had recognized the voice of Taussig, who had said to him: "I have just got a 'hot one' from Columbus Circle. It is a dandy! You can have it for two thousand dollars. Meet me at the Lucky Stone in an hour."

The witness said that he had told Taussig over the telephone that he did not have two thousand dollars, upon which the latter had replied that Klein could have the car in exchange for the diamond ring that he was accustomed to wear, and half of the amount for which the car should be sold. He had accordingly borrowed a motor and met Taussig, in accordance with their agreement, at the Lucky Stone, where a dispute had arisen between them over the value of the diamond and the condition of the car, as a result of which he had refused to go any farther with the matter and said he would return to New York; that Taussig had thereupon said that it would have been a losing proposition for him anyway, and that he would take the car over to New Jersey, have it repainted and sell it for at least four thousand dollars. Klein had, while at the Lucky Stone, taken the engine and manufacturer's number of the stolen car, together with its tire numbers. This memorandum he produced at the trial.

In corroboration of this the innkeeper was recalled and testified that Taussig had called up a New Jersey number on the telephone. The owner of the motor then took the stand and stated that there had been in the car at the time of the theft a brown rug and a plaid rug such as the innkeeper had described.

The car itself had later been found in Brooklyn in the possession of a man who testified that he had bought it for fifteen hundred dollars from a person who could not be connected by the police in any way with either Taussig, Klein or any other of the criminals engaged in the business of stealing motors. The engine, manufacturer's and tire numbers corresponded with the memorandum of Klein.

The counsel for the defense moved that the case should be taken from the jury on the ground that the evidence was insufficient to warrant a conviction. "There was," he said, "no evidence whatever to show that the stolen car was ever in Taussig's possession, except the testimony of Klein, who was an accomplice. The only evidence tending to corroborate Klein was that of the innkeeper, who said that Taussig had come to the inn on that night, had talked with Klein and had left the two robes." The judge denied the motion and directed the defense to go on with their case.

After a consultation the wife of the defendant was called to the stand. She testified, in effect, that on the night of the alleged larceny her husband had taken her and a party of friends on a pleasure ride in an entirely different car—an old six; that they had gone to the Lucky Stone, where they had had supper, and that they had then returned to New York. That Klein had not been there, and that her husband, the defendant, had at no time been in the possession of any car other than the six.

The Mysterious Trip to Poughkeepsie

BUT on cross-examination Mrs. Taussig, who was a very attractive young woman surrounded with a glamour of almost childish innocence, endeavored to lend an air of verisimilitude to her tale by embellishing it richly with local color and detail. Under the guidance of the assistant district attorney she exhibited a memory that Datus might have envied. She described with particularity the dresses of the women in the party, the banter and repartee that passed between them as they proceeded on their way, the conversation at supper, and the constituents of the menu—although it had all occurred two years before, and although she admitted that she had taken many similar excursions in the company of her husband and the various ladies composing the party. Pressed for a reason for her astonishing power of recollection she took refuge in the assertion that the party had been such a delightful one that she had transcribed a complete account of it in her diary, and that before coming to court that morning she had refreshed her recollection by reference to its pages.

Of course if her story were true her husband could not be guilty. But in the course of her story she made at least one statement that undoubtedly gave the jury food for thought. In endeavoring to make her evidence jibe so far as possible with that of the innkeeper and thus demonstrate her desire to be truthful, she acknowledged that her husband had left two robes, such as had been described, in the barroom for safe keeping. The reason, she said, that he had left the robes was because, although the night had been cool when they had started from New York, the weather had turned warm and the robes had proved an unnecessary encumbrance.

Alas for the young lady's veracity! The weather man, subpœnaed from his perch in the high tower overlooking New York Harbor, produced his official record, which showed that there had been a heavy storm composed of sleet and rain throughout that entire night! And court having adjourned to permit the young lady to return to her apartment and produce the diary in support of her assertions, she returned an hour later to confess that she had been unable to find it.

Under these circumstances the situation began to look rather sultry for the defendant. It was quite manifest that his attorney did not wish to place him upon the stand and subject him to cross-examination; but, on the other hand, it was morally certain that unless he personally denied his guilt the jury would convict him. There was a mass of material available to the district attorney—furnished by the thieves who had turned state's evidence—relating to former transactions in which Taussig had been involved and in regard to his general character.

However, he offered himself as a witness, was sworn and made an emphatic denial, claiming that the facts were as stated by his wife and that he had no part in the theft of the car. The session drew to a close, the lights were turned on in the court room, and it looked like about an even break between the prosecution and the defense, until one of those curious incidents that sometimes unexpectedly occur electrified the trial. A dirty scrap of paper was passed along the benches and finally shoved in front of the district attorney. No one knew exactly where it came from or who was responsible for it. It contained merely the cryptic suggestion scrawled in pencil: "Ask him how long since he was in Poughkeepsie." The district attorney surreptitiously slipped the paper into his pocket, sauntered once or twice up and down in front of the jury, and then turned suddenly on his heel and demanded insinuatingly:

"How long since you took that little trip to Poughkeepsie?"

Now the district attorney had not the slightest reason to suppose the witness had ever been to Poughkeepsie, nor any ground for attacking such an innocent excursion had the defendant made it, but it was one of those chance shots that occasionally bring down an unseen bird.

"I object!" shouted the counsel for the defendant, jumping to his feet, "on the ground that the question is incompetent, immaterial and totally irrelevant!"

"Overruled," said the judge, yawning and looking out of the window.

The witness started, turned color, hesitated and then stammered:

"I never was in Poughkeepsie!"

The jury stiffened to a man, instantly convinced not only that the defendant habitually visited Poughkeepsie but that he went there for some ulterior and devilish purpose. The district attorney pursed his lips and smiled at the twelve men in the box.

"So-ho," he remarked to the defendant, who was gazing at him in a fascinated stare. "I don't suppose you even know where Poughkeepsie is!"

"No, I don't!" snapped the defendant.

"What has all this got to do with the case?" inquired His Honor, and, before the district attorney could reply, said: "We'll adjourn here anyway."

"Hear ye, hear ye!" bawled the court officer.

The judge rose and hurried from the bench, and the next instant the crowd in the court room was pouring into the corridor. The district attorney sat down and summoned his assistants and the process servers on duty.

"Where on earth did that paper come from?" he asked.

Nobody seemed to know until one of the process servers elicited the fact that a friend of one of the convicted informers appeared to know something about it.

The man was found and interrogated. He explained that he had heard indirectly—just how, he was not sure—through his connection with the underworld, that the defendant had been mixed up in some trouble with a farmer in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie and had placed a car in the farmer's barn, which was located on a hill about three miles back from the river. The fellow was unable to say definitely that there was anything crooked in the transaction, but opined that if the defendant had anything to do with it there undoubtedly was. Such rumors are often of the greatest value to a prosecutor. There are as many gossips among the powers that prey as there are among the Four Hundred, and when they and their women get together in the flashy restaurants along Broadway many a story inadvertently leaks out that proves of inestimable assistance to the police. The district attorney went upstairs to his room and got the chief of police of Poughkeepsie on the telephone.

Sure, he knew the farmer—his name was Old Tom Hayward. He remembered perfectly well the time that fellow came up from New York, drove out to the barn and claimed that the car which was there had been stolen from him. What became of the car? Why, the owner, in the company of an insurance adjuster from New York, had arrived at the station at Poughkeepsie, called for a constable, and the three of them had driven out and found the car in Hayward's barn. Hayward had said that it had been left there on a rainy night by a stranger, so the constable had allowed the two men from New York to drive away with it.

Witnesses From Up the River

DID the chief know who had left the car in the barn? No, he had never inquired. Was Tom Hayward still alive? He was. Would the chief arrange to have Tom come to New York on the first train in the morning? He would. The district attorney at the New York end of the wire winked at his assistant.

"We'd be glad to have you down here, too, as a witness yourself. Will you come?"

"Sure."

The district attorney hung up the telephone.

"We've stumbled onto something," he remarked, lighting a cigarette. "It may not amount to anything, or it may amount to a great deal."

On reaching his office the next morning he found it already occupied by the chief of police from Poughkeepsie and Old Tom Hayward, who had arrived promptly and taken possession.

Hayward was the kind of old fellow who would attract the instant notice of any green-goods man between Battery Park and 110th Street. He looked as if his habitual exercise was breaking the ice in the horse trough on winter mornings and hunting for eggs under the hay at the "fur end er th' barn."

"Well, Mr. Hayward," said the district attorney, "we are very sorry to trouble you to come 'way down here, but the fact is we understand that somebody hid a stolen motor in your barn, and we want you to see if you can identify the man who did it."

"I kin indentify him all right," said Hayward, his whiskers, in which still clung a tiny filament of straw, wagging vigorously. "I cud indentify that feller anywhere! The miserable cuss! He woke me up in the middle of the night an' offered me a quarter to let him leave his automobile in my barn. I didn't mind earnin' a quarter, so I let him do it. 'Now,' says he, 'if anything happens you can just call me up in New York.' 'What's goin' ter happen?' I said. 'Nothin',' he said, 'but just call me up an' let me know that the motor's all right.' Well, that old motor stayed in my barn three months. By 'n' by one day another feller come out with a cop from the city—I mean Poughkeepsie—an' said it was his'n. You kin imagine how mad I was ter think of any smart feller from N'York puttin' anything in my barn that he'd stole. Where is the cuss?"

"I will show him to you at half past ten, when court opens," answered the district attorney. "Now you'd better go out and take a walk and see the sights."

Hayward having departed, the district attorney inquired from the chief of police what he knew of him. He replied that, so far as he knew, he was a quiet, inoffensive old chap who lived alone on his farm and minded his own business.

(Continued on Page 37)

Fibble, D.D., Takes Pen in Hand

This Time He Writes an Open Letter to One in a High Place

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FERNBRIDGE SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES
LOVER'S LEAP, N. J.

To His Excellency the Honorable Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, White House, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

RESPECTED SIR: Ever since my return from the zone of hostilities it has been my constant and abiding intention to take pen in hand for the purpose of acquainting Your Excellency with the facts concerning the harassing experiences undergone by the undersigned before, during and immediately subsequent to the outbreak of war on the other, or Eastern, hemisphere of this world. As you will observe, I now do so.

Until this time I have been deterred from setting forth my complaint by a variety of good and sufficient reasons, which I enumerate:

I Was Not Permitted to Have an Entire Billiard Table to Myself

Firstly—To me it appeared inevitable that this open letter, on its reaching your hands, would result in a breach between Your Excellency and your late Secretary of State, Mr. William Jennings Bryan. I purposely refrained, therefore, from approaching you on the subject while he remained a member of your official family. In this connection I may state that I would be the last to hamper and embarrass the National Administration. I feel the force of this remark will be all the more deeply appreciated when I tell you that, though never actively concerned in politics, I have invariably voted the Republican ticket on each and every occasion when the fact that election day had arrived was directed to my attention.

Secondly—Through similar motives of consideration I studiously refrained from bringing this recital of events before you during your correspondence with a certain foreign Power—to wit, Germany—touching on the course and conduct of hostilities on the high seas. With myself I have frequently reasoned, saying, in substance, this: "Who am I that I should intrude my own grievances, considerable though they may be, on our President at this crucial hour when he is harassed by issues of even greater moment? In the unsettled and feverish state of the public mind, who can foretell what new complications may ensue should I thrust my own affairs forward? Shall I do this? No, no; a thousand times no! I shall restrain myself. I shall stay my hand. I shall wait." You will understand that I did not go so far as audibly to utter these sentiments. I merely thought them.

Thirdly—No little difficulty has been experienced in ascertaining the exact whereabouts of my chief fellow sufferer and co-witness; also in ferreting out the identities of the principal offenders against us. In these matters I am able to report progress, but not entirely satisfactory results. Zeno the Great, it would appear, is a person of unsettled habitation, being found now here, now there, now elsewhere. At last accounts he was connected with a traveling aggregation known as De Garmo Brothers' Ten-Million-Dollar Railroad Show; but since that organization fell into the hands of the sheriff at Red Oak Junction, Iowa, I have been unsuccessful in tracing his movements. Nor can I at this time furnish you with the names and exact addresses of the bearded ruffian in the long blue blouse, the porter of the hotel, the warder of the dungeons, or the others implicated in those culminating outrages of which I was the innocent victim. Repeatedly have I written the mayor of the town of Abbevilliers, to the general commanding the French military forces, and to the President of the Republic of France, demanding the desired information; but—believe it or not, Mister President—to date I have had not a single word in reply.

Accordingly, until this moment, I have contained myself with all due restraint; but feeling, as I do feel, that patience has finally ceased to be a virtue, I am now constrained to address you in the first person singular, being further emboldened by the reflection that already a bond of sympathy and understanding exists between us, you for years having been connected with one of our largest educational institutions and fonts of learning, namely, Princeton, New Jersey, while I for some eighteen months have occupied the chair of astronomy and ancient and modern history at Fernbridge Seminary for Young Ladies, an institution that in all modesty I may say is also well and favorably known.

In such employment I busied myself, giving my days to the classroom and my evenings to the congenial company of the Victorian poets and to my botanical collection, until the summer solstice of 1914 impended, when, in an unthinking moment, I was moved by attractive considerations to accept the post of traveling companion, guide and mentor to a group of eight of our young lady seniors desirous of rounding out their acquaintance with the classics, languages, arts and history of the Olden World by a short tour on an adjacent continent. I need hardly add that I refer to the continent of Europe.

Having long cherished a secret longing to visit foreign parts, I the more gladly entertained the suggestion when our principal, Miss Waddleton, broached it to me. As outlined by Miss Waddleton, the prospect at first blush seemed an inviting one—one might even venture so far as to call it an alluring one. All my actual traveling expenses were to be paid and the itinerary would be pursued in accordance with a plan previously laid out; but, though gratified and flattered by the trust imposed in me, and welcoming the opportunity for helpful service in a new and as yet untried realm, I, nevertheless, strove to comply with such conventionalities as are ordained by organized society. Indeed, I trust that a fitting and proper sense of propriety is never entirely banished from my mind at any time whatsoever.

To Miss Waddleton I said:

"But, my dear lady, I pray you, have thought for these cardinal points—I myself am unmarried; the young lady students contemplating embarkation on this expedition are each and every one of them unmarried also. In view of these facts—which are incontrovertible and not to be gainsaid—do you deem it entirely proper that I, a member of the opposite sex, should be suffered to accompany them throughout the course of their sojourn on alien shores, far, far from home and the restraining influences of the home circle?"

"I shouldn't worry myself about that part of it if I were you, Doctor Fibble," replied Miss Waddleton in the direct and forcible manner so typical of her. "There isn't a father alive who would hesitate about letting his daughter travel in your company if he had ever met you—or even if he had ever seen you."

Touched no little by such an expression of sentiment from the lips of Miss Waddleton, I promptly accepted the obligation without further demur and at once set about my needful preparations for the voyage. I cite this incident merely as proof of the confidence with which I am regarded by one well qualified through daily association and frequent observation to know the true merits of my character and disposition.

The departure from our native shores, the voyage across the ocean, the flurry of debarkation at the port of Plymouth—all followed in due course. I ask you, Mister President, to come—in the spirit—and join us now on the soil of other climes and other lands. Soon we had complied with the trifling regularities incident to our passage through the Plymouth Customs Office; soon, ensconced aboard a well-appointed railway carriage, we were traversing the peaceful English landscape, bound at a high rate of speed for the great city of London; and soon did I find myself developing a warm admiration for various traits of the British character as disclosed to me during our first hours on the soil of the British Empire. The docility of the serving classes as everywhere encountered, the servility of the lesser officials, the orderly and well-kempt aspect of the countryside, the excellence of the steaming hot tea served en route on His Majesty's railroad trains—all these impressed me deeply; and especially the last named. A proneness to overindulgence in the agreeably soothing decoction produced by an infusion of tea leaves is, I confess, my chief besetting vice.

As I look back on it all with the eye of fond retrospection, and contrast it with the horrifying situation into which we, all unwittingly and all unsuspectingly, were so shortly to be plunged, our sojourn in England is to me as a fleeting, happy dream. Within the vast recesses of Westminster Abbey I lost myself. This statement is literal as well as figurative; for, having become separated from the others, I did indeed remain adrift in a maze of galleries for upward of an hour. At the Tower of London I gave way for a space of hours to audible musings on the historic scenes enacted on that most-storied spot. In contemplation of the architectural glories of St. Paul's I became so engrossed that naught, I am convinced, save the timely intervention of a uniformed constable, who put forth his hand and plucked me out of the path of danger in the middle of the road where I had involuntarily halted, saved me from being precipitated beneath the wheels of a passing omnibus. As for my emotions when I paused at the graveside of William Shakspere—ah, sir, a more gifted pen than mine were required to describe my sensations at this hallowed moment.

Constantly I strove to impress on our eight young-lady seniors the tremendous value, for future conversational purposes, of the sights, the associations and the memories with which we were now thrown in such intimate contact. At every opportunity I directed their attention to this or that object of interest, pointing out to them that since their indulgent parents or guardians, as the case might be, had seen fit to afford them this opportunity for enriching their minds and increasing their funds of information, it should be alike their duty and their privilege to study, to speculate, to ponder, to reflect, to contemplate, to amass knowledge, to look, to see, to think. Yet, inconceivable though it may appear, I discerned in the majority of them, after the first few days, a growing inclination to shirk the intellectual obligations of the hour for things of infinitely lesser moment. Despite my frequent admonitions and my gentle chidings, shops and theaters engrossed them substantially to the exclusion of all else. My suggestion that our first evening in London should be spent in suitable readings of English history in order to prepare our minds for the impressions of the morrow was voted down, practically unanimously.

One entire afternoon, which I had intended should be devoted to the National Art Gallery, was wasted—I use the word "wasted" deliberately—in idle and purposeless contemplation of the show windows in a retail merchandising resort known as the Burlington Arcade. Toward the close

of our ever memorable day at Stratford-upon-Avon, as I was discoursing at length on the life and works of the Immortal Bard I was shocked to hear Miss Henrietta Marble, of Rising Sun, Indiana, remark, *sotto voce*, that she, for one, had had about enough of Bardie—I quote her exact language—and wished to inquire if the rest did not think it was nearly time to go somewhere and buy a few souvenirs.

So the days flitted by one by one, as is their wont; and all too soon, for me, the date appointed for our departure to the Continent drew nigh. It came; we journeyed to Paris, the capital of the French.

In Paris, as in London, my heart, my hands and my brain were most constantly occupied by my obligations to my charges, who, despite all admonitions to the contrary, continued, one regrets to say, to exhibit an indifference toward those inspiring and uplifting pursuits to which a tour of this sort should be entirely devoted. For example, I recall that on a certain day—the third day, I think, of our sojourn in Paris, or possibly it might have been the fourth—I was escorting them through the art galleries of that classic and famous structure, the Louvre.

At the outset we had had with us a courier specially engaged for the occasion; but, detecting in him an inclination to slur over important details in relation to the lives and works of the Old Masters whose handicraft greeted us murally on every side, I soon dispensed with his services and took over his task. Whereas he had been content to dismiss this or that artist with but a perfunctory line, I preferred to give dates, data and all important facts.

I had moved with the young ladies through several galleries, now consulting the guidebook, which I carried in my right hand, now pointing with my left to this or that conspicuous example of the genius of a Rubens, a Rembrandt or a Titian, and, I presume, had been thus engaged for the better part of two hours, when a sudden subconscious instinct subtly warned me that I was alone. Astonished, I spun on my heel. My youthful companions were no longer with me. Five minutes before they had been at my skirts; of that I was sure; in fact, it seemed but a few moments since I had heard the prattle of their voices, yet now the whole train had vanished, as it were, into thin air, leaving no trace behind them.

I shall not deny that I was alarmed. I hurried this way and that, seeking them—even calling their names aloud. All was in vain. My agitated and rapid movements but served to attract the attention of a considerable number of idlers of various nationalities, many of whom persistently followed me about until a functionary in uniform interfered, thus bringing my search to an end for the time being. Whether my helpless charges, deprived now of the guiding hand and brain of a responsible and vigilant protector, were yet wandering about, without leadership, without guardianship, in the complex and mystifying ramifications of that vast pile, or, worse still, were lost in the great city, I had no way of knowing. I could but fear the worst. My brain became a prey to increasing dread.

In great distress of spirit I hurried from the edifice and set out afoot for our hotel, meaning on my arrival there to enlist the aid of the proprietor in notifying the police department and inaugurating a general search for those poor young ladies through the proper channels. However, owing to a striking similarity in the appearance of the various streets of the town I myself became slightly confused. I must have wandered on and on for miles. The shades of night were falling when at last, footsore, despondent and exhausted, I reached my goal.

To my inexpressible relief I found all eight gathered at the hotel dining table, discussing the various viands provided for their delectation, and chattering as gayly as though nothing untoward had occurred. I came to a halt in the doorway, panting. Explanations followed. It would appear that, having been seized with a simultaneous desire to visit a near-by glove shop, which some among them had noted in passing at the moment of our entry into the Louvre, they had returned to examine and purchase of its wares; and so great was their haste, so impetuous their decision that, one and all, they had neglected to inform me of their purpose, each vowing she thought the others had addressed me on the subject and obtained my consent.

Think on it, Mr. President, I ask you! Here were eight rational beings, all standing at the threshold of life, all at a most impressionable age, who valued the chance to acquire such minor and inconsequential chattels as kid gloves above a period of pleasurable instruction in a magnificent treasure trove of the Old Masters. In my then spent condition the admission, so frankly vouchsafed, left me well-nigh speechless. I could only murmur: "Young ladies, you pain me, you grieve me, you hurt me, you astound me! But you are so young, and I forgive you." I then withdrew to my own apartment and rang for an attendant to bring a basin of hot water in which I might lave my blistered pedal extremities. Later, arnica was also required.

Miss Henrietta Marble, of Rising Sun, Indiana, Remarked That She Had Had About Enough of Bardie

The following day, on returning from a small errand in the neighborhood, as I entered the *rue* or street on which our hostel fronted I was startled out of all composure to behold Miss Flora Canbee, of Louisville, Kentucky, and Miss Hilda Slicker, of Seattle, Washington, in animated conversation with two young men, one of whom was tall and dark and the other slight and fair, but both appareled in the habiliments peculiar to officers in the French Army.

I Was Startled to Behold Miss Flora Canbee and Miss Hilda Slicker in Conversation With Two Young Men

For a moment I could scarcely believe my eyes. I think I paused to readjust the glasses I wear, fearing my trusty lenses might have played me false; but it was true. As I hurriedly advanced, with amazement and displeasure writ large on my countenance, Miss Canbee proceeded to disarm my mounting suspicions by informing me that the two officers were her first cousins, and then introduced them to me. They responded to my cordial salutation in excellent English, Miss Canbee casually adding, as though to make conversation:

"Of course you remember, Doctor Fibble, my having told you several times that my mother was French?"

To this I could only reply in all sincerity that the fact of her having told me so had entirely escaped my mind, which was quite true. Yet ordinarily my memory for trifles is excellent, and I can only attribute to press of other cares my failure now to recall the circumstance.

I could well understand why Miss Canbee felt constrained to obtain permission to spend the afternoon in converse with her cousins in preference to joining the rest of us in a long walk in the warm, bright sunshine along the quays of the River Seine, this being an excursion I had planned at luncheon; but why—as I repeatedly asked myself—why should Miss Hilda Slicker manifest pique to a marked degree when I insisted on her accompanying us? She, surely, could feel no personal interest in two young French officers whose acquaintance she had just formed and who were in no degree related to her by ties of blood-kinship.

Such happenings as the two I have just narrated went far to convince me that even the refining and elevating influences of foreign travel, when prosecuted under the most agreeable and congenial of auspices, might not suffice in all instances to curb the naturally frivolous and unheeding tendencies of growing young persons of the opposite sex, between the given ages of seventeen and twenty.

I may also state that the task of mastering the idiomatic eccentricities of the French language gave me some small inconvenience. With Greek, with Latin, with Hebrew, I am on terms of more or less familiarity; but until this present occasion the use of modern tongues other than our own had never impressed me as an accomplishment worthy to be undertaken by one who is busied with the more serious acquirements of learning. However, some days before sailing I had secured a work entitled French in Twenty Easy Lessons, the author being our teacher of modern languages at Fernbridge, Miss McGillicuddy by name, and at spare intervals had diligently applied myself to its contents.

On reaching France, however, I found the jargon or patois spoken generally by the natives to differ so materially from the purer forms as set forth in this work that perforce I had recourse to a small manual containing, in parallel columns, sentences in English and their Gallic equivalents, and thereafter never ventured abroad without carrying this volume in my pocket. Even so, no matter how careful my enunciation I frequently encountered difficulty in making my intent clear to the understanding of the ordinary gendarme or cab driver, or what not. Nor will I deny that in other essential regards Paris was to me disappointing. The life pursued by many of the inhabitants after nightfall impressed me as frivolous in the extreme and not to be countenanced by right-thinking people; in the public highways automobiles and other vehicles maneuvered with disconcerting recklessness and abandon; and, after England, the tea seemed inferior.

Until this time no intimation of impending war had intruded on our thoughts. To be sure, some days before our departure from Fernbridge I had perused accounts in the public prints of the assassination of the Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary and his lady somewhere in the Balkans, but I for one regarded this deplorable event as a thing liable to occur in any unsettled foreign community where the inhabitants speak in strange tongues and follow strange customs. Never for one moment did I dream that this crime might have an effect on the peace of the world at large.

Presently, however, I began to note an air of feverish activity among the denizens of Paris; and one morning toward the end of our first week's sojourn in their midst I discerned a large body of troops moving along one of the principal boulevards, accompanied by cheering throngs. Still I felt no alarm, my explanation to my young ladies for this patriotic exhibition being that undoubtedly these abnormal and emotional people were merely celebrating one of their national gala or fête days.

In fancied security, therefore, we continued to visit cemeteries, cathedrals, art galleries, tombs, and so on, until, almost like a bolt from the sky, came tidings that certain neighboring states had interchanged declarations of war and the French forces were preparing to mobilize. Simultaneously one realized that American visitors were departing elsewhere in considerable numbers.

I was not frightened, but I shall not deny that I felt concern. I was a man, and a man must face with fortitude and resolution whatever vicissitudes the immediate future may bring forth—else he is no man; but what of these tender and immature young females who had been intrusted to my keeping? I must act, and act at once. I summoned them to my presence; and after begging them to remain calm and to refrain from tears I disclosed to them the facts that had come to my notice. Continuing, I informed them that though the rumors of prospective hostilities were doubtlessly exaggerated and perhaps largely unfounded, nevertheless I deemed it the part of wisdom to return without delay to England, there to remain until conditions on the Continent assumed a more pacific aspect.

Enormously to my surprise, my wards, with one voice, demurred to the suggestion. Miss Canbee spoke up, saying—I reproduce her words almost literally—that a really-truly war would be a perfect lark and that she

thought it would be just dear if they all volunteered as nurses, or daughters of the regiment, or something. She announced, furthermore, that she meant to wire that night to her father in Louisville, Kentucky, for permission to enlist and pick out her uniform the very first thing in the morning. Strangely, her deluded companions greeted this remarkable statement with seeming approbation. All speaking at once, they began discussing details of costume, and so on. I was thunderstruck! It required outright sternness of demeanor and utterance on my part to check their exuberant outbursts of misguided enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, another twenty-four hours was to ensue before I felt that their spirits had been sufficiently curbed to permit of my making preparations for our departure. Judge of my feelings when I found that no traveling accommodations could be procured, every departing train for the coast being crowded far beyond its customary capacity!

Ah, Mister President, could I but depict for you the scenes that now succeeded—the congestion at the booking offices; the intense confusion prevalent at all the railroad stations; the increasing popular apprehension everywhere displayed; the martial yet disconcerting sound of troops on the march through the streets; the inability to procure suitable means of vehicular transportation about the city. In those hours my nervous system sustained a succession of shocks from which, I fear me, I shall never entirely recover.

Yet I would not have you believe that I lost my intellectual poise and composure. Without, I may have appeared distraught; within, my brain continued its ordained functions. Indeed, my mind operated with a most unwonted celerity. Scarcely a minute passed when some new expedient did not flash into my thoughts; and only the inability to carry them out, due to the prevalent conditions and the obstinacy of railroad employees and others to whom I appealed, prevented the immediate execution of a considerable number of my plans.

Never for one instant was my mind or my body inactive. I would not undertake to compute the number of miles I traveled on foot that day in going from place to place—from consular office to ambassadorial headquarters, always to find each place densely thronged with assemblages of my harassed and frenzied fellow country people; from railroad terminal to booking office and back again, or vice versa, as the case might be and frequently was; from money changer's to tourist agency; from tourist agency to hotel, there to offer hurried words of comfort to my eight charges; and then to dart forth again, hither and yon, on some well-intentioned but entirely fruitless errand.

To my ministrations I ascribe the cheerfulness and light-heartedness the young ladies continued to evince throughout this trying period. From their demeanor one actually might have imagined that they lacked totally in appreciation of the gravity of the situation. Indeed, it is possible that in my si: ulation of light-heartedness I went too far.

Not soon, if ever, shall I cease to recall my inward misgivings when, late in the afternoon of this distracting day, I returned from my third or fourth unsuccessful call at the booking office to learn they had disobeyed my express admonition that they remain securely indoors during my absences. The manager led me to the door of his establishment and pointed to a spot on the sidewalk some number of paces distant. There I beheld all eight of them standing at the curbing, giving vent to signs and sounds of approval as a column of troops passed along the boulevard. I started toward them, being minded to chide them severely for their foolhardiness in venturing forth from the confines of the hotel without male protection; but, at this juncture, I was caught unawares in a dense mass of boisterous and excited resident Parisians, who swept up suddenly from behind, enveloping me in their midst.

Thus entangled and surrounded, I was borne on and onward, protesting as I went and endeavoring by every polite means within my power to extricate myself from the press. Yet, so far as one might observe, none paid the slightest heed to one's request for room and air until suddenly the crowd parted, with cheers, and through the opening my wards appeared led by the Misses Flora Canbee and Evelyn Maud Peacher, the latter of Peoria, Illinois. These two accepted my outstretched hands and, with their aid and the aid of the remaining six, I managed to attain the comparatively safe refuge of a near-by shop doorway, but in a sadly jostled state as to one's nerves and much disordered as to one's wardrobe. Hearing my voice uplifted in entreaty as I was carried by them, they had nobly responded; and, because of the impulse of the throng, which accorded to frail maidenhood what was denied to stalwart masculinity, they had succeeded in reaching my side.

So great was my relief at being rescued, I forbore altogether from scolding them; and, besides, my thoughts were distracted into other and even more perturbing channels when a search of my person revealed to me that unknown persons had taken advantage of the excitement of the moment to invade my pockets and make away with such minor belongings as a silver watch, a fountain pen, a spectacle case, a slightly used handkerchief, an unused one carried for emergencies, and a neat patent-clasp purse in which I customarily kept an amount of small change for casual purposes. I lost no time in getting my charges indoors, for it was quite plain that there must be thieves about.

In the midst of all this I dispatched the first of a series of cablegrams to Mr. William Jennings Bryan. I realize now that I should have addressed you direct, but at the moment it seemed to me fitting that the head of our State Department should be advised of our situation.

From memory I am able to reproduce the language of this first message. It ran:

Am detained here, with eight young lady students of Fernbridge Seminary. Have absolutely no desire to become personally involved in present European crisis. Kindly notify American Ambassador to have French Government provide special train for our immediate use. Pressing and urgent!

Having signed this with my full name, and with my temporary address added, I hastened with it to the nearest cable office. The official to whom I tendered it apparently knew no English, but from his manner I gathered that he felt impelled to decline to accept and transmit it. I was in no mood to be thwarted by petty technicalities, however, and on my pressing into his hand a considerable amount of money in franc notes he took both currency and cablegram, with a shrug of his shoulders, signifying acquiescence.

It was because I tarried on and on amid tumultuous scenes for another twenty-four hours, awaiting the taking of proper steps by Mr. Bryan, that more precious time was lost. Hour after hour, within the refuge of our hotel parlor, itself a most depressing chamber, I sat, my hands clasped, my charges clustered about me, our trunks packed, our lesser belongings bestowed for travel, awaiting word from him. None came. I am loath to make the accusation direct, but I must tell you that I never had from Mr. Bryan any acknowledgment of this original cablegram or of the other and even more insistently appealing telegrams I filed in rapid sequence; nor, so far as I have been able to ascertain, did he in the least bestir himself on behalf of Fernbridge Seminary for Young Ladies.

Regarding this callous indifference, this official slothfulness, this inability to rise to the needs of a most pressing emergency, I refrain absolutely from comment, leaving it for you, sir, to judge. It would be of no avail for Mr. Bryan to deny having received my messages, because in each and every instance I insisted on leaving the money to pay for transmission.

I shall not harrow your sensibilities by a complete and detailed recital of the nerve-racking adventures that immediately succeeded. I may only liken my state of mind to that so graphically described in the well-known and popular story of the uxoricide, Bluebeard, wherein it is told how the vigilant Anne stood on the outer ramparts straining her eyes in the direction whither succor might reasonably be expected to materialize, being deceived at least once by the dust cloud created by a flock of sheep, and tortured meantime by the melancholy accents of her sister, the present wife of the monster, who continually entreated to be told whether she, Anne, saw anyone coming.

The tale is probably imaginary in character to a very considerable degree, though based, I believe, on fact; but assuredly the author depicted my own emotions, in this interim. One moment I felt as one of the sisters must have felt, the next as the other sister must have felt; and, again, I shared the composite emotions of both at once, not to mention the feelings probably inherent in the shepherd of the flock, since my wards might well be likened, I thought, to helpless young sheep. By this comparison I mean no disrespect; the simile is employed because of its aptness and for no other reason. It would ill become me, of all men, to refer slightingly to any of our student-body, we at Fernbridge making it our policy ever to receive only the daughters of families having undoubted social standing in their respective communities. I trust this explanation is entirely satisfactory to all concerned.

Let us go forward, however, Mister President, to the moment when, after many false alarms, many alternations of hope, of doubt, of despair, then hope again, we finally found ourselves aboard a train ostensibly destined for Boulogne or Calais; albeit a train of the most inferior accommodations conceivable and crowded to the utmost by unhappy travelers, among whom fleeing Americans vastly predominated. Our heavy luggage was left behind us, abandoned to unsympathetic hands. Of food seemly to allay the natural cravings of the human appetite there was little or none to be had, even at augmented prices. Actually one might not procure so small a thing as a cup of tea.

(Continued on Page 42)

The Gendarmes Had Forced Open the Box So Highly Prized by Zeno the Great and Bared Its Contents to the Common Gaze

Inside News in Wall Street

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

WALL STREET is to-day the world's biggest cash market for news. Inside news, which is merely the quickest and most accurate, is absolutely essential to the vast money whirlpool known as stock speculation. And of all games worth playing, the gathering of such news is the most absorbing and fascinating.

In that central ganglion of the financial nerves of two hemispheres, Wall Street, an obscure man may let loose a paragraph powerful enough to create or demolish fortunes, initiate whole new cycles of national development, and reverberate for decades through the halls of Congress and state legislatures.

It is a royal battle of wits, this unearthing of big financial news. Once the secrets of high finance reach the light, whether willingly or otherwise, there is no gauge to their momentum. They may roll and thunder on with consequences and after-effects that no wizard can foresee. Patience and perseverance, alertness, tact, insistence, intelligence, courage, above all, the character to inspire trust and confidence, the utmost discreetness coupled with boldness—these are a few of the qualities which enable a man to draw forth from that complicated maze of banks, brokerage houses, stock, cotton and grain markets, railroads, foreign exchange transactions, statistical data, and all the rest that we call Wall Street, the secrets that not only amaze and astound but really matter in the great national scheme of material things.

One Day a Cub Reporter Asked the Vice President What Was the Matter With the Stock Market

Less than a year ago it was said that big news, inside news, "beats," as the newspaper reporters say, were no longer obtainable in Wall Street; that not until another J. P. Morgan or E. H. Harriman appeared upon the scene, and another era of great mergers got under way, would financial news again become supreme. Also it was said that speculation had died peacefully of old age. Both assertions were wrong. Never was there more big news than now; never was inside news of high financial import more eagerly sought after.

To-day the air is filled with rumors of mergers and new exploitations. With several billion dollars of war orders, the very spirit of 1901 lives again, and the machinery for blazing forth to a money-crazed public every step in the new era of industrial promotion is more complete than ever before.

Nursing the News Till Ripe to Print

IT IS difficult to conceive of the consummate perfection reached by the news service of Wall Street. On the dot of noon, Western Union time, a clerk in the offices of the United States Steel Corporation hands to reporters on the other side of a railing a statement of the amount of the company's unfilled orders. This is done once a month, and every month the news tickers which stand in the offices of hundreds of bankers and brokers throughout New York City print the figures anywhere from one to two minutes after twelve. The directors of the Standard Oil Company of California met one day in San Francisco and declared a dividend. Their action was wired to New York by the San Francisco representative of a Wall Street news agency and wired back to a broker's office in San Francisco within fifteen minutes.

The wonders of electricity have a great deal to answer for, and much of the gigantic speculation in stocks to-day would be impossible without them. But invention, science, system—none of these equals in its potency the contact of man with man.

In Wall Street there are, besides the Associated Press and other general news associations, perhaps fifteen financial bureaus belonging to the regular daily newspapers, each employing from one to half a dozen experts, engaged in the sole task of ferreting out big news. But more important than these are several news agencies that have no other clientele than bankers and brokers, catering to no other community and printing only financial news.

One of these financial news bureaus has more than fifty experts, whom it turns loose each morning upon the Street, foraging about for news, seeking like a swarm of locusts every particle of information that may be of service. It can, and often does, send eight men to a single point, seeking by sheer force of numbers the most rapid possible transmission of news.

Every item in the general papers is examined with care and followed up if necessary. Between two and three hundred correspondents in other cities send in by mail or telegraph such business or financial items as may originate in their localities. Foreign agencies cram the cables with the latest gossip from London and Paris. But the real sources of news are acquaintanceships which reporters form with the great ones of finance. Often a reporter goes a whole week without writing a line. His employer is satisfied if only he keeps in daily touch with a single financier who, when the time comes, will give him a release on an all-important piece of news ten minutes ahead of the rival agency.

No unanswered question is ever forgotten. The memory of such an organization must be without a flaw, uncanny in its relentlessness. Big news is nursed along for months, in one or two cases actually for years without publication of a word. At last it is ripe, and the facts are flashed out upon the ticker to the whole world.

News at first is a mere rumble of a rumor, a vague hint, a half-amused question or intimation. To-day the big news, the inside news that the whole country wants to know, is concerned with war orders. These have been guessed at months in advance. To run them down, to persuade really influential directors or bankers to talk about the orders, has required constant watching, vigilance, diplomacy and tireless memory.

After months of silent but systematic conjecture and painstaking analysis, sleuthing by unguessed and undisclosable underground wires, the managing editor of a certain news agency was morally certain that three companies had secured war orders for $65,000,000. The orders were to be divided about equally, but as one of the companies had never in its long history made more than $3,000,000 of gross sales in a single year, the whole story seemed preposterous.

The managing editor wrote the item himself, knowing better than his reporters the financial effect of brevity. He sent it out over the ticker, the first circumstantial news of war orders ever published. He put heavy white spaces between the lines and a big border round them. You could see that item clear across the room.

"I put teeth in it," he told me proudly, as he almost gritted his own.

A minute or two later his telephone rang.

"Are you crazy?" shouted an angry voice. "What do you mean by putting out such a fake?"

The editor rang off, but his phone was insistent.

"How much stock have you?" was the insinuating question. "Say, who is paying you to manipulate the market?"

And so it went. The editor could only say that if the subscribers did not like the service they could throw out their tickers. Vociferous also were the official denials from the three companies. But after a few months there were official admissions, and the company which had never had more than $3,000,000 of gross business in one year sent a circular to its stockholders, wherein the president apprised them of the fact that $20,000,000 of war orders had been secured. Possibly the early publication of the first war order may have been responsible for much dangerous stock gambling; but judged solely as a journalistic achievement, as the incident that ushered in a new financial epoch, it has had few equals.

The crack financial reporter, the real star, knows about twice as much news as he is able to print. To him come sensational facts that no amount of nursing and persuading will bring out upon the printed page. For the results would be so damaging as to tear down at one blow the whole edifice of confidence, mutual regard and secrecy which he has so carefully reared. Perhaps the publication of facts which he knows to be authentic might blast the careers of men of far greater importance than himself. There are confidences of course in every sphere of life, but in the Wall Street news game the consequences of betraying them are perhaps more startling than elsewhere.

One of the ablest railroad reporters the country ever produced first won the confidence of his informants, and then after they had told him of pending events he would keep the facts to himself for months before he printed a word. He bided his time, and always knew to a minute how long he could hold out without other reporters' getting wind of what was going on. This man was the first to learn of the battle between E. H. Harriman and Stuyvesant Fish. He was the first to realize that the Rock Island financiers, known as the Moore-Reid crowd, had snatched the Chicago and Alton Railroad from under Harriman's nose. He had exclusive news on almost every important new bond and stock issue during the years he was in the game.

The Cub Who Closed a Trust Company

BUT even the most sophisticated and expert news gatherers err now and then upon the side of too much caution. In May, 1905, the stock market was weak and sickly. It drooped day after day, and no theory could explain its depression, for the business and financial situation was sound. One theory after another was advanced, only to be rejected.

One day a cub reporter went to the vice president of a great bank and asked him what was the matter with the stock market. The banker reached for a copy of the annual report of the State Banking Department. He turned to a page where figures were given for a trust company, a relatively small and unimportant institution. The banking examiners gave the company's surplus at $1,074,548 instead of $1,198,737 as claimed by the trust company.

"If you will look at that report you will see what is the matter with the stock market," said the banker.

Now the reporter was not aware that every other financial writer in Wall Street had known for weeks that that trust company was the "sore spot" in the situation. But they had not dared even to hint or allude to such a thing in their theories of the market's weakness, much less write it openly. To do so seemed to them dangerous and libelous in the extreme. But the cub had the courage of ignorance. He promptly wrote an article about the trust company and its deplorable condition, and the moment that article appeared the next morning the trust company shut its doors forever. When the financial writers for the other papers met him that afternoon they loudly announced that they had known all about it and would have written the article, too, if their papers had been as bold as his. But at the same time they frankly complimented the cub on his nerve even to turn the story in.

No great feats of financial reporting would be possible without mutual confidence and trust, and there are times when it is necessary for a reporter to trust one of his fellows as if his informant were a banker of world-wide renown. Many a financial writer has turned in news of tremendous significance without having the slightest inkling of where it came from.

On the day the Treaty of Portsmouth was signed ending the Russo-Japanese War, a brand-new Wall Street

reporter fresh from college was told by a colleague, whom he had learned to respect and trust, that the great Jewish bankers of America were now ready to lend Russia all the money she wanted. He wrote the article and it appeared in his paper, which had a high reputation for accurateness, with headlines so big and black that only events of world-wide concern ever led that conservative sheet to indulge in them.

The next day the story was proven to be a canard, a pure fake. The new reporter was summoned to the august presence of his chief. Nervously and in dire apprehension of losing his head he explained that he had obtained the article from another newspaper man whom he trusted, but whose name he would not disclose.

"Don't ever turn in another story as big as that," said the chief, "without verifying it. But," with a flicker of a twinkle in his eye, "it was a rattling good story even if it wasn't true. Don't worry too much about it."

For years after that incident the reporter did continue to turn in stories from the same source without verifying them and without knowing where the other reporter got them. But never again did a single piece of news derived in this way prove to be untrue in the smallest detail.

A few months ago it became known that a mammoth merger of companies to manufacture munitions of war was about to be completed, taking its name from an old-established concern. A meeting of the new directors was held, and in some way the reporters got wind of this fact. A score of them went to the new president and asked him for details. He refused to make any statement and his manner was such as to antagonize the newspaper men, who upon leaving his office did what they very seldom do, agreed to work together until they were able to smoke him out. This might seem impossible, but nothing is impossible when all the newspapers in a great city work together for a single object.

An indignation meeting was held, and it was decided to call on every prominent banker or financier with whom the different men were acquainted, and obtain every detail that could be had. They were especially anxious to know the names of the directors of the new company. Each reporter was to go to the banker whom he knew best. In this way they were gradually able to obtain the names of three or four men who had been asked to become directors. Finally one of the more complaisant—and at the same time influential—financiers furnished a full list of the directors. The man was about to leave his office for the day, but as he walked out the reporter stopped him and asked also for the names of all the companies that were to go into the new merger.

"I think perhaps the president had better give you that information," said the banker, "because there may be some details yet to complete. I would be glad to tell you the names of all the companies, but I am not as familiar with the details as the president is, and he may have some reasons for holding back that particular information."

Ferreting Out Facts

BUT the reporters had decided some hours before that there was no reason why the information should be held back, and as the banker again started to leave the building his interviewer walked toward him, saying: "Just a minute, Mr. ——. Isn't this a pretty hold piece of work?"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the banker, somewhat taken back.

The reporter replied by repeating what was perfectly obvious to anyone, that the new company had a very capacious capital indeed, and he mentioned the word "water." He then intimated as tactfully as possible that his particular paper was going to play the story up as being a fine example of watered stock's being unloaded upon the public. He hinted that perhaps the other papers would be inclined to look at it the same way. The particular banker to whom he was talking is a very shrewd man who believes in fair play to everybody. Besides, no one is quicker at seeing a point than he.

"I will talk to ——," he said, naming the president, "at dinner to-night, and you will hear from him later."

At ten o'clock that night every newspaper in New York was reached by telephone, and the night editors were told that the president of the new company would be most happy to receive reporters in his room. There he gave out a full statement regarding the details of the new company.

Chance plays a perceptible part in the gathering of big news. Indeed, so many beats with momentous consequences have been the result of mere luck, that the financial reporters have a spooky feeling about it when they stop to think over their many strange experiences.

"Chance and luck are big elements," one man told me, who in his time pulled off perhaps more beats than any other individual. "But a man must have a nose for news also. It is a combination of the two things, luck and the sense for news."

The nose for news is intangible, indefinable, a sort of extra sense. Many newspaper men regard it as a species of hunch, and simply and modestly describe their greatest achievements as being due to hunches. In reality hunches are worthless to a man unless his mentality is sharp and vigilant. He must be quick to take advantage of his hunch, or the fleeting thing has left him.

During the dreadful panic days of 1907, Martin Walsh, of the New York City News Association, was assigned to the Hotel Manhattan where George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury, went into conference every night with the leading financiers of the city. But one night the reporter arrived there to find no others of his profession and no sign of a conference of bankers. Having exhausted every effort to discover where the meeting was being held he walked down Park Avenue, wandering along at random. To Walsh the situation was especially serious, because upon his association not one but many papers depended for their news. As he neared the top of Murray Hill he noticed that J. P. Morgan's residence was brilliantly lighted and several automobiles stood in front. It was mere chance, he might be wrong—but he ran across the street and picked up an immediate acquaintance with the lounging chauffeurs, one of those acquaintances of rapid bloom that only a reporter intimately familiar with the dodges of his profession knows how to cultivate. Several of the chauffeurs were uncommunicative, but one admitted having seen Thomas F. Ryan, a leading financier of the day, enter the building.

That was enough for Walsh. Luck had favored him once; he would chance it again. He went for the nearest telephone booth, and in a minute or two every newspaper in town had received a "flash," as the briefer news association bulletins are called, that the bankers had shifted their meeting place to Morgan's library. In a few minutes the special reporters began to arrive, and for weeks they surrounded the house every night, gathering as best they could from the grave men who came out of Morgan's library the fateful news of those gloomy days.

An Obscure Man Somewhere May Let Loose a Paragraph Powerful Enough to Create or Demolish Fortunes

Uncle Russell's Office Hen

CHANCE sometimes plays most unpleasant tricks. For years two reporters visited the office of Russell Sage with great regularity. One of them worked for the World and the other for the Sun. One day a clerk in the outer office told the World man that some country admirer had sent Uncle Russell a hen, which for lack of a better nest had been deposited in the old gentleman's waste-paper basket. There the hen had laid an egg, according to the story, and Russell Sage had taken it home to be cooked for to-morrow's breakfast.

The World reporter wrote nearly a column about this trivial incident, and the great financier was thoroughly enraged. But through some curious mental kink he got the idea that the Sun reporter had written the story, and gave strict orders to all his clerks "never to permit that man from the Sun to enter the office again."

Ability to infer, analyze and deduct are of tremendous value to the financial reporter and writer. Since the Interstate Commerce Act was passed, more than a generation ago, there has not been much opportunity for the remarkable feats that were performed by Thomas F. Woodlock, who by his skill at analyzing railroad reports was able to predict far in advance the bankruptcy of a large Eastern road.

But inference may still be employed, and it is of but slight value unless preceded by the hardest kind of drudgery. One of the most competent Wall Street reporters for many years was H. B. Cosgrove, of the Tribune. He was not of the dashing, driving sort, but his method of ferreting out great financial events was the result of a system all his own. In the fall of 1906 his eye noted a tiny item in the papers, a dispatch to the effect that Thomas F. Ryan had been received in audience by King Leopold, of Belgium. Calling in a colleague who possessed certain reportorial qualities which he lacked, Cosgrove at once set out for Mr. Ryan's office. The idea had occurred to him that the financier might be engaged in purchasing from King Leopold the latter's ownership of several million acres of mineral and rubber lands in the jungles of Africa. No one had ever before suggested such a thing.

The two men exhausted every resource and every ingenuity of their profession in attempting to worm out of the financier's underlings a hint of the real purpose of his visit to King Leopold. When they were about to depart empty-handed, one of the secretaries in a rash moment said that the Guggenheims, then and now a power in the mining world, were as much interested in the Congo venture as Mr. Ryan.

That was quite enough for the two reporters; and the one who had been called in to supplement Cosgrove's work at once called on Mr. Daniel Guggenheim, head of the family of that name.

"We understand," he explained, "that you have charge of the mining end of the concessions which Mr. Ryan is now obtaining from King Leopold. We were sent to you to get the details in regard to that part of it."

All unconscious that not a word had been breathed by anyone regarding this signal victory for American capital, Mr. Guggenheim fell into the trap and proceeded innocently to give up all the details regarding the big deal.

Continued on Page 29

"ORCHESTRA D—2"

By Kate Jordan

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"Here is the Ghost That Keeps Beside Me, More Real Than Any of the Things Called Real"

UNDER lowered orange lights the vast purple and gold hollow palpitated mysteriously; masses of bloom bulged from corners; mirrors along down-slanted walls gave back star-like twinklings. It was half past seven. The Halcyon Theater, where The Young Burgomaster had been running for five months, was ready for its audience.

Girls in yellow and white—the pale yellow of the single jonquil—flashed about the auditorium as silently as if they were the flowers they resembled grown huge and human. They were the ushers, in the squat gowns and ear-lapped caps of Dutch peasants. Their preliminary tasks were done a cylindrical program was tucked behind every seat, and last rubs had been given to the tiers of ice-water glasses in their standards. About fifteen minutes' rest lay ahead of them.

Fortuna had a way of detaching herself from the others. She was apart now on an aisle seat, and as usual was bent over a novel. She was not sorry to finish the tale. Since she had been graduated at a public school, ten years before, she had swallowed adventurous romance in entranced gulps. At twenty-four, though they still entertained her, their untruth had become an irritation. This one, for instance, an English tale—for Fortuna inclined to European settings—had for heroine a waitress in a cheap London tea and bun shop. Secret criminals, who were plotting to kill distinguished residents of Park Lane, hastened in the most obliging way to talk over their sanguinary plans at her marble-topped tables, so that she could take a penny bus straight to the homes of the great and warn the intended victims, thus earning their undying friendship. Adventurers posing as dukes and dukes posing as chauffeurs were drawn as by a magnet to that obscure tea shop. All of these were struck instantly by the beauty of the waitress as by a bolt from heaven, and forthwith pursued her relentlessly with honorable and dishonorable intentions, in every variety of vehicle from motorboat to aéroplane. Oh, she was the lucky thing! Not a dull moment in her life! Small wonder that on the homestretch of what had been anything but a flat race she was married to a gorgeous lord who owned a portrait gallery, a yacht, a deer park, a racing stable—in fact, everything that a lord worth his salt ought to own.

Fortuna flicked the book shut with a weary forefinger.

"These authors make me tired," was her thought. "They just sit down with a pad and pencil and make a living stringing off a lot of lies. It's not like that at all."

A small, monkeyish-faced girl tripped up to her. One cheek, globular as if from a bad face-ache, held a wad of gum on which she was getting in final, delicious chews. She gave Fortuna a withering look that had good nature for its foundation.

"Say, you better get a hectic flush on, Tunie, or you'll have Eddy's eagle eye go frozen when he spots you. Can't you hear him?—the funny little sawed-off!—'Goils, don't be stingy with the rouge. This opera's Dutch and you're all supposed to be Dutch, so the Frenchy whitewash act don't go. Now dearies, get busy with the rabbit's foot!' That's Eddy!"

"I guess I'll pass, Netty," Fortuna sighed without rising.

Netty expanded in a rigid glare. "Popular with yourself! Just you guess again! Eddy's dead mashed on you, but he don't mix business with pleasure. I tell you, Tunie Donnelly, you look sick—all in. Here, blow yourself to a Cupid's bow at least!" She held out a lip stick.

"Eddy's got an idea that people look at us." Fortuna's smile was dreary, one-sided. "They don't, not any more'n if we were ticket choppers."

She took the metal tube with its protruding lump of crimson grease and strolled to one of the mirrors. Before touching her mouth with it she gave herself a long, resigned stare. The advertisement that five months before had brought her to this occupation had read: "Wanted—Young ladies as theater ushers. Must be blond and slender." She had both of the requirements—excessively. Her face, of a golden pallor with tawny eyes, burned above a lean, swaying throat; her gauzy hair was the hue of new rope. The baffled romance in her—a fire banked down by poverty and lack of opportunity—gave her gaze a touch of the wan spirituality one sees in the eyes of an exhausted laborer; there was a shallow inward dip to her cheeks.

She daubed the crimson lavishly on her petulant mouth; rubbed only a speck of it with cautious finger tips just below the cheek bones. The effect was magical. A fairy glow, like that of the evening primrose that opens only at dusk and feeds on night dews, lighted her face. To this she deliberately added the smile that was part of her livery and took her stand beside a pillar near the central entrance.

People began to trickle in, continuing their talk absently and wavering as to direction until met by the usher's question that was like the clip of a shears: "Checks, please!" A look at the coupons, and then: "Aisle to the right," or "To the left," or "This way, please."

Fortuna had piloted six with exactness and celerity when Eddy Lintner, the house manager, appeared at the top of the aisle. Eddy was plump, auburn-haired and his skin was like a healthy baby's. The pinhead black-and-white check coat that incased him too snugly, the purple tie, the pushed-back derby hat fashionably overlarge and resting on his ears, his trousers turned high under a deep, well-ironed hem showing the thinnest of purple silk stockings disappearing into flat, patent leather pumps—all of these proclaimed Eddy's type. He was not only distinctly of New York, he belonged to that small portion of it bounded by Broadway and Sixth Avenue, by Thirty-fourth and Fiftieth Streets, and of which the heaven is Times Square. Back of this outward Eddy of Tenderloin effervescence there was another. The Swedish grandfather to whom he owed his complexion persisted in him. He neither drank nor smoked. He had thousands wallowing in interest in the soundest savings bank. Life's vital meaning was spelled for him in a wife, children, and a home in the country set in its own bit of land. He stood there, his wide smile showing sound, snow-white teeth, and waited for Fortuna.

"'The kid's clever!'" he quoted when she reached him. His was the look that lays all the cards on the table—unashamed worship. "Didn't see you when I first came in. Afraid you might be sick. I got a jolt"

She faced him with whimsical abruptness.

"Suppose some night I'm not here, Eddy, and the next morning you read that I was found dead: What then?"

The pink that wavered in his cheeks went out.

"Nice thing to say!" he muttered on an angry note while his eyes searched hers beseechingly. "What d'yuh mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Things do happen like that sometimes."

"You got the hump!" After a sigh he went on eagerly: "Look here, Tunie! Let's have it all out straight! After the show, come round to August's and we'll get cozy at our little corner table will you, Tune?"

"All right."

Eddy gave a shrewd look about.

"Meet me outside August's, and remember, these skirts round here don't need to know everything."

He trotted off on his too short legs and Fortuna looked after him in savorless reflection. She had a grounded affection for Eddy, but, contrasted with the husband she had been romantically visualizing for years—he who was to enter her life on the wings of some thrilling chance and by means of high station and great money turn dullness and economy into a riot of splendor—Eddy was a failure. At August's he would put an offer of marriage into such persuasive English as he could command—much of it the prankish metaphors of the vaudeville stage and the funny page, seldom used herself. And she would say "Yes." As Netty would have phrased it: "Eddy was all she had drawn."

"Am I right?"

From the murk of thought Fortuna looked up. A man was close to her, holding out a seat coupon. Her first impression was of his face only—she thought it the handsomest, the pleasantest, the weariest she had ever seen, young for all its bitter lines and the heaviness of the dark gray eyes. Later impressions told her he was fashionable, an exquisite; clean-cut, slim, elegant; that his lazy, low-noted voice had what she had come to call "the English accent."

"Am I right?" he asked again.

When Fortuna had glanced at the yellow fragment and looked up to answer, she found his heavy gaze upon her with a faint yet earnest curiosity. Her words came through a tiny, nervous clutching in the throat:

"This way, please."

She had moved down the aisle when, as he strolled after her, the man spoke again:

"D'you mind telling me if the opera's worth sitting through?" He smiled at her in a casual yet deeply kind way. "I'll give the check to some newsboy if you say it isn't."

"You'll like it." She nodded assuringly. "I've been listening to it for five months, and it holds me just as it did the first time."

"Then I'm in luck. Thanks."

Fortuna was annoyed by her own trembling when she returned to her post. She tried to get back her listlessness. What had happened? Nothing. An attractive man, assuredly belonging to the far-distant world of moneyed leisure that novels, performing the service of keys, had opened to her gaze, had spoken to her as to a human being, and as a human being she had answered him. It was nothing, nothing at all. And yet a groundless felicitation endured. All through the lovely lilt of music the evening long, the thought of him was an harmonious underbeat that mixed with it.

As he came up the slanted orchestra aisle with the home-going throng she purposely stood almost in his path. And then sheer ecstasy took violent hold of Fortuna and seemed

to sweep her feet from off the earth. The man's gaze had kept moving slowly as if searching. When his eyes found her she saw remembrance flow into them. With graceful deliberateness he came to her.

"You were quite right." His grateful tone lifted the words from the trivial. "It's enchanting—takes you out of yourself. I'll come again. Good night."

"Good night."

Her mask of nullity was hooked on fairly well, considering that her heart seemed to have grown uncomfortably large and to be beating in her throat. She stood wide-eyed and hushed where he had left her and watched him until the ripples of the crowd passed over him.

She did not go to August's. A "headache" made a hasty and silent retreat home possible. Not Eddy, nor beer, nor the rathskeller's deservedly popular cheese had any part in the opening phrase of the hymn of love that swept her on. The song had the flame of youth's questing, its demand for passionate fulfillment. Fortuna heard the glorious chant to the cry of her simple and obvious need:

"Oh, if maybe at last something is going to happen!"

And it had happened immediately. Five electric nights had gone by. On every one of them he had come early, and straight to where she stood with flushing and paling cheeks and eyes that seemed faceted diamonds. He lounged on the arm of an aisle seat, hugging one knee, she sitting on the end seat of the next row. And so they had talked.

"It's a pity people don't try to be natural," the man said on the third night of their acquaintance. "As soon as I spoke to you I felt it would be nice to know you. And so here I am, and here you are, and we're none the worse because we haven't met in the usual way. Now are we?"

"No, indeed," Fortuna murmured joyously.

"My name's Owen Pauncefote. I've heard the girls call you Tunie. What's the real name back of that?"

"Fortuna Donnelly."

He repeated it thoughtfully. "I can piece out a bit of your history from it—father Irish; mother, who gave you the name, romantic!"

She smiled. "No, it was papa who was the romantic one—the way I am," she confided. "I asked mamma once why she called me Fortuna. She said it meant money and ought to bring me luck."

She kept to herself the obnoxious fact that her mother had seen the name on a brand of canned corn.

"Mother and father live in New York, I suppose?"

"Dead for years," she said, and briefly saw herself, a little, pale cash girl in her first place and in cheap new mourning clothes.

"Ah!" He studied her gravely, kindly. "It's not easy for a girl to fight life without a mother. Do you live with relatives or a chum?"

"I have a furnished room and get my meals where I like."

"You don't mind my asking you these things? I'm interested, although as a rule"—and the face grew grave and set in the hard, fast lines of truth—"I don't care one bad halfpenny about anything upon the round earth!" He flung off some thought and his tone became confidential, smooth again. "At this work, where you wear such a charming frock, do you earn a lot?"

"Fifty cents a performance," Fortuna said with matter-of-fact smoothness.

"You can't live on that?"

She laughed at the horror of his look. "I don't. From nine to five, except on matinée days, I'm a"—she was going to say "saleslady," instinctively felt it faulty and changed—"I'm a clerk in a fancy-goods store on Eighth Avenue. Only a little place would let you manage easy hours that way, and I get four dollars a week for it. So you see it's all right." She finished with emphasis, the American worker's pride resenting any flavor of sympathy.

The night after this talk Eddy came to her. There was a striking change in him. He had worshiped Fortuna as something holy, unlike anything feminine he met in the Tenderloin, and had felt his unworthiness before her. He had sometimes gnawed on the desolating thought that another man might marry her. That a man whose intentions she must see were of the sort to degrade would be encouraged by her even to the elimination of himself had a dislocating edge of horror. His skin's lively pink had changed to the thick whiteness of soap. His sunken eyes looked bigger. He faced Fortuna seriously, without speaking. And she waited, wide of gaze and grave, a tacit belligerent.

"You know why your English friend comes here, don't you?" he asked, more misery than judgment in his look.

"I told you," said Fortuna very clearly, "that I won't discuss Mr. Pauncefote with you ——"

"The Honorable! Don't forget that," he mocked in futile pain. "The Honorable Owen Pauncefote! I've had

"As Soon as I Spoke to You I Felt It Would be Nice to Know You"

him looked up and I've got all his past performances right here, like he was a blue-ribbon gee-gee." He flicked open a square of paper and read with supercilious humor: "'The Honorable Owen Pauncefote of Wycomb Manor, Dunmore, Bucks, and of No. —— Grosvenor Square, London. Clubs: The Travelers, St. James.'" He chuckled, rolled the paper into a ball, flung it over his shoulder, and with a droll yet exasperated questioning stared at her. "There's a lot more, but I haven't time."

In his despair he had done the thing most hurtful to his cause.

The colorful bit of cataloguing deepened insidiously the glamour that wrapped Fortuna. Her fiction-drenched imagination leaped to the picture of Wycomb Manor; to the house in London with an awning over the door and motors waiting before it; to claret-toned club interiors like those on Fifth Avenue which she had glimpsed from bus tops. Through these fancies Eddy's protest prodded inharmoniously:

"He eats out of the hands of the Four Hundred. He's rented the Marsley house—the whole house for just himself! Now I've mapped him all out for you, Tunie, and I ask you, do you know why he comes here? Or are you fool enough to think you'll get a whack at being the Honorable Mrs. Pauncefote?"

A shiver ran through Fortuna, and after it a blaze. She answered in the small, thin voice of deadly condemnation: "Don't you dare speak to me again."

"You'll go on knowing him after what I tell you?"

"Yes," she said with elaborate distinctness, "I certainly shall."

"Good *night!*" Eddy groaned, and wheeled from her in tumultuous finality.

Netty and the other jonquil-hued four had watched this accounting out of eye corners, quickened, as women always are, by even the neighborhood of romance.

"Will you look at that!" came sideways from Netty's lips to an equally Dutch neighbor. "Eddy means biz, and she's giving him the icy for that English swell who's just resting himself here nights. If she ain't the village idiot!"

Fortuna stood on the Central Park side of Upper Fifth Avenue and looked over at the Marsley house. It had been cold all day—winter in early October. The world was rocking and moaning in great bellowing winds, and the starless sky was a swollen metal-gray from coming rain. She was in the most becoming clothes she had—a thin brown serge coat and skirt, a transparent sand-colored blouse and a velvet tam-o'-shanter of the same color on her hueless hair.

That she was standing opposite Owen's house—now that she was actually there—had become acutely the wayward thing, a shock to the standard rules of decorum that previous to this had been rigidly her own. Yet how simply, how innocently, it had come about!

"I hear you have rented the Marsley house," she had said to Owen on the night Eddy had sketched him and his holdings so alluringly.

"Yes." After a studious glance at her he had added: "You think it odd that I should have rented such a big place just for myself?" His gray eyes had darkened with the cloud that often made him look as if he walked, a dreamer, among tangible things. His brows flickered downward and met in an angle of pain, as he quoted with an arid smile: "'There's a reason.'"

"Is it—very—beautiful?"

"The house?" he asked absently. "Oh, yes, it is, rather."

"It must be grand to live in a house like that."

The envious tone stirred him. His face brightened. He started to speak, paused, and then said in a tone of honest pleasure: "Let me show it to you?" Before she could answer he swept on boyishly: "Let me turn on all the lights and show it to you in full war paint!"

"How can that be?" Fortuna had asked, one big gasp.

"Dine with me there—let us say to-morrow night. Will you?" As she had remained silent, her color wavering, he had laughed soothingly: "Sounds alarming, but it isn't. All things in life take their color from ourselves. I promise you that your visit to me will be as absolutely conventional as a visit from me to you at your home would be. Still, don't consider it for a moment if you'd rather not."

So it had happened. And having gained a night off, here she was at seven, opposite the great stone pile on the corner, in her too-thin best, her heart as tremulous as her face was pale.

As a soldier braces himself to charge, she crossed the asphalt, entered the railinged courtyard and passed the servant in tall hat and silver-buttoned coat, who, as she approached, pressed a bell in the stone wall beside him. Two glass doors opened as if of themselves. When her weak legs walked her between them she saw that each was held back by a high-collared man in plum-colored plush coat and dark knee-breeches.

The place took her breath. No hall, no waiting room, no familiar parlor. She was in a great quadrangle of white marble. On each side white stone stairs curved upward, their slender copper railings dripping lengths of flexible silk rugs hued like old paintings. Far above, starry lights showed in a vast snowy dome.

"Goodness!" The awed exclamation was like the putting up of a shield against a sharp loneliness, a paralyzing strangeness.

She tried to override these qualms by the republican *tour de force* that turns American vaudeville actresses into successful duchesses. Her chin held a little too high and her eyes too stolidly vacant, she passed other disconcerting human statues in glowing plush, and endured the services of a middle-aged maid who kept close to her, removing one by one each of her outdoor things with such stately seriousness that Fortuna felt herself part of an august pageant in which every step was measured.

She felt the need of "dolling up" a bit. Yet under the woman's eyes she could not compose her trembling hands to use any of the many aids to beauty strewn upon the radiant toilet table in the bedroom of appalling grandeur; and the idea of diving after the lip stick and rouge, tucked away with the night key in her stocking, had the flavor of an offense against sanctuary. Another thought troubled her. What opinion of her lay behind the expressionless faces of the stately sentries on the stairs and behind this woman's grave, straight gaze?

"Of course, being here alone with Mr. Pauncefote this way, they all think I'm bad. Oh, it's terrible! I can imagine what they're saying ——"

The thought sickened her. Her hair, untidy from the wind, her face ashen with defeated eyes, she followed directions blindly, and after more torturing ceremony found herself at last face to face with Owen. He swung to her in the wholly unaffected way familiar to her, and some of the chill antagonism of the house was routed by the magic of his smile and voice.

"Ah, there you are!" he sang out. "It's charming of you to come. We've ten minutes before dinner. Shall I show you about?"

"That would be fine," she said, and took a few steps beside him with a new, engaging complacency.

The next second she was sprawling in his arms, her toes smarting from a stumble over the mounted head of a tiger skin. As he straightened her with a gentle, tender touch a wave that seemed to rise from hot irons went over her face.

"Oh, my goodness, I'm all feet!" she cried in a nervous note.

She could have wailed from chagrin as soon as these uncouth words had left her lips, but only for a second. Owen's genuinely happy laugh took the sting away.

"I hate those bally animals yawning up at one!" he confided. "Always kicking the bounders!"

She went beside him down the shallow-stepped stone stairs, he slouching along in the solid black and brilliant white of evening clothes, one hand, in the accustomed, dawdling way of the true Piccadilly product, in his pocket; she moving stiffly in blouse and skirt, odiously self-conscious at the glance of every servant, knowing a biting regret that she had not possessed a one-piece dress, or that at least she had not borrowed Netty's with its sleeves of tulle.

They were in the lower hall—soft lights everywhere, up the great walls, in the dome, low down on tables. They were in a vast library—all books, silence and shadow. They were in a drawing room—brocades, tapestries, miniatures, porcelains, ivories and marbles. Here Owen turned squarely upon her, his look a troubled child's.

"You thought you'd like the house, but you don't. You haven't said so once."

"Oh, it's—it's grand!" she cried in a flurry. Her look remained blank. "Only ——"

"Well?"

"It doesn't seem meant to live in. It's not like a—house."

"No?" He was very grave. "What is it like?"

"It's—it's like the Metropolitan Museum."

He laughed softly and genuinely.

"I know what you mean. You prefer something simpler—Georgian—like the houses down on Washington Square. To tell you the truth, so do I."

One of the plush potentates appeared and in a voice that Fortuna thought "doleful, like a minister's," intoned the fact that dinner was served. Owen crooked his arm gayly. "*Mademoiselle, voulez-vous me faire l'honneur?*"

She went with him as gayly, until the first sight of the table in the amber gloom burst on her. It had a staggering effect. She could think of nothing but an altar at Easter, bright from a hundred candles and heaped with flowers. She felt sure the tall servant behind her chair saw the trembling of her knees.

The excess of beauty, the formality stupefied her at first. Owen seemed not to see this. He talked continually—the simple, candidly boyish friend of the theater. And soon content encompassed her. The food and the bubbling, golden wine were mysteries that made her glow and set her blissfully at ease.

The coffee was served in a small, exquisite room adjoining, and the hour here, bitter and sweet, was to be one of Fortuna's sacred memories her life long. She gave a relieved look about the compact, simple place:

"Now I call this homey!"

"Don't You Dare Speak to Me Again"

"And these gold and amber tints are yours," Owen said with the artist's satisfaction.

Ceremony did not enter here. The coffee equipage was rolled beside an amazingly deep, velvet couch that faced the hearth; a rose tree back of it made a canopy for Fortuna's head. The fire was before her, and, seeming to cut them off as if they were in a castle with drawbridge up, the storm had come and great winds wailed over the shut-out world.

The riddle of human hearts is difficult of exact explanation. At precisely what second, and just why, candor changed to unrest and then to the first prods of temptation in the minds of these two, who like bits of driftwood from different shores had been sent up by inconsequent waves to rest briefly side by side in this scented, sheltered spot, neither of them could have told. Yet they became aware of a new vibration in the air, of a soft, teasing curtain of reserve. Shifting questions showed furtively in their eyes.

Fortuna knew that her beauty had returned. Her blood was trembling through her. Hope had lighted its taper in her golden eyes. Because she edged forlornly from the overwhelming stateliness of the house—the visible mark of all the other essentials in Owen's life, foreign to her own—she found his simplicity, his human warmth, the more engaging.

"If I could be with him forever!" This was her cry—for the man only. "Just to be with him!" Thinking this she let her eyes meet his fully, let him see the heart-quivering question in them.

Owen, knees crossed, sat on a low seat beside the couch. He watched her bodily frailness almost clasped by the velvet billows; saw the fire's whimsies on the wisps of straw-colored hair that clung to her golden-pale throat and to the small ears as delicate as bits of pink arbutus. He knew a reckoning had come. What a schoolboy he had been to fancy this friendship could be an idyl belonging to a sort of upper ether! She was a woman and desirable. He was a man and lonely. The usual consequence was grinning at them.

The whispering to which he had so often listened with light and cynical readiness began: She was lovely and so sweet. He liked her. He could tell her about himself in a half-true sort of way that would satisfy her pride, and she would throw over her stern, sacrifice-extolling God for one year with him.

Should he tell her half-truths? Should he do the base, the indulgent thing?

Silence was heavy between them, each looking at the unseen self.

"I could love him," was Fortuna's confession.

"I could hold her," was the man's defiance.

The storm was calling to them both, its voice like that of a tremendous audience demanding that the play begin.

"Give me your hand?" said Owen.

He received it as if it were sacred; both of his sheltered, yet scarcely touched it. Its icy trembling made the most tender pity bite in.

"I would not hurt you, Fortuna, for the world," he said in the gentlest way, his gaze at her steady and soft.

"You mean ——" Her heart was a little wraith that had risen to her dry, parted lips.

"I wouldn't try to hold you."

"Wouldn't you?" she asked with sad wonder, with wildness, while struggling to understand his aloof yet caressing look.

"Our thoughts are secret worlds, Fortuna. A terrifying, impassable isolation is about each one of us. You do not know me, my dear," he said gravely. "I've never told you of the thing that's the very matrix of my life. There was no need before. I shall tell you now. I am married."

She kept motionless. Every pore in her body seemed listening for the rest.

"I have not seen my wife for three years. We quarreled in London—a terrible quarrel. The fault was mine, mine. I had been a brute—callously, without intention, a mindless, wicked brute. I had not learned to think then, to see that the house of life is built of many things and that keeping faith with the woman who trusts you is the most important stone in it. Lightly, stupidly, selfishly I did my wife a deadly wrong—and this although I loved her deeply, as I do this moment."

Fortuna Waited to Have a Clear Look at Both

He remained silent after this, his eyes almost shut. There was sharp pain in the hushed tone that followed:

"I wonder if I can make you see her? I'll try. She was an orphan, a daughter of Sir Edmund Coulter. The family is as old as it is impoverished. When I met Lois, instead of living on the generosity of her aunt, Lady Wyeth, she was musical critic on a London paper. You see, she had my sort of pride; and she had your sort—that of the independent who cringes to no man and to no condition. When she discovered my cold treachery to her she left me. She didn't divorce me; just went away."

He looked past Fortuna. The habitual cloud was lifted from his eyes and she saw an amazed desolation—the look, she felt, that he must wear when he sat alone.

"There never in this world was anything more thorough than her going. It was just as if where a lamp had burned there was neither light nor lamp. If she had died I could have seen her before me, dead. This loss was more complete. After a year of diligent, thorough search I found she had taken a new identity. I traced her to India, where she was one of a concert troupe. I missed her. Then I followed her over a good bit of the world, just missing her everywhere. After another lapse a bit of news came to me. She had been ill, had lost her voice, had vanished from even the new people who had known her. I continued advertising. I journeyed, following every scent. I watched. I hoped. My paid bloodhounds worked hard." He shook his head slowly, his look bitter. "It is astonishing how thoroughly the living can die if they will it inexorably, as she did. You see, she had loved me in such a big way, Fortuna, that—afterward—so she could live at all I was to be as if I had never been. I did not understand then. I've come to know." She saw his lowered face twitch, his eyes lighten. "Oh, if I could see her once she'd understand this. If I could *see* her ——"

The story had so completely changed the situation between them, Fortuna was struggling to find a secure footing and keep it. She wanted to be the comforter, but could not find the needful words until her dreary sense of superfluity was calmed. In the pause the rain lashed the windows with the sound of loosened rivers.

Owen was speaking again.

"I had come to believe that under a strange name she had somewhere inconspicuously died. I had ceased hoping—then I saw her." He looked straight at Fortuna with a dreary smile. "One night in London I was in a small cinema theater where they exhibited moving pictures of New York. One showed the usual afternoon throng on Fifth Avenue. After a bit I saw a young woman leading a very old and evidently wealthy woman from a shop. She helped her into a motor, followed, and they were rushed away. It was only a flash, over in a second; yet in this thin, poorly dressed girl, evidently a paid assistant, I felt sure I had seen my wife. I went to the edge of the first box and sat strapped to the seat for hours, till the picture came round again. And it was Lois! She seemed to look at me. Then I lost her again. Oh, I can't tell you," he said faintly, "how flesh-creeping it was—that little ghost of a

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THE DUB

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

V

THE boarding house where for years Elmer had dwelt was in West Twenty-third Street—one of a row of dingy, old-fashioned dwellings in a not too choice neighborhood near the ferry slips, but Elmer was not particular. The rise in his fortunes had not tempted him to the excess of luxurious living. Luxury is softening, he knew. When he was more firmly established it would be time enough to taste the joys of that. Still modest, frugal, it was pleasure enough for him to count his dollars as they grew.

He was no miser though. It was ambition he nourished. Without money, he told himself, a man is nothing; and money—big money—Elmer was more than ever determined to have. Only the chumps, the dubs, are content to go on living on salaries. Thus, when he began to splurge it would be to splurge fittingly. The cheap ways in which cheap clerks enjoyed themselves offered no temptation to him. Let them take their trips to Atlantic City, to the Catskills, to Saratoga! Let them talk of their theater goings, the dowdy parties their wives gave, these and an occasional ride in somebody's motor—an event! Piffle! Elmer promised himself in middle age a town house and a country place. He dreamt, too, of fast horses and fast motors. A fast yacht, even, was included in his dreams; for it was these big things that big men have. No cheap dreams for him! All his thoughts, his dreams, were big. Meantime he was content to live as always he'd lived. There was not a clerk, though, at the Island he could not have bought and sold twice over. Twenty thousand dollars was what he had now; and for board and lodging he still paid nine dollars a week.

The Woman He Married Had Social Leanings

His domain, the hall bedroom he occupied, was on the top floor, overlooking the back yard. It was a dingy outlook, a perspective of cat-infested fences, clotheslines that bloomed perennially, garbage cans, and here and there a sickly plane tree or equally spindling lilac bush; but Elmer was not squeamish about scenery. Every week day in the year, the instant the morning alarm clock struck seven he leaped alertly from his bed. Awake and active instantly, he made ready for the day.

First, he exercised. Health is energy, you know; and Elmer, shrewdly, long had seen the effects of flabbiness on men. They got old prematurely; then the Island sacked them. Fixed to the doorframe was one of those contraptions of ropes and rubber bands known as a home exerciser. Grasping the handles, Elmer pushed out his chest. Then he began to count: "One, two! One, two, three!" Each time, in tune to the counting, he threw out his arms, at the same instant squatting. "One, two! One, two, three!" Occasionally he varied this by bending forward; then curving backward. In Wall Street the abdomen often is an index of prosperity; but until he was really prosperous, Elmer would dispense with that. Every morning, for fifteen minutes by the clock, he wheezed and grunted at the exerciser. Then he dressed.

Round the room, pinned to the faded wall paper, were a number of card signs. Crisp texts, each characteristic, were printed on these: Time is Money! Be Brief! This is My Busy Day! As Elmer dressed, his eye wandered to these; though, indeed, he knew them all by heart. They had been there for years. Having dressed, however, Elmer presented himself in the dingy dining room in the basement. There he breakfasted methodically on fruit, a cereal, chops, toast and coffee. This regimen he seldom varied. Everything about him, you see, was methodical. At nine o'clock sharp, methodically, he was at his desk at the Island.

Seven o'clock, the morning of that fateful day in Elmer's history, had just sounded when Elmer rose from his bed. Now that the moment had come to act, it had cost him a sleepless night. So much had to be thought about. So much, too, he must plan. There must be no slip-ups, no false steps. He knew vividly how thin was the ice he trod upon. Grasping the exerciser's handles—"One, two! One, two, three!"—he had begun to count, when, with a grunt of disgust, he threw the handles from him.

"Faugh!" he grunted. A glance in the mirror caused him to grunt anew. This would never do. He was pale, peaked, haggard. However, as he glanced about him as he dressed a grin spread over his face. One by one he read the mottoes printed on the pasteboard cards: Time is Money! Be Brief! This is My Busy Day! Over the washstand was also another—Honesty is the Best Policy! Of the lot it had been there the longest. It was quite flyblown, as he noticed.

Of course time indeed is money; and to be brief is wise. Also, as a policy, honesty is excellent. However, as Elmer read these adjurations, his grin widened. What an ass he'd been when he'd pinned them up! The idea of believing that things like these get you there! He had half a mind to tear them down. For old associations' sake, though, he didn't. One of them, anyway, was all right. It was: This is My Busy Day!

It was indeed. Half past eight—not nine—was striking when Elmer entered the Island's door. The watchman, as he unlocked the grilled door for him, was mildly astonished.

Elmer hurried to his desk. It was long, of course, before Sykes would arrive. Sykes would not get down until ten, the hour when all the big men appear in Wall Street. However, until then Elmer would have a lot to do.

Bulging out his pocket was the packet of papers he had made ready. It comprised all the evidence; and before he flashed it on Sykes, Elmer wished to run over it once more. There was, for one thing, a detailed statement of the year's transactions with the Realty Company. There was also a list, attested to by a notary, of the realty concern's stockholders. The names of Sykes and Grimble did not show on this, but their dummies did. They were clerks—"useful men"—in the offices of the law firm Sykes and Grimble patronized. The law firm was represented on the Island's board. Elmer, however, had traced the dividend payments through the useful men direct into Sykes' and Grimble's private bank accounts. He had also a list of the realty transfers and sales. Finally he had listed every trust estate on the Island's books. He knew by name each and every widow and minor—all the incompetents. It was pretty voluminous, the mass of evidence he had.

Ten o'clock struck before he'd finished going over it. By design, though, Elmer waited until noon. His man would be alone then, and he meant to catch him alone. Then, as noon struck, Elmer opened Sykes' door.

The vice president was sitting at his big flat-topped desk, idly unoccupied. He looked up with a smile.

"Well, Pringle?" he said pleasantly.

Outside, the big countingroom was almost deserted. As noon had struck, its small army of clerks had trooped off to the cheap lunchrooms and cafés in the quarter. A few, after they had wolfed down a sandwich, with a glass of milk or a beer, would hurry to some resort where they could shoot a game of pool or play a string at billiards. Those that remained in the countingroom sat perched on their high stools, munching sandwiches out of the small wicker baskets they held gripped between their knees. Two or three, making up for lost time, still hunched themselves over their ledgers, with one hand feeding themselves while with the other they toiled. A group congregated about the airshaft window, the room's only outlook, gabbled garrulously. Automobiles was their topic.

"You c'n get 'em for what you want second-hand-yeah!" "It don't cost much if you run 'em yourself." "'S right! It's the garages that get y'r money." "Gee! Wish I had a machine!" A hoarse guffaw sounded. "Guess it's a baby carriage for yours, Bill!" one had suggested.

Nelly Ross, her perennial notebook in her hand, emerged from the president's office and hurried down the passage to the cubby-hole where her typewriter was. Mr. Grimble, her employer, came to the office now only an hour each day. He was growing very old. In spite of his age, though, in that hour he dictated letters enough to keep Nelly busy the remainder of the day. So Nelly lunched when she could, nibbling a bite between letters. She had to be very careful, however. Several times Mr. Grimble had complained fretfully of butter stains on his correspondence.

As Nelly appeared a clerk—one of the pale, stoop-shouldered fellows hunched over his work—looked up swiftly. His eyes on her, he watched a moment; then he rose. In her corner behind the partition Nelly stood counting the pages Mr. Grimble had dictated. He had been pretty garrulous to-day. There were pages and pages. She had one hand on the small of her back. It ached.

Nelly looked neither so young nor so winsome as of old. Behind the spectacles she had to wear now, her face, like the clerk's, was pale and pinched.

It had on it, too, the look one sees in the faces of women that live by piecework. Paper flowers at thirty cents a hundred! Shirt waists at twenty-eight cents apiece! Neckties at four cents each!

The clerk's eyes deepened.

"Nelly, you're not ill?" he demanded.

She shook her head resolutely.

"No; I'm all right."

The clerk's lips compressed themselves tightly.

"Never mind; it won't be for long!" he said. Then she brightened. "What d'you think, Nelly? That man says we can have the place for twenty-eight hundred, half down and the rest on easy terms. It's right near the express station too; and I've found a man who says he'll take all the squabs and broilers we c'n give him. I guess the luck's turning, Nelly!"

She looked at him with softening eyes.

"You're good, Horace," said Nelly, apropos of nothing.

Then she turned to her letters. The first was to a charity, of which Mr. Grimble was the mainstay. The institution, a home for respectable working girls, was to announce publicly that Mr. Grimble had just donated to it twenty-five thousand dollars, to be expended in a new addition. Meantime, behind Mr. Sykes' closed door a hum of voices rose.

"I've something I wish to show you," said Elmer. His tongue thick, he seemed to find a momentary difficulty in articulating. Then he mastered it. "Read that, please," he directed; and, opening the papers, he laid them on the vice president's desk.

Sykes read. Halfway down the first page Elmer saw his eyes leap; then they narrowed. After that, once or twice, as he turned a page he looked up briefly—a swift glance. As his eyes caught Elmer's, though, they leaped away again. Elmer could see him wet his lips.

How old he looked, yet still how masterful! The years had whitened Sykes' hair; and his face, both with the years and his self-imposed burden, his task of money getting, was creased and drawn—but it was a fixed, determined face. Ripened middle age had not brought to the vice president's features the relaxing softness that dawns on the faces of those whose prime wanes, who mellow. Cæsar growing old!

Elmer stood watching him. Clearly Sykes understood what that array of papers conveyed—no one, indeed, could have mistaken it; but the man's mastery of himself astonished even Elmer. As he read to the end his features composed themselves. It could have been a patent-medicine dodger he scanned, for all the concern he betrayed. He tossed it from him then.

"Well?" Sykes inquired casually.

Elmer was staggered as though by a jolt. However, with an effort he controlled himself, and the set speech he had prepared flowed from him with fluent readiness.

"We're business men, Mr. Sykes," said Elmer, the phrase glib on his tongue; "we understand each other. For years I've been drudging over the Island's books. I'm no dub though—there's nothing in a job like that; and you know it too. I want a chance. I want to get my hands in on something worth while. I c'd keep books till hell cracked, and I'd be no nearer anywhere than I was at the beginning. You've got to let me in on some of the good things going round. I've got money. I've got twenty thousand dollars. I'm sick of keeping books; and all I ask is a chance to put my money where it'll do me good!"

Sykes had leaned back in his chair. His hand outstretched, his active supple fingers played with a paper cutter on the desk before him. He gazed at Elmer with narrowed eyes, estimating—weighing and deliberating.

"What is this," he inquired—"blackmail?"

Elmer was as shocked as though Sykes had struck him. Blackmail does not go in Wall Street—not creditably, at any rate. Too much of it has been done for too ignoble purposes.

"There's no need for trouble, Mr. Sykes," he said. "You take me aboard"—a Street phrase, a term Elmer knew the big men used—"take me aboard, and I'll show you how that Realty Company can add thirty per cent to its profits. You need an assistant too. There's a lot of work you don't need to shoulder. I want the job, Mr. Sykes. I want you to make me the Island's assistant cashier."

"And if I don't?" inquired Sykes.

Elmer indicated a paper on the table. It was the list of heirs—the widows, the minors, the incompetents.

"I have that," said Elmer simply. "You know what'd happen if I took what I know to them."

One o'clock struck; the clerks came trooping back to their desks. One desk, however, still remained vacant. Two struck then; and the desk, a big one placed where it could command the room, still was unoccupied. Over the ledgers, the journals and the daybooks the dubs and dummies hunched themselves, now and then knocking off to gabble garrulously. It was a slack day at the Island. Only an assistant was in charge. There was a disposition to romp, to "get gay" with the assistant. There hadn't been such a chance for moons.

At her desk behind the partition Nelly Ross heard the unwonted hum of voices. It was quite distracting. A half-munched sandwich on the desk beside her, she pounded fitfully at the keys. Tick! Clack-tick! Tick-tick! thumped the typewriter. "Yrosu very rutly" wrote Nelly—and gave a murmur of irritation. What mistakes she was making! She erased the errors and tried again. "Yours revy urtly" it came out. Another erasure. The letter looked like patchwork.

"Oh, dear!" she gasped wearily, and tore it in two.

Meantime, from behind Mr. Sykes' closed door, the murmur of voices grew prolonged. Three o'clock struck. Just as Trinity's mellow chime boomed the news the telephone at Nelly's hand tinkled sharply. Putting the last of the sandwich where it would be safe, Nelly responded.

"That you, Mr. Sykes? . . . Why, no; Mr. Grimble's out of town. He motored out to his country place at noon. Shall I ring him? . . . Oh, very well, sir. . . . Mr. Courtenay, you say? That's Mr. Courtenay, your lawyer, isn't it? Yes, sir; I'll ring him right away. . . . And Mr. Troop, our director? Very good, sir. I'll have them come over at once."

Ringing off, Nelly called the Island's private branch.

"Bessy dear; listen: Mr. Sykes wants Mr. Courtenay—he's the lawyer, you know—in a hurry. And Mr. Troop too. I guess, from the way he spoke, it's important. You'll hurry, won't you?" Then, in spite of the hurry, just as she was about to ring off, Nelly spoke again: "How's your cold, dearie? Any better?"

An inarticulate reply came over the wire.

"Nod buch."

Nelly's brows contracted.

"You ought to be careful, dear. You ought to go away for a week. I guess they'd let you."

Again the wire mumbled.

"You gob anodder guess," returned Bessy.

Ten minutes later Mr. Courtenay arrived. He was followed five minutes later by Mr. Troop. Time passed on. Four struck; then half past four. At five Troop and Courtenay emerged from Mr. Sykes' office. Their air was queer. Troop, looking sidewise at Courtenay, spoke guardedly. An air of wonder was in his tone.

"Who'd have thought it!" said Troop.

The lawyer's lips curled themselves.

"Don't worry! We've got that fellow where we want him."

They passed on out at the door. As they disappeared Elmer emerged from the vice president's private office. He came slowly, laggardly. His face was colorless, his eyes active and inflamed. A beaten dog could not have looked more fagged.

At the sight of him the countingroom stirred swiftly; then it became still. Elmer pulled out his chair. Seating himself, he began fumbling with the papers on his desk. Suddenly he rose and went to the water-cooler in the corner. There he gulped down a glass of water. A second he sipped more slowly. Then, as he went back to his desk again, his lips all at once curved. A lurking grin dawned on his mouth and in his eyes. Self-mastered, self-restrained, that was the only outward sign he gave.

Victory!

"Take a letter," directed Mr. Sykes.

He had come out of his office, his hat on and ready to go home. Half past five had struck. His own stenographer being absent—dispatched with a letter to Mr. Grimble's place up the Hudson—Mr. Sykes had sought the cubby-hole behind the partition.

"Duplicates to each director," directed the vice president, "the copy to me."

Nelly Ross spread out her notebook on her knee.

"Yes, sir," she replied.

After a moment's pause—an instant, to arrange the words in his mind—Sykes dictated rapidly:

"*Dear Sir:* In recognition of his long and loyal service with the Island, Mr. Elmer Pringle has this day been appointed to the post of the company's assistant cashier. Yours truly,"

At the last word he started toward the door.

"You sign those for me," he ordered. "You'll find a rubber stamp on my desk."

"Yes, sir," said Nelly Ross.

She Told How Her Husband Had Succeeded

VI

THE years passed. Five went their way; then ten. Many changes in the interim had taken place at the Island. Mr. Grimble had resigned, then he had died. Long obituaries filled the newspapers for a day, and one read in them an array of eulogistic euphemisms: "Integrity!" "Sterling worth!" "Upright principles!" "Grasp of affairs!" A financier of the old school, he was termed. Young men were advised to shape their careers by his. Then, the next day, he and his millions were forgotten.

Mr. Sykes was now president of the Island. Elmer was its full-fledged cashier. Again he had been promoted. J. Elmer Pringle was the name styled on the Trust Company's engraved stationery.

The day Elmer, in a black frock coat, black gloves and a black silk hat, had sat in a front pew at St. Jonas', in the Avenue, while the Grimble services were held he had glanced about him, satisfaction swelling in his heart. Ex officio, as the Island's cashier, he was one of the late president's honored pall-bearers. He sat beside men of millions, elbow to elbow. "Ha, Pringle!" they'd greeted him over the sherry and biscuits at the house. He rode in the third limousine that followed the hearse. A railroad president, a United States Senator and one of the Street's biggest corporation lawyers were his companions. In their conversation he was almost—if not quite—admitted on equal terms. Elmer, however, knew his place. He was among them, but, as yet, not of them. One day, though, he surely would be.

Already he was hailed as one of the Street's rising young men. The newspapers interviewed him. Sometimes, on their financial pages, a half tone of him appeared. One—the picture he liked best—was a cartoon published in a series of Leaders of Finance. It was a photogravure of Elmer's head, with a dwarfed figure added on by pen. Elmer was depicted standing by a stock ticker with the tape flowing through his fingers. Under the cut was the legend: Feeling the Nation's Pulse. But, though proud, justly proud, of all he had achieved, Elmer not yet was satisfied. He had still some way to go. Excelsior! Upward and Onward! Higher!

"I Have That. You Know What'd Happen if I Took What I Know to Them"

The summit he had set for himself was lofty. His eyes always were on it. They never flagged.

The affairs of the Island Trust are to-day well known in the newspapers and the courts. It is still prosperous, still a vast, powerful concern; but the crowd that once directed its activities now no longer are in control. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* you read in the copy books. The world or Wall Street—it is all the same.

It was a deal in Union Pacific that gave Elmer that chance he was watching for, the greatest in his career.

That afternoon—the day when, in Sykes' office, Elmer had Sykes and his associates against the wall—he had not injured himself by what he "put over" on them. Trust him for that! They had been vexed, irritated—they had been a little frightened too; still, as business men, the sort that understand each other, they had been reasonable. Elmer, they perceived, was no "wolf," no Wall Street scum looking for a "strike." Their incomes stood unimpaired. He wished to "rake-down" none of their gains. All he asked was a chance to get in with them. Let them take him aboard and he'd show them how they could add to their yearly gains. It was this idea, in fact, that he'd put to Sykes the moment he'd made that plea of his—that appeal so passionate, so eloquent. What's more, he'd done it too!

No need to go into details. It is enough to say that in the one instance of repairs, the plumbing bills, he did it. There were hundreds of buildings on the Island's books; and in the repairs—the real repairs,

(Continued on Page 28)

UNEASY MONEY

XI

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

LORD DAWLISH had gone for a moonlight walk that night because, like Claire, he wished to be alone to think. He had fallen with a pleasant ease and smoothness into the rather curious life lived at Elizabeth Boyd's bee farm. A liking for picnics had lingered in him from boyhood, and existence at Flack's was one prolonged picnic. He found that he had a natural aptitude for the more muscular domestic duties, and his energy in this direction enchanted Nutty, who before his advent had had a monopoly of these tasks.

Nor was this the only aspect of the situation that pleased Nutty. When he had invited Bill to the farm he had had a vague hope that good might come of it, but he had never dreamed that things would turn out as well as they promised to do, or that such a warm and immediate friendship would spring up between his sister and the man who had diverted the family fortune into his own pocket. Bill and Elizabeth were getting on splendidly. They were together all the time—walking, golfing, attending to the numerous needs of the bees or sitting on the porch. Nutty's imagination began to run away with him. He seemed to smell the scent of orange blossoms, to hear the joyous pealing of church bells—in fact, with the difference that it was not his own wedding that he was anticipating, he had begun to take very much the same view of the future that was about to come to Dudley Pickering.

Elizabeth would have been startled and embarrassed if she could have read his thoughts, for they might have suggested to her that she was becoming a great deal fonder of Bill than the shortness of their acquaintance warranted. But though she did not fail to observe the strangeness of her brother's manner, she traced it to another source than the real one. Nutty had a habit of starting back and removing himself when, entering the porch, he perceived that Bill and his sister were already seated there. His own impression on such occasions was that he was behaving with consummate tact. Elizabeth supposed that he had had some sort of a spasm.

Lord Dawlish, if he had been able to diagnose correctly the almost paternal attitude which had become his host's normal manner these days, would have been equally embarrassed but less startled, for conscience had already suggested to him from time to time that he had been guilty of a feeling toward Elizabeth warmer than any feeling that should come to an engaged man. Lying in bed at the end of his first week at the farm he reviewed the progress of his friendship with her, and was amazed at the rapidity with which it had grown.

He could not conceal it from himself—Elizabeth appealed to him. Being built on a large scale himself, he had always been attracted by small women. There was a smallness, a daintiness, a liveliness about Elizabeth that was almost irresistible. She was so capable, so cheerful in spite of the fact that she was having a hard time. And then their minds seemed to blend so remarkably. There were no odd corners to be smoothed away. Never in his life had he felt so supremely at his ease with one of the opposite sex. He loved Claire—he drove that fact home almost angrily to himself—but he was forced to admit that he had always been aware of something in the nature of a barrier between them. Claire was querulous at times, and always a little too apt to take offense. He had never been able to talk to her with that easy freedom that Elizabeth invited. Talking to Elizabeth was like talking to an attractive version of oneself. It was a thing to be done with perfect confidence, without any of that apprehension which Claire inspired lest the next remark might prove the spark to cause an explosion. But Claire was the girl he loved, there must be no mistake about that.

He came to the conclusion that the key to the situation was the fact that Elizabeth was American. He had read so much of the American girl, her unaffectedness, her genius for easy comradeship. Well, this must be what the writer fellows meant. He had happened upon one of those delightful friendships without any suspicion of sex in them of which the American girl had the monopoly. Yes, that must be it. It was a comforting explanation. It accounted for his feeling at a loose end whenever he was away from Elizabeth for as much as half an hour. It accounted for the fact that they understood each other so well. It accounted for everything so satisfactorily that he was able to get to sleep that night after all.

But next morning—for his conscience was one of those persistent consciences—he began to have doubts again. Nothing clings like a suspicion in the mind of a conscientious young man that he has been allowing his heart to stray from its proper anchorage.

Could it be that he was behaving badly toward Claire? The thought was unpleasant, but he could not get rid of it. He extracted Claire's photograph from his suit case and gazed solemnly upon it.

At first he was shocked to find that it only succeeded in convincing him that Elizabeth was quite the most attractive girl he ever had met. The photographer had given Claire rather a severe look. He had told her to moisten the lips with the tip of the tongue and assume a pleasant smile, with the result that she seemed to glare. She had a rather markedly aggressive look, queenly perhaps, but not very comfortable.

But there is no species of self-hypnotism equal to that of a man who gazes persistently at a photograph with the preconceived idea that he is in love with the original of it. Little by little Bill found that the old feeling began to return. He persevered. By the end of a quarter of an hour he had almost succeeded in capturing anew that first fine careless rapture which, six months ago, had caused him to propose to Claire and walk on air when she accepted him.

He continued the treatment throughout the day, and by dinner time had arranged everything with his conscience in the most satisfactory manner possible. He loved Claire

with a passionate fervor; he liked Elizabeth very much indeed. He submitted this diagnosis to conscience, and conscience graciously approved and accepted it.

It was Sunday that day. That helped. There is nothing like Sunday in a foreign country for helping a man to sentimental thoughts of the girl he has left behind him elsewhere. And the fact that there was a full moon clinched it. Bill was enabled to go for an after-dinner stroll in a condition of almost painful loyalty to Claire.

From time to time, as he walked along the road, he took out the photograph and did some more gazing. The last occasion on which he did this was just as he emerged from the shadow of a large tree that stood by the roadside, and a gush of rich emotion rewarded him.

"Claire!" he murmured.

An exclamation at his elbow caused him to look up. There, leaning over a gate, the light of the moon falling on her beautiful face, stood Claire herself.

XII

IN TRYING interviews, as in sprint races, the start is everything. It was the fact that she recovered more quickly from her astonishment that enabled Claire to dominate her scene with Bill. She had the advantage of having a less complicated astonishment to recover from, for, though it was a shock to see him there when she had imagined that he was in New York, it was not nearly such a shock as it was to him to see her there when he had imagined that she was in England. She had adjusted her brain to the situation while he was still gaping.

"Well, Bill?"

This speech in itself should have been enough to warn Lord Dawlish of impending doom. As far as love, affection and tenderness are concerned, a girl might just as well hit a man with an ax as say "Well, Bill?" to him when they have met unexpectedly in the moonlight after long separation. But Lord Dawlish was too shattered by surprise to be capable of observing *nuances*. If his love had ever waned or faltered, as conscience had suggested earlier in the day, it was at full blast now.

"Claire!" he cried.

He was moving to take her in his arms, but she drew back.

"No, really, Bill!" she said; and this time it did filter through into his disordered mind that all was not well. A man who is a good deal dazed at the moment may fail to appreciate a remark like "Well, Bill?" but for a girl to draw back and say, "No, really, Bill!" in a tone not exactly of loathing, but certainly of pained aversion, is a deliberately unfriendly act. The three short words, taken in conjunction with the movement, brought him up with as sharp a turn as if she had punched him in the eye.

"Claire! What's the matter?"

She looked at him steadily. She looked at him with a sort of queenly woodenness, as if he were behind a camera with a velvet bag over his head and had just told her to moisten the lips with the tip of the tongue. Her aspect staggered Lord Dawlish. A cursory inspection of his conscience showed nothing but purity and whiteness, but he must have done something or she would not be staring at him like this.

"I don't understand!" was the only remark that occurred to him.

"Are you sure?"

"What do you mean?"

"I was at Reigelheimer's Restaurant—— Ah!"

The sudden start which Lord Dawlish had given at the opening words of her sentence justified the concluding word. Innocent as his behavior had been that night at Reigelheimer's, he had been glad at the time that he had not been observed. It now appeared that he had been observed, and it seemed to him that Long Island suddenly flung itself into a whirling dance. He heard Claire speaking a long way off: "I was there with Lady Wetherby. It was she who invited me to come to America. I went to the restaurant to see her dance—and I saw you!"

With a supreme effort Bill succeeded in calming down the excited landscape. He willed the trees to stop dancing, and they came reluctantly to a standstill. The world ceased to swim and flicker.

"Let me explain," he said.

The moment he had said the words he wished he could recall them. Their substance was right enough, it was the sound of them that was wrong. They sounded like a line from a farce, where the erring husband has been caught by the masterful wife. They were ridiculous. Worse than being merely ridiculous, they created an atmosphere of guilt and evasion.

"Explain! How can you explain? It is impossible to explain. I saw you with my own eyes making an exhibition of yourself with a horrible creature in salmon-pink. I'm not asking you who she is. I'm not questioning you about your relations with her at all. I don't care who she was. The mere fact that you were at a public restaurant with a person of that kind is enough. No doubt you think I am making a great deal of fuss about a very ordinary thing. You consider that it is a man's privilege to do these things, if he can do them without being found out. But it ended everything as far as I am concerned. Am I unreasonable? I don't think so. You steal off to America, thinking I am in England, and behave like this. How could you do that if you really loved me? It's the deceit of it that hurts me."

Lord Dawlish drew in a few breaths of pure Long Island air, but he did not speak. He felt helpless. If he were to be allowed to withdraw into the privacy of the study and wrap a cold, wet towel about his forehead and buckle down to it, he knew that he could draft an excellent and satisfactory explanation of his presence at Reigelheimer's with the Good Sport. But to do it on the spur of the moment like this was beyond him.

Claire was speaking again. She had paused for a while after her recent speech, in order to think of something else to say; and during this pause had come to her mind certain excerpts from one of those admirable articles on love, by Luella Delia Philpotts, which do so much to boost the reading public of these United States into the higher planes. She had read it that afternoon in the Sunday paper, and it came back to her now.

"I may be hypersensitive," she said, dropping her voice from the accusatory register to the lower tones of pathos, "but I have such high ideals of love. There can be no true love where there is not perfect trust. Trust is to love what ——"

She paused again. She could not remember just what Luella Delia Philpotts had said trust was to love. It was something extremely neat, but it had slipped her memory.

"A woman has the right to expect the man she is about to marry to regard their troth as a sacred obligation that shall keep him as pure as a young knight who has dedicated himself to the quest of the Holy Grail. And I find you in a public restaurant, dancing with a creature with yellow hair, upsetting waiters, and staggering about with pats of butter all over you."

Here a sense of injustice stung Lord Dawlish. It was true that after his regrettable collision with Heinrich, the waiter, he had discovered butter upon his person, but it was only one pat. Claire had spoken as if he had been festooned with butter.

"I am not angry with you, only disappointed. What has happened has shown me that you do not really love me, not as I think of love. Oh, I know that when we are together you think you do, but absence is the test. Absence is the acid test of love that separates the base metal from the true. After what has happened we can't go on with our engagement. It would be farcical. I could never feel that way toward you again. We shall always be friends, I hope. But as for love—love is not a machine. It cannot be shattered and put together again."

She turned and began to walk up the drive. Hanging over the top of the gate like a wet sock Lord Dawlish watched her go. The interview was over, and he could not think of one single thing to say. Her white dress made a patch of light in the shadows. She moved slowly, as if weighed down by sad thoughts, like one who, as Luella Delia Philpotts beautifully puts it, paces with measured step behind the coffin of a murdered heart. The bend of the drive hid her from his sight.

About twenty minutes later Dudley Pickering, smoking sentimentally in the darkness hard by the porch, received a shock. He was musing tenderly on his Claire, who was assisting him in the process by singing in the drawing room, when he was aware of a figure, the sinister figure of a man who, pressed against the netting of the porch, stared into the lighted room beyond.

Dudley Pickering's first impulse was to stride briskly up to the intruder, tap him on the shoulder and ask him what the devil he wanted; but a second look showed him that the other was built on too ample a scale to make this advisable. He was a large, fit-looking intruder.

Mr. Pickering was alarmed. There had been the usual epidemic of burglaries at Brookport that season. Houses had been broken into, valuable possessions removed. In one case a negro butler had been struck over the head with a gaspipe and given a headache. In these circumstances it was unpleasant to find burly strangers looking in at windows.

"Hi!" cried Mr. Pickering.

The intruder leaped a foot. It had not occurred to Lord Dawlish, when in an access of wistful yearning he had decided to sneak up to the house in order to increase his anguish by one last glimpse of Claire, that other members of the household might be out in the grounds. He was just thinking sorrowfully, as he listened to the music, how like his own position was to that of the hero of Tennyson's Maud—a poem to which he was greatly addicted—when Mr. Pickering's "Hi!" came out of nowhere and hit him like a torpedo.

"The Nape is Throwing New-Laid Eggs at the Scullery Maid, M'lady"

He turned in agitation. Mr. Pickering having prudently elected to stay in the shadows, there was no one to be seen. It was as if the voice of conscience had shouted "Hi!" at him. He was just wondering if he had imagined the whole thing, when he perceived the red glow of a cigar and beyond it a shadowy form.

It was not the fact that he was in an equivocal position, staring into a house which did not belong to him, with his feet on somebody else's private soil, that caused Bill to act as he did. It was the fact that at that moment he was not feeling equal to conversation with anybody on any subject whatsoever. It did not occur to him that his behavior might strike a nervous stranger as suspicious. All he aimed at was the swift removal of himself from a spot infested by others of his species. He ran, and Mr. Pickering, having followed him with the eye of fear, went rather shakily into the house, his brain whirling with professional cracksmen and gas pipes and assaulted butlers, to relate his adventure.

"A great, hulking, ruffianly sort of fellow glaring in at the window," said Mr. Pickering. "I shouted at him and he ran like a rabbit."

"Gee! Must have been one of the gang that's been working down here," said Roscoe Sherriff, "giving the place the double-o before breaking in. There might be a quarter of a column in that, properly worked, but I guess I'd better wait until he actually does bust the place."

"We must notify the police!"

"Notify the police, and have them butt in and stop the thing and kill a good story!" There was honest amazement in the press agent's voice. "Let me tell you, it isn't so easy to get publicity these days that you want to go out of your way to stop it!"

Mr. Pickering was appalled. A dislike of this man, which had grown less vivid since his scene with Claire, returned to him with redoubled force.

"Why, we may all be murdered in our beds!" he cried.

"Front-page stuff!" said Roscoe Sherriff with gleaming eyes. "And three columns at least. Fine!"

It might have consoled Lord Dawlish somewhat, as he lay awake that night, to have known that the man who had taken Claire from him—though at present he was not aware of such a man's existence—also slept ill.

XIII

LADY WETHERBY sat in her room, writing letters. The rest of the household were variously employed. Roscoe Sherriff was prowling about the house, brooding on campaigns of publicity. Dudley Pickering was walking in the grounds with Claire. In a little shack in the woods that adjoined the highroad, which he had converted into a temporary studio, Lord Wetherby was working on a picture which he proposed to call Innocence, a study of a small Italian child he had discovered in Washington Square. Lady Wetherby, who had been taken to see the picture, had suggested The Black Hand's Newest Recruit as a better title than the one selected by the artist.

It is a fact to be noted that of the entire household only Lady Wetherby could fairly be described as happy. It took very little to make Lady Wetherby happy. Fine weather, good food, and a complete abstention from classical dancing—give her these and she asked no more. She was, moreover, delighted at Claire's engagement. It seemed to her, for she had no knowledge of the existence of Lord Dawlish, a genuine manifestation of Love's Young Dream. She liked Dudley Pickering and she was devoted to Claire. It made her happy to think that it was she who had brought them together.

But of the other members of the party, Dudley Pickering was unhappy because he feared that burglars were about to raid the house; Roscoe Sherriff because he feared they were not; Claire because, now that the news of the engagement was out, it seemed to be everybody's aim to leave her alone with Mr. Pickering, whose undiluted society tended to pall. And Lord Wetherby was unhappy because he found Eustace, the monkey, a perpetual strain upon his artistic nerves. It was Eustace who had driven him to his shack in the woods. He could have painted far more comfortably in the house, but Eustace had developed a habit of stealing up to him and plucking the leg of his trousers; and an artist simply cannot give of his best with that sort of thing going on.

Lady Wetherby wrote on. She was not fond of letter-writing and she had allowed her correspondence to accumulate; but she was disposing of it in an energetic and conscientious way, when the entrance of Wrench, the butler, interrupted her.

Wrench had been imported from England at the request of Lord Wetherby, who had said that it soothed him and kept him from feeling homesick to see a butler about the place. Since then he had been hanging to the establishment as it were by a hair. He gave the impression of being always on the point of giving notice. There were so many things connected with his position of which he disapproved. He had made no official pronouncement of the matter, but

"Eustace Has Just Bitten Dudley in the Leg"

Lady Wetherby knew that he disapproved of her classical dancing. His last position had been with the Dowager Duchess of Waveney, the well-known political hostess, who—even had the somewhat generous lines on which she was built not prevented the possibility of such a thing—would have perished rather than dance barefooted in a public restaurant. Wrench also disapproved of America. That fact had been made plain immediately upon his arrival in the country. He had given America one look, and then his mind was made up—he disapproved of it.

"If you please, m'lady!"

Lady Wetherby turned. The butler was looking even more than usually disapproving, and his disapproval had, so to speak, crystallized, as if it had found some more concrete and definite objective than either barefoot dancing or the United States.

"If you please m'lady—the hape!"

It was Wrench's custom to speak of Eustace in a tone of restrained disgust. He disapproved of Eustace. The Dowager Duchess of Waveney, though she kept open house for members of parliament, would have drawn the line at monkeys.

"The hape is behaving very strange, m'lady," said Wrench frostily.

It has been well said that in this world there is always something. A moment before Lady Wetherby had been feeling completely contented, without a care on her horizon. It was foolish of her to have expected such a state of things to last, for what is life but a series of sharp corners round each of which Fate lies in wait for us with a stuffed eelskin? Something in the butler's manner, a sort of gloating gloom which he radiated, told her that she had arrived at one of these corners now.

"The hape is seated on the kitchen sink, m'lady, throwing new-laid eggs at the scullery maid, and cook desired me to step up and ask for instructions."

"What!" Lady Wetherby rose in agitation. "What's he doing that for?" she asked weakly.

A slight, dignified gesture was Wrench's only reply. It was not his place to analyze the motives of monkeys.

"Throwing eggs!"

The sight of Lady Wetherby's distress melted the butler's stern reserve. He unbent so far as to supply a clew.

"As I understand from cook, m'lady, the animal appears to have taken umbrage at a lack of cordiality on the part of the cat. It seems that the hape attempted to fondle the cat, but the latter scratched him; being suspicious," said Wrench, "of his *bona fides*." He scrutinized the ceiling with a dull eye. "Whereupon," he continued, "he seized her tail and threw her with considerable force. He then removed himself to the sink and began to hurl eggs at the scullery maid."

Lady Wetherby's mental eye attempted to produce a picture of the scene, but failed.

"I suppose I had better go down and see about it," she said.

Wrench withdrew his gaze from the ceiling.

"I think it would be advisable, m'lady. The scullery maid is already in hysterics."

Lady Wetherby led the way to the kitchen. She was wroth with Eustace. This was just the sort of thing out of which Algie would be able to make unlimited capital. It weakened her position with Algie. There was only one thing to do—she must hush it up.

Her first glance, however, at the actual theater of war gave her the impression that matters had advanced beyond the hushing-up stage. A yellow desolation brooded over the kitchen. It was not so much a kitchen as an omelette. There were eggs everywhere, from floor to ceiling. She crunched her way in on a carpet of oozing shells.

Her entry was a signal for a renewal on a more impressive scale of the uproar that she had heard while opening the door. The air was full of voices. The cook was expressing herself in Norwegian, the parlor maid in what appeared to be Erse. On a chair in a corner the scullery maid sobbed and whooped. The odd-job man, who was a baseball enthusiast, was speaking in terms of high praise of Eustace's combined speed and control.

The only calm occupant of the room was Eustace himself, who, either through a shortage of ammunition or through weariness of the pitching arm, had suspended active hostilities and was now looking down on the scene from a high shelf. There was a brooding expression in his deep-set eyes. He massaged his right ear with the sole of his left foot in a somewhat *distrait* manner.

"And the first thing that happens," said the odd-job man fervently, "me brave monk starts in to warm up. He went to it, ma'am, like he was pitching the first game of the World's Series. Gee, you'd orter of seen his fast one! Walter Johnson's got nothing on him!"

The sincerity of his enthusiasm did not touch Lady Wetherby. She had but a moderate affection for the national game. "Eustace!" she cried severely.

Eustace lowered his foot and gazed at her meditatively, then at the odd-job man, who was comparing him favorably with Grover Alexander, then at the scullery maid, whose voice rose high above the din.

"I rather fancy, m'lady," said Wrench dispassionately, "that the animal is about to hurl a plate."

It had escaped the notice of those present that the shelf on which the rioter had taken refuge was within comfortable reach of the dresser, but Eustace himself had not overlooked this important strategic point. As the butler spoke, Eustace picked up a plate and threw it at the scullery maid, whom he seemed definitely to have picked out as the most hostile of the allies. It was a fast inshoot, and hit the wall just above her head.

"'At-a-boy!" said the odd-job man reverently.

Lady Wetherby turned on him with some violence. His detached attitude was the most irritating of the many irritating aspects of the situation. She paid this man a weekly wage to do odd jobs. The capture of Eustace was essentially an odd job. Yet, instead of doing it, he hung about with the air of one who has paid his half-dollar and bought his bag of peanuts and has now nothing to do but look on and enjoy himself.

"Why don't you catch him?" she cried.

The odd-job man came out of his trance. A sudden realization came upon him that life was real and life was earnest, and that if he did not wish to jeopardize a good situation he must curb his devotion to the great American sport. Everybody was looking at him expectantly. It seemed to be definitely up to him. It was imperative that, whatever he did, he should do it quickly. There was an apron hanging over the back of a chair. He changed abruptly from fan to matador. More with the idea of doing something than because he thought he would achieve anything definite thereby, he picked up the apron and flung it at Eustace. Luck was with him. The apron enveloped Eustace just as he was winding up for another inshoot and was off his balance. He tripped and fell, clutched at the apron to save himself, and came to the ground swathed in it, giving the effect of an apron mysteriously endowed with life. The triumphant odd-job man, pressing his advantage like a good general, gathered up the ends, converted it into a rude bag, and one more was added to the long list of the victories of the human over the brute intelligence.

Everybody had a suggestion now. The cook advocated drowning. The parlor maid favored the idea of hitting the

prisoner with a broom handle. Wrench, eying the struggling apron disapprovingly, mentioned that Mr. Pickering had bought a revolver that morning.

"Put him in the coal cellar," said Lady Wetherby.

Wrench was more far-seeing.

"If I might offer the warning, m'lady," said Wrench, "not the cellar. It is full of coal. It would be placing temptation in the animal's way."

The odd-job man indorsed this.

"He'd pitch a great game with coal, ma'am," he said, almost wistfully.

"Put him in the garage, then," said Lady Wetherby.

The odd-job man departed, bearing his heaving bag at arm's length. The cook and the parlor maid addressed themselves to comforting and healing the scullery maid. Wrench went off to polish silver, Lady Wetherby to resume her letters. The cat was the last of the party to return to the normal. She came down from the chimney an hour later, covered with soot, demanding restoratives.

Lady Wetherby finished her letters. She cut them short, for Eustace's insurgence had interfered with her flow of ideas. She went into the drawing room, where she found Roscoe Sherriff strumming on the piano.

"Eustace has been raising Cain," she said.

The press agent looked up hopefully. He had been wearing a rather preoccupied air.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Throwing eggs and plates in the kitchen."

The gleam of interest which had come into Roscoe Sherriff's face died out.

"You couldn't get more than a fill-in at the bottom of a column on that," he said regretfully. "I'm a little disappointed in that monk. I hoped he would pan out bigger. Well, I guess we've just got to give him time. I have a hunch that he'll set the house on fire or do something with a punch like that one of these days. You mustn't get discouraged. Why, that puma I made Valerie Devenish keep looked like a perfect flivver for four whole months. A child could have played with it. Miss Devenish called me up on the phone, I remember, and handed me the worst kind of beef. Said she was darned if she was going to spend the rest of her life maintaining an animal that might as well be stuffed for all the pep it showed, and that she was going right out to buy a white mouse instead. Fortunately I talked her round.

"A few weeks later she came round and thanked me with tears in her eyes. The puma had suddenly struck real midseason form. It clawed the elevator boy, bit a postman, chased the coon on the switchboard half a dozen blocks along Central Park West, held up the traffic for miles and was finally shot by a policeman. Why, for the next few days there was nothing in the papers at all but Miss Devenish and her puma. There was a war on at the time, in Mexico or somewhere, and we had it backed off the front page so far that it was over before it could get back. So, you see, there's always hope. I've been nursing the papers with bits about Eustace, so as to be ready for the grandstand play when it comes—and all we can do is to wait. It's something if he's been throwing eggs. It shows he's waking up."

The door opened and Lord Wetherby entered. He looked fatigued. He sank into a chair and sighed.

"I cannot get it," he said. "It eludes me."

He lapsed into a somber silence.

"I'll be the goat," said Lady Wetherby cautiously. "What can't you get?"

"The expression—the expression I want to get into the child's eyes in my picture, Innocence."

"But you have got it."

Lord Wetherby shook his head.

"Well, you had when I saw the picture," persisted Lady Wetherby. "This child you're painting has just joined the Black Hand. He has been rushed in young over the heads of the waiting list because his father had a pull. Naturally the kid wants to do something to justify his election, and he wants to do it quick. You have caught him at the moment when he sees an old gentleman coming down the street and realizes that he has only got to sneak up and stick his little knife——"

"My dear Polly. I welcome criticism, but this is mere——"

Lady Wetherby stroked his coat sleeve fondly.

"Never mind, Algie, I was only joshing you, precious. I thought the picture was coming along fine when you showed it to me. I'll come and take another look at it."

Lord Wetherby shook his head.

"I should have a model. An artist cannot mirror Nature properly without a model. I wish you would invite that child down here."

"No, Algie, there are limits. I wouldn't have him within a mile of the place."

"Yet you keep Eustace."

"Well, you made me engage Wrench. It's fifty-fifty. I wish you wouldn't keep picking on Eustace, Algie dear. He does no harm. Mr. Sherriff and I were just saying how peaceable he is. He wouldn't hurt——"

Claire came in.

"Polly," she said, "did you put that monkey of yours in the garage? He's just bitten Dudley in the leg."

Lord Wetherby uttered an exclamation.

"Now perhaps——"

"We went in just now to have a look at the car," continued Claire. "Dudley wanted to show me the commutator on the exhaust box or the wind screen or something, and he was just bending over when Eustace jumped out from nowhere and pinned him. I'm afraid he has taken it to heart rather."

Roscoe Sherriff pondered.

"Is this worth half a column?" He shook his head. "No, I'm afraid not. The public doesn't know Pickering. If it had been Charlie Chaplin or William J. Bryan or some one on those lines, we could have had the papers bringing out extras. You can visualize William J. Bryan being bitten in the leg by a monkey. It hits you. You've seen his legs at Chautauqua meetings. But Pickering! Eustace might just as well have bitten the leg of the table!"

Lord Wetherby reasserted himself.

"Now that the animal has become a public menace——"

"He's nothing of the kind," said Lady Wetherby. "He's only a little upset to-day."

"Do you mean, Pauline, that even after this you will not get rid of him?"

"Certainly not—poor dear."

"Very well," said Lord Wetherby calmly. "I give you warning that if he attacks me I shall defend myself."

He brooded. Lady Wetherby turned to Claire.

"What happened then? Did you shut the door of the garage?"

"Yes, but not until Eustace had got away. He slipped out like a streak and disappeared. It was too dark to see which way he went."

Dudley Pickering limped heavily into the room.

"I was just telling them about you and Eustace, Dudley."

Mr. Pickering nodded moodily. He was too full for words.

"I think Eustace must be mad," said Claire.

Roscoe Sherriff uttered a cry of rapture.

"You've said it!" he exclaimed. "I knew we should get action sooner or later. It's the puma over again. Now we are all right. Now I have something to work on. 'Monkey Menaces Countryside.' 'Long Island Summer Colony in Panic.' 'Mad Monkey Bites One——'"

A convulsive shudder galvanized Mr. Pickering's portly frame.

"'Mad Monkey Terrorizes Long Island. One Dead!'" murmured Roscoe Sherriff wistfully. "Do you feel a sort of shooting, Pickering—a kind of burning sensation under the skin? Lady Wetherby, I guess I'll be getting some of the papers on the phone. We've got a big story."

He hurried to the telephone, but it was some little time before he could use it. Dudley Pickering was in possession, talking earnestly to the local doctor.

XIV

IT WAS Nutty Boyd's habit to retire immediately after dinner to his bedroom. What he did there Elizabeth did not know. Sometimes she pictured him reading, sometimes thinking. Neither supposition was correct. Nutty never read. Newspapers bored him and books made his head ache. And, as for thinking, he had the wrong shape of forehead. The nearest he ever got to meditation was a sort of tranelike state, a kind of suspended animation in which his mind drifted sluggishly like a log in a backwater. Nutty, it is regrettable to say, went to his room after dinner for the purpose of imbibing two or three surreptitious rye highballs.

He behaved in this way, he told himself, purely in order to spare Elizabeth anxiety. There had been in the past a fool of a doctor who had prescribed total abstinence for Nutty, and Elizabeth knew this. Therefore, Nutty held, to take the mildest of snorts with her knowledge would have been to fill her with fears for his safety. So he went to considerable inconvenience to keep the matter from her notice, and thought rather highly of himself for doing so.

It certainly was inconvenient—there was no doubt of that. It made him feel like a cross between a hunted fawn and a burglar. But he had to some extent diminished the possibility of surprise by leaving his door open; and to-night he approached the closet where he kept the materials for refreshment with a certain confidence. He had left Elizabeth on the porch in a hammock, apparently anchored for some time. Lord Dawlish was out in the grounds somewhere. Presently he would come in and join Elizabeth on the porch. The risk of interruption was negligible.

Nutty mixed himself a highball and settled down to brood bitterly, as he often did, on the doctor who had made that disastrous statement. Doctors were always saying things like that—sweeping things which nervous people took too literally. It was

(Continued on Page 32)

"Don't You See a Monkey on the Top of That Wardrobe?"

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Peace Now

GERMANY talks of victorious peace by spring and France floats a victory loan; but there has been no answer to the crucial question the war raised—namely, Which side is the stronger? That Germany can beat the Allies seems rather more doubtful now than it did the first day of August, 1914, when the theory was that a swift, complete victory in the West would be followed by a like one in the East. In fighting power the Allies, to all appearances, are decidedly more formidable than they were a year ago. That they would accept peace, under these conditions, on any terms acceptable by Germany seems entirely improbable.

On the other hand, nearly all the immediate military successes have been won by the Teutons. They occupy great areas of enemy territory, from which they can be dislodged only by enormous effort. How could the German Government, after all this celebration of victory, possibly accept peace that did not give Germany great advantages? How could it explain such a peace to the nation?

At no time since fighting began has peace looked less probable—peace, that is, as a matter of the near future. Neither side has been beaten. There is no reasonable presumption that either would accept peace except with advantages to itself which the other would not grant.

Germany, up to this writing, has won most of the year's notable victories; but probably the Allies have been the real gainers.

The victories have been inconclusive and enormously costly, while the Allies' resources in men and money much exceed Germany's. If the war is to be decided by attrition the Russian campaign was a gain by the Allies.

A Shipping Commission

SOMETHING ought to be done about a merchant marine. We should at least find out whether we can have a merchant marine and upon what terms. All sorts of opinions and recommendations are afloat. Plenty of conflicting statements of fact are in circulation. The Merchants' Association and the Chamber of Commerce of New York want a National Shipping Commission to investigate comprehensively and report.

That involves a long, circuitous process. There was once a tolerably general if vague conviction that something ought to be done about the banking system; that it was wrong and ought to be changed. All sorts of conflicting opinions and statements were circulated. No doubt the public was considerably confused. Congress appointed the National Monetary Commission, which investigated comprehensively and reported voluminously. Some years elapsed; considerable money and much effort were expended. But finally a good, workable, acceptable reformation of the banking system came about, and the National Monetary Commission—though its labors were ostensibly repudiated for political reasons—laid the foundations for it.

So a Shipping Commission may lay the foundations for a constructive shipping policy. The public is interested in the subject. It wants authoritative information, but it will discount information with a political tag. A non-political commission of investigation is probably the best device we can have at present. Investigation is a long, circuitous process, but incomparably more acceptable than the facile short cut of Government ships.

European Federation

FOR many months the British Government has been lending money to the Belgian, Russian and probably the Italian Governments. Recently France and England acted as partners in borrowing here. Not long ago newspapers said a French citizen named Joffre visited London to tell the British Government it must make a different disposition of its troops in the field; which it did. England, France, Italy and Russia have created a joint council to direct the most important national affairs in which they are now engaged.

Between the Teutonic allies there is even greater community of interest, German officers commanding Austrian armies, and so on. For immediate practical purposes the political division between the two nations is hardly greater than that between Kansas and Nebraska.

The greater part of Europe belongs to two federations of states, which for practical purposes are about as compact politically as the Thirteen American Colonies were after the Revolutionary War. Nobody objects to these federations. Nobody supposes his true nationalism suffers when his state and others federate closely for purposes of war. But against an equally close federation for purposes of peace the invidious concept of nationalism bristles like an aggrieved porcupine.

For the purpose of fighting Germans England and France can be one without adulterating their nationalism; but for the purpose of not fighting Germans they must somehow remain twain, else their nationalism will become vitiated. Three nations or five can sit in council and jointly decide military questions upon which their existence may depend without at all ceasing to be English, French, German, Italian, and so on. But if they sit in council to decide jointly the less exigent questions of peace they mysteriously lose something important of their national flavors.

A permanent association of states on the lines of the present alliances may result from the war. In that case it will probably be but a few years before there is only one federation, embracing all the states.

A National Budget

THE reasons for a national budget hardly need restating. In a general way they are much like the reasons for not letting fifty salesmen in a store buy goods according to their individual inclination without reference to the head office. Congress will probably take up the subject this winter, but the outlook for profitable action is not bright.

It is proposed to have a budget committee of the House, consisting of an enlarged appropriations committee or of a new body containing representatives of all other committees. There is little enough likelihood that any committee of either house of Congress can make a budget that will be materially superior to the present budgetless, happy-go-lucky system. Real budgets are made by the executive fiscal officer of the Government in the name of the party in power. Our political arrangement does not guarantee that the chief of the executive branch of the Government, which does the spending, will also be chief of the party that controls Congress, which raises the revenue.

Under those conditions the best compromise we can make is a budget framed in the President's office. When the President happens also to be chief of the party in power, which is most of the time, this meets all the conditions of a real budget. When he does not happen to be chief of the party in power it will limp more or less, but never more than our present budgetless system limps all the time.

Of course there will be the objection that this involves presidential encroachment on Congress; but, in fact, appropriations now are based on estimates furnished by the heads of the executive departments, so the objection is mostly poppycock. Under the Constitution it will remain with Congress to adopt or reject the budget made in the President's office; but that is the only place to make a real one.

Indicting a Nation

BURKE'S generally misquoted statement that he did not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people is little regarded nowadays. You can hardly turn round without finding somebody who knows how to indict the whole German or English or Italian or Russian people. We have heard the Belgians described as mere treacherous monkeys in clothes.

For a perfect model your indicter of a nation could not possibly do better than turn to Burke himself. No nation was ever indicted more comprehensively and venomously than Burke himself indicted the French in his aged and half-insane reaction to the excesses of the French Revolution. They were the scum of the earth—hardly human. If there is any adjective of reprobation he did not hurl at them it was because he was not acquainted with it—and his command of vituperation was by no means small. To crush them utterly was, in his view, the highest duty of civilized mankind. He broke with lifelong friends because they did not hate the French sufficiently. This is exactly the same French people that England nowadays cannot praise enough. Far from being the scum of the earth, they are about the highest development of civilization.

There is no difficulty about indicting a whole nation. Anybody can do it. But it is not profitable. Those who place Burke highest among British statesmen explain his rage against France as the sad aberration of a great mind in age and domestic affliction.

Class Loan Legislation

THIS Congress will pretty certainly take up rural credits, and two main ideas on that subject will clash. One idea is embodied in the Hollis-Bulkley Bill of last session, which provides, in brief, that persons may form farm-loan associations very much as national banks are now formed. A group of these associations may then organize a land-mortgage bank. An association will make farm loans out of its subscribed capital, running thirty years or so and amortized so that by a small annual payment in addition to the interest the loan will discharge itself at the end of the term. The association will then hand the loans on to the land-mortgage bank, which will issue its debentures, based on the farm loans in its possession, selling the debentures to investors.

The second idea would take the short and easy cut of making farm loans virtually out of the national Treasury. It has many variants, but all of them fall back more or less upon the Federal Treasury as the source of supply for farm-loan money. Of course the Treasury would have to borrow whatever money it invested in that field. If this idea were expanded to the point of opening the Treasury for loans to mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, railroads, and so on, it would be free of the objection of class legislation. The other objections would remain.

Homes for Children

EVERY state, we suppose, has its orphanages or children's asylums—institutions to which children for whom no other provision is available may be committed. Usually the ideal is to find the child a home when it reaches an age where its labor is profitable—preferably a home in a farmer's family. Pretty often the motive in taking the child is simply to get some cheap labor. The juvenile hand from the state institution costs less than an equal quantity of labor power in any other form.

In a good many cases what the minor ward of the state really finds is just an opportunity to work to the extent of its strength and a decidedly menial status in the family. Now and then cases of outright abuse come to light; and there are, of course, many cases in which the state's ward finds a real home.

A place to work and eat and sleep is not necessarily any more a home for a child because it happens to be under the roof of a farmhouse than it would be if it were under the roof of a city factory. The typical situation is that a minor is given a bed, some food and some clothing in consideration of its labor. Whether, by and large, a child is as well off under those conditions as it would be working in the state institution under intelligent supervision is rather doubtful.

A Limit to Taxation

THE Government wants more revenue next year. Lowering the income-tax exemption is an obvious resource. The surtax on incomes above ten or twenty thousand dollars may be increased somewhat and a Federal inheritance tax may be adopted. But among some advocates of the latter measures there is a free-and-easy assumption that will not pan out. This assumption is that it makes no difference how heavily the larger incomes and the fortunes above, say, a million dollars are taxed, because a man with an income of twenty thousand or a fortune of a million has all the money he needs, and it is no real hardship to him if the Government takes half or two-thirds, or all above those amounts.

In fact, he thinks it so much a hardship that wholesale evasion of the law would result. An excessive tax will probably yield less revenue than a moderate one. Many of the larger incomes are so derived that taxing them at the source is impracticable. Except with Prussia's inquisitorial system, which would be intolerable here, the Government must rely pretty largely on the taxpayer's statement. Few men will voluntarily pay a tax they consider outrageous. An excessive tax tends powerfully to defeat itself.

So with an inheritance tax. If it is excessive men of fortune will evade it by disposing of their property during life. A moderate tax will produce most revenue.

THEY ALSO SERVE—By Will Irwin

THE concierge of that flathouse in the Rue St. Martin was severe in looks, as these glorified janitors of Paris usually are. Whenever I passed upstairs to my daily French lesson she seemed to regard me as a burglar. Sometimes a younger woman peered through the lattice where the concierge kept guard, and I noticed two quiet, well-behaved little French boys in black blouses playing in the areaway with an equally quiet and well-behaved French dog.

Madame, my teacher, upstairs, used to laugh at the suspicions of the concierge. "You are blond, monsieur," she said; "you have much hair, you are foreign, and you wear spectacles. Therefore you are a German spy! And sometimes they are very deeply distressed," she added. "There is much fighting about Arras, and monsieur the captain is there."

"The captain?" I said.

"He is a captain now," she answered. Then she told me the story as though there was nothing unusual about it. The French Army is absolutely democratic. Promotion goes strictly by merit. The son-in-law of the concierge, who was in peacetime a small clerk in a wholesale cloth house, had entered the war a private in the Reserve. He had won his sergeant's chevrons at the battle of the Marne, had become a lieutenant at the Aisne, had risen to be a captain. France is full of such stories: men of humble station and small talents for the occupations of peace have discovered talent for war; and the French Army recognizes and encourages talent wherever found.

The younger woman was his wife, come to live with her mother, the concierge, in this period of stress; the two little boys were his children. After this I regarded the concierge with more interest; and by and by, having learned that I was only a "monsieur Americain," she unbent. We used to talk about the war, and she told me herself about her son-in-law who was a captain. Plainly, she was as proud of him as though he had been her own son.

One day, after we had established acquaintance, the concierge barely spoke as she opened the window. There was a shade over her.

"Has anything happened to the concierge?" I asked madame. Madame's own soldier was still in Reserve, issuing clothing at Lyons. It was not unkind, therefore, to speak of casualties.

"Nothing—perhaps," said madame. "It is the *communiqué*." She picked up the copy of Le Matin from her worktable and pointed to this passage: "The enemy made an attack of moderate violence yesterday in the region of Arras. It was repulsed at all points."

"You see, when—anything—anything happens to a soldier," said madame, "it is four or five days before the letter of notification comes from the *mairie*. They know he is at Arras. When they hear there has been fighting there—figure for yourself!"

Signs of Bad News

THREE or four days passed; spirits and life came back to the concierge and her daughter. Nothing had arrived from the *mairie*. I took to watching the *communiqués* myself for that word "Arras." It occurred once again before I left Paris that time; and again the life went out of that little family group behind the lattice of the concierge.

Two or three weeks later I slipped into Paris again. The concierge greeted me cheerfully. Yes, monsieur, the captain was still "par Arras." They had received a letter, full of things very amusing. Soon he might become a major.

The next day the daily *communiqué* said: "Yesterday we gained three hundred meters of the enemy's trenches near Arras."

I went out of town over Sunday; and Monday morning I visited again the house in the Rue St. Martin.

No one came to the wicket. I looked inside. The daughter, in black, sat at a desk writing a letter. The concierge, also in black, was standing in the center of the room. She had sunk her arms on the table and her head in her arms. The two little boys sat up very stiffly on the sofa in the corner, looking with wide and solemn eyes at their grandmother.

I reached through the lattice and opened the door myself. No one noticed me.

Up on the sand hills by Wimereux, where Napoleon camped when he was preparing to invade England, the Canadian Medical Corps had an out-of-doors hospital under canvas. What with the fresh, white tents, the clean, new board floors, the gentle sea breezes and the shimmering sunshine of May in Normandy, I always thought that I had rather lie wounded here than in the more formal hospitals made over from schoolhouses or warehouses.

The hospital was running full now, for this was after the second battle of Ypres, a fight mainly remembered for the gas attack and the gallant stand of the three Canadian brigades. At intervals of ten minutes or so a train of motor ambulances would troop at low speed down the sandy main street, would get directions on the fly from a very busy lieutenant with a Nova Scotian accent, would stop before the appointed receiving tent, and begin methodically to unload. Out from one ambulance would crawl stiffly the "sitting cases," heads or arms or shoulders bound up; from another the expert Red Cross bearers, trained and drilled in every movement, would lift down the "stretcher cases," swathed often in an armor of absorbent cotton.

As always with the wounded, after the first blessed anæsthesia of Nature sets in, their expression showed only a great patience. Convalescents, sunning themselves on the benches, scarcely glanced up at these new cases. Use hardens.

Before a large double tent midway of the camp stood a guard.

"What's that for?" I asked the major who was showing me about the camp.

Among the German Wounded

"OUR wounded prisoners," he said, and his face hardened. In a week I had seen the spirit of the British Army change from a soldier's easy tolerance of the enemy to a very vivid hate. The gas was responsible for that. After you have seen a man die of gas ——

"Want to see them?" he pursued. "If you don't mind dressing-time." That part of the day's routine when the nurses dress the wounds is most distressing for both the wounded themselves and for the spectators. It is not only the wounds: it is the dumb, manly agony of the man as those freshly torn surfaces lie open to the air; it is the sight of the man in the next cot, whose turn is coming next, clenching and unclenching his fingers in anticipation. But I had seen dressing-time often and often before; I, too, was hardened. And I followed in.

They were mostly desperate cases—men too far gone to crawl away when the British advanced. One comely chap, so tall that his feet protruded from the end of his army bed, lay muttering feebly.

"He's 'Von' something, and noble I suppose, though he's only a private," said the surgeon. "A spinal case—very bad. If he lives he will be paralyzed." Farther on two German privates, of a massive countenance, sat up in bed and stared straight ahead. They had no means of knowing me from an English civilian, and when I crossed their line of vision they included me in their black look. In fact, there was little cordiality in that room. The nurses removed the bandages as gently as though they were dealing with their own; but their eyes were hard. The surgeons worked with an intense interest in their job, discussing from time to time the relative effects of British and German rifle balls; but it was as though they handled blocks of wood. For every Briton of them all knew of some comrade who had choked and strangled to death on the last Thursday afternoon, of chlorine gas; and they considered this mode of warfare far from "sportin'." Nevertheless, they did their duty all the more thoroughly because of the temptation not to do it. But as we entered the next room the surgeon's eyes became human for an instant.

"He's pretty young," he said, and indicated a cot beside which a nurse had just set down a basin and bandages.

He was, indeed, pretty young - not more than eighteen he looked. He was a Bavarian, of the type that almost resembles the Italian. His dark skin was satiny; it overlay long, smooth, youthful muscles. He had a pair of fine dark eyes. Just a pretty boy—as he lay there.

(Continued on Page 40)

Somewhere in France!

—cracker

Yesterday it was the custom or habit to practically quit motoring in the winter.

Today things and thoughts are reversed. Just as many cars are used during the winter as during the summer—almost as many are purchased.

So if you are one of those who have thought it necessary to quit motoring during the winter we refer you to the tens of thousands of enthusiastic Overland motorists who use their cars every week in the year.

Model 83 has outsold any car of its size ever designed. This is due to its many conveniences, comforts and advantages.

It has even that ultra-convenience of the very high-priced cars—electric control switches located on the steering column—right at your hand; ar
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The Willys-Overland Company,

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s an efficient 35-horsepower motor.

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The lines of its streamline body are pleasing from every angle.

The price, $750, is very low.

See the Overland dealer. Let him show you the advantage of having an Overland during this winter.

Other Overlands are—Model 75 at $615; and the famous six-cylinder model at $1145—both f. o. b. Toledo.

Catalog on request.

Toledo, Ohio

"Made in U. S. A."

ENTIRELY IRREGULAR

By KENNETT HARRIS

EFFICIENCY is a beautiful thing; Punctuality is its progenitor and System and Order are its parents. A man who is systematic, orderly and punctual is naturally efficient. An efficient man becomes, in the course of time and the degree of his ability, a successful man, because the quality first mentioned precludes sloth, self-indulgence and shortsightedness. Success is to be defined as the attainment of a material object—money, for instance.

Willie Wick had that all figured out. He had had plenty of time for the process before he got his bill clerk's job at Grierson's. In his previous employment at Spottiswoode's he had been considered a rather dilatory, careless and happy-go-lucky sort of young fellow. Hirschberg's had conceived much the same opinion of him, and, though he had improved to some extent at Hitchen & Bates', he had still fallen below that firm's standard. Then came the long, sickening interval of enforced leisure, or, rather, exclusion from remunerative work, for he read and marked the advertising columns of the papers most assiduously, composed and wrote innumerable letters of application, and wore his shoes to their insoles in search of the elusive job. It was heartbreaking! There he was, a neat-appearing young man of nearly twenty-two, with a high-school education, business experience, intelligence and energy, crying for work, and yet, it seemed, nobody wanted him.

"In a week or two perhaps—or a month or two—when business gets a little better. But now—nothing doing! Sorry! You might leave us your address."

The dickens of it was that he needed the job. Willie Wick's mother was a widow and there were two little Wicks beside Willie. The family owned a bit of a house which was in a northern suburb, and they had a small income that in its relation to the cost of living had shrunk considerably. Before the Hitchen & Bates disaster they had barely managed to get along, with the help of Willie's salary. Perhaps Willie might have managed with less than the share that he had expended on himself, but boys are thoughtless and mothers foolishly self-sacrificing, and it took the out-of-a-job jolt to make this particular boy realize that he had been a trifle inconsiderate. He did a lot of reflecting in those lean months.

That was all passed though. He had landed at Grierson's with a fairly decent salary, as bill clerks' salaries go. The household was slowly catching up on expenses; the worried look had left the mother's face, and the children now had some of the things that they had been needing pretty badly. Also, Willie, observing the requisites instanced in the opening paragraph of this narrative, had become efficient.

To illustrate: Punctually at six o'clock the nickel alarm clock by the young man's bedside violated the morning stillness with its clamorous jangle, and, before the jangle had even abated its clamor, Willie's feet were in his slippers and he was on his way to the bathroom. By six-thirty he had tubbed, shaved the nascent bristles from his pink-and-white countenance, brushed his blond hair to a becoming smoothness and invested himself in the garments that he had arranged in orderly and convenient fashion the night before; including in these operations ten minutes of deep-breathing and gymnastic exercises. That is quick work; but with system it can be done. Then Willie went downstairs, embraced his mother, who was busying herself with the breakfast, and, whistling light-heartedly, passed out of doors, where a small vegetable garden, a lawn and a few flower beds claimed his attention. Sometimes Dick, the eighth-grade kid brother, turned out in time for a little ball practice, but, in any case, Willie was in to breakfast on the tick of seven and, half an hour later, started for the station that was ten minutes more away. The seven-forty-five was his train and it arrived at the Chicago terminus at eight-ten, which gave him twenty minutes for a fifteen-easy or ten-at-a-pinch walk to Grierson's. It will be observed that he gave himself plenty of leeway.

Grierson's deals in general merchandise, which it retails within the Loop and wholesells in the wholesale district that is bounded on the east by Fifth Avenue. It is a flourishing establishment in both its branches, and its prosperity is founded on efficiency. David P. Ellsworth laid the corner stone and built steadily on its exactly plumbed and leveled lines. A pretty tottery sort of institution Grierson's was before David P. took hold, tore down and reconstructed it. Manufacturers shot forth the underlip of doubt and hummed the hum of hesitation when they considered its orders, and bankers rubbed their double chins reflectively and frowned portentously, even as they allowed themselves to be persuaded to further accommodation. But that was about twenty years before Willie got his job; and a little before Mr. Ellsworth's time. Soon after Mr. Ellsworth's advent there was a change.

David P. Ellsworth was a rather tall man, who would have been taller but for a pronounced desk stoop. A hatchet-faced, Wellington-nosed individual—individual is the word—with eyes that were either steel-gray or steel-blue, according to the light, and always steel-hard. The skin of his face was like clean dark parchment, stretched economically over his prominent cheekbones. Popular report had it that David P.'s hide was an inch thick and indurated by special process; but that was, of course, metaphorical. He had a reticent mouth and a square but not obtrusive chin; his fingers were long, knuckly and carefully tended and he had a nervous habit of drumming with them on table top or chair arm while his remarkable eyes bored into a man's soul or fixed themselves on efficient futurity. He dressed neatly; his linen was immaculate and he always wore an indigo-blue necktie drawn to a tight knot and ornamented by a small gold pin set with a small turquoise. That is a fair description of his outward appearance.

His personal character was more or less veiled in mystery except that part of it manifested in office hours, which could hardly be called personal. He has been described as a commercial architect, but perhaps it would be more proper to call him an engineer—or the motive power of the machine that he had created. He fitted men together as a mechanical engineer assembles the parts of a machine. There were, in his scheme, cogs, cams, clutches, shafts, screws, pinions and pistons, each with its proper function and that function strictly cooperative—which meant regularity above all things. The timing was to the infinitesimal fraction of a second, and there David P. became a crank.

Naturally! For eighteen years he had arrived at the office at eight-thirty A. M. and departed not a second later than five-thirty P. M. A two weeks' annual vacation—the maximum—had been the only break in the regularity of his attendance. One day the city newspapers announced his marriage, and, on an occasion not long after that, a lady was observed in the automobile that always called for him at closing time. That was really the only evidence the office had sustaining the report. It must have been a Saturday to Monday honeymoon. So it was that every clerk, salesman, stenographer, office boy, warehouseman and driver was impressed with the necessity of being regular. Even Mr. Grierson shared the feeling. If that steel-gray, steel-blue, steel-hard eye of David P.'s ever detected any fault in an employee, nobody could guess it by any expression on his parchment countenance. Sometimes there was a harsh, incisive admonition to the offender, but never more than one, and for the culprit who transgressed the Median rule of punctuality the chance of even one was slight. The defective part was thrown out as a matter of course, and a new one adjusted.

Merciless? Assuredly! But see how the machine worked, one roll-top desk operating on another from the desk pivotal and in turn geared with spirals and bevels to the floors above, to the basement below and to the contiguous warehouses! A carrier brings a customer. Mr. Bowles, the hopper, receives him with a wide-open smile and in a few moments the customer has disappeared. Hither and thither he is carried, each department roller getting a squeeze at him until in due course his valuable property—his order—is taken from him and he is smoothly, very smoothly, ejected. Then the order goes through its own process of selection, checking, packing and shipping. Sharp voices chant it, typewriters click it, presses bear down savagely upon it; it is wrapped, crated, boxed, barreled, baled and branded, then skidded onto motor trucks, and off it goes without a hitch anywhere or the slightest waste of time, energy or material.

System! Efficiency!

Here we may paraphrase Mr. Squeers, remarking in a general way, as we return to Willie Wick, that life is a rum thing! To particularize, Misfortune, like Death, loves a shining mark. She slams one and all, just as Death's dart transfixes prince and pauper, but when it comes to taking pleasure in her work, give her a particularly radiant object. Biff!

It would have been hard to find anybody more radiant than was Willie Wick one morning in the fourth month of his bill-clerkship. He had arrived at the seven-thirty stage of his systematic division of time and was leaving the house pleasantly fortified for toil by coffee and the wheat cakes that will be his criterions of wheat-cake excellence while memory lingers on his palate. The cake-maker, his mother, had just kissed him good-by and stood on the porch, looking very young and pretty to be the mother of so big a son. Willie Wick thought something of the kind as he turned to click the gate shut. She certainly looked good to him. The merest touch of gray in her hair that had not forgotten to curl; hardly a line to speak of in her comely, smiling face, and her eyes as bright as you find them and brimming with maternal pride and affection.

"Never saw the lawn look prettier, mother," Willie called. "The rain brought it out in great shape."

"I see a green carpet, isn't it?"

"Notice how the sweet peas are blossoming! Three more roses on the bush under your window. Don't cut them though. I want them. Well, good-by!"

"Good-by, son."

She waved her hand to him.

"His mother's boy!" she murmured.

And so he was. So was Dick, and as for Letty, she was her mother's girl. Still, a day would come ——

Mrs. Wick knew why she was not to cut those roses.

The sun was shining brightly in a sky of almost cloudless blue and the smell of green growing things was in the air as Willie Wick stepped briskly out, his head well up and his chest expanded. Swell morning! Good to be alive!

His head went up a little higher, if possible, and his shoulders squared to the backward limit, for he was approaching a particular house, and in its trim front yard was a girl who had lately developed a particular fondness for early morning horticulture. The prettiest young thing that you can imagine; eighteen or thereabout and, in her little gingham frock, as fresh as the daisies that she was picking. Daisies all round her, and pansies and pinks. But no roses. Willie Wick's hat described a graceful curve.

"Hello, Berthine!"

"Hello, Willie!"

"Swell morning!"

"Great!"

Willie had stopped. He had fifteen minutes for the ten-minute walk, you will remember.

"Picking daisies?"

"No, I'm cutting out paper dolls with a peanut roaster."

They both laughed with sincere enjoyment.

"You'll be over for tennis this evening?" the girl asked.

"The surest thing you know. Say, give me one of those for my buttonhole."

She came to the edge of the embanked lawn and, stooping, fastened a flower in the lapel of his coat and gave it a little pat. Nevertheless, Willie turned away almost before the operation was finished. Time!

"Well, olive oil!"

"O reservoir!"

They laughed again with the same happy zest and Willie strode martially on.

He bought his paper at the station and when he got aboard the seven-forty-five he dropped the advertising section under the seat. Thank goodness, the "Help Wanted" no longer interested him! He was settled in the dignity of employment—one of the hundred or two breadwinners, his fellow passengers. Men and women of responsibility and standing, mainstays and supports of families, he, Willie Wick, was one of them. He was making good at Grierson's. He felt it. Rosy visions of advancement filled his mind's eye. There were three or four magnates in his little suburb—men who were drawing down from five to eight thousand a year, so it was rumored. They kept their own machines, some of them; their homes were simply swell and their wives and daughters dolled up to the latest howl. Well, they wouldn't have anything on Willie inside of five or ten years. At that, there wasn't a lady that had anything on the mother now—and Berthine. His thoughts of Berthine were a little vague as yet, but she figured in them to a considerable extent.

Three minutes past eight. The train had barely left the last station scheduled for a stop when it began to slacken speed again and then, with a jar that ran its entire length, it came to a standstill. Presently a brakeman hurried through the car and disappeared. A passenger leaned out of a window and his example was followed by others. Minutes passed, still more minutes, and Willie leaned from his window. He could see nothing but a few men standing on the tracks near the engine. Somebody said "hot box." Somebody always says that, but Willie began to feel worried and looked at his watch for the third or fourth time. Eight minutes past eight, and the train due to arrive in town at eight-ten!

Eight-seventeen. The conductor entered and was instantly overwhelmed with inquiries. Willie heard him say that it was nothing of any consequence and that they would start in a minute or two. Nevertheless, it was close to the half hour when that start was made, and when at last the train skidded into the terminus it was eight-thirty-six.

Willie dropped to the platform and ran, colliding two or three times with other runners, but outstripping the best of them in the race for the gates. Up the stairs he bounded three at a time, gained the street, stopped for an instant, groaned with dismay and then charged violently into a stout pedestrian who carried an enormous leather bag.

Clang, clang-clang!

It was the bridge tender, tolling warning of the opening of the river highway. Hence Willie's groan and his misdirected and abruptly checked impetus. In a moment or two the bridge spanning the turgid outlet to the lake would swing on its wheeled center, bearing its section of the thoroughfare into midstream and leaving an impassable gulf between the young man and Grierson's. Could the intervening distance be covered in time for a leap to the mobile structure and a catercornered sprint to its other end? Willie tried it, but, alas! the course was anything but clear. Already the bridge was moving and the crowd thickening as the foremost of them stopped. A street car and a jam of drays, wagons and automobiles barricaded the street as he tried to cross it, so that by the time he got to the jumping place there was nothing within six yards to jump to. Nothing to do but wait!

It is a pleasant diversion for an idle man to watch the ships go through the Chicago River; to get a glimpse of romantic and leisurely maritime life sandwiched into the dirty commonplace business of the streets. There is something fascinating about the shabby, tall-masted lumber schooners and the majestic—if less picturesque—grain freighters. Even the fussy, smoky little tugs have their charm. The eye dwells with delight on coiled cables, rusty capstans, deckloads of clean and fragrant planks and loafing deckhands. The grimy engineers

and firemen are not without interest, and the spectacle of a cook dumping overside a panful of potato peelings from the galley, superbly unconscious of a waiting and watching city, is little less than thrilling—provided that your job is not depending on expedition. Willie Wick was far from enjoying the sight. He stood, as the long procession crawled along, his chest heaving with his late exertions, his hands tightly clenched and every nerve on tension. He cursed the cook by all his vernacular gods when the potato peelings were dumped. One after another they crawled, crawled, crawled along, those demon barks, inch by inch, it seemed, their movement hardly more perceptible than that of the sluggish current that bore them. They were of interminable length from stem to stern, and a fleet of them—no less.

But at last the stern of the hindmost cleared the passage and the wheels at the bridge center rumbled on their tracks as the whole fabric swept back to place. Willie was half-way across by the time it stopped, and plunged through the crowd on the other side with desperate haste, only to be held up again by the tangle of traffic at the first street intersection. Then for a block he left the sidewalk and made fair progress, but, turning westward, he leaped aside at the sudden honk of an automobile, stumbled and fell.

A policeman helped him up with more or less of a jerk.

"I knew ye'd not get far, the pace yez was going," said the burly officer. "Who the divil is chasing ye?"

"I I'm in a hurry," explained Willie and limped off to recover his hat.

Mr. David P. Ellsworth sat at his desk disposing of a selected assortment of morning mail. He had no private room. Mr. Grierson had one, but Mr. Grierson may have wanted to relax once in a while. David P. was in the open, and his desk was one of the smallest in the office and the least encumbered by papers. It was furnished with an inkstand, a pen and a pencil, a sheet of blue blotting paper, a scribbling pad and two wire baskets, and each of these articles was systematically and symmetrically arranged. When Mr. Ellsworth laid down a pencil it went in one particular place and a certain position; when he wanted to pick it up it was not necessary to waste a glance in its direction; his fingers fell and closed on it unerringly. He read his mail with the expressionless face of a poker player. Nobody could have guessed what he had drawn; no smile ever indicated satisfaction, no frown discontent or doubt. He took a letter from the basket on his left, read it or absorbed it by some rapid process, scribbled an unhesitating brief of disposal on its back and dealt it to the basket on his right. The last flutter of the last letter was synchronous with the buzz that summoned the stenographer.

On this occasion he was just well along with his work when a low, nervous cough at his elbow directed his attention to Willie Wick. Poor Willie! Foolish kid! He had not even taken time to wash and brush, but had hastened at once to the awful presence with traces of mud on his forehead where his hastily wiped hat had pressed it, with mud on his clothes and with a collar that perspiration had reduced to a limp and soiled rag. Moreover, his agitation expressed itself in a smile meant to be propitiatory but which, as a matter of fact, was merely idiotic.

"Mr. Simms told me I might see you, sir. I—er ——" Willie paused to swallow.

"Well?"

"I'm late. Mr. Simms—I mean Mr. Ellsworth; I'm discharged."

"Yes?"

No steel tempered by whatever process could have been harder than David P.'s eyes, but otherwise he showed no sign of the impatience he felt. This pale, smirking, untidy incompetent!

"But Mr. Simms thought perhaps you—my train was late, Mr. Ellsworth. There was some trouble on the line and—you know there are always things ——"

"How late?"

"Half an hour—nearly half an hour."

Mr. Ellsworth looked at his watch.

"I was bridged too."

The grimmest flicker of a smile on Mr. Ellsworth's close mouth. A hateful, questioning silence.

"And there was—I had a little accident," Willie burst out desperately. "I might have been here sooner ——" He checked himself again.

"Anything else you can think of?"

"N-no, sir," Willie stammered; "except—no, sir."

"Tell Mr. Simms I shall make no exception in your case!"

Even then Willie lingered, but Mr. Ellsworth had turned to his letters and forgotten him.

It would seem that consolation is a purely maternal function, or at least that it attains perfection only in mothers. A man's efforts to administer the healing balm to an inward hurt are usually well meant but, of course, clumsy and inadequate. He is afraid to rub it in. Wives almost invariably fail because, having clearly foreseen the affliction and warned the afflicted, they rub it in a little too hard—that is, the matrons more mature. The young ones are apt to slop injudiciously. When a wife consoles—really consoles—it is because she has sunk the wife in the mother, and the hulking, bearded male creature is to her a weak and willful little child.

Even that falls short of what the real mother gives. Hers properly and by divine ordinance are the kind bosom for the aching head, the encircling and protecting arms, the soft murmur of pity and the kiss that makes all well! Void of reproach, her comfort, with no base admixture of self-thought—only love and understanding—in short, just what Willie Wick's mother gave him when he got home.

So the boy's tongue was loosened and he confessed without shame:

"I was scared; that was the whole thing. I know how I looked and how I fumbled the business. If I had kept my head it would have been all right even if I was a new man, but I didn't. They're strict about being on time, but if I hadn't acted like a pup I think even Ellsworth would have let it go for once. But it meant so much!"

"I know, dearie boy. You were thinking of mother."

"Of you—and everything—the bills and the chance of losing the house—mother, it's ghastly! I made too many excuses. I could see he thought they were too good to be true. I didn't tell him about twisting my ankle. I just said I had an accident. But it wouldn't have made any difference. It was my yellow streak. You ought to have seen him! He isn't human. Simms is. Simms said he thought it would be all right when he told me to report."

"If you've got a yellow streak it's pure gold; mother knows that. But we're all human, son."

"He isn't."

"It's there somewhere—a streak of it, be sure of that, dear."

"You'd wear out a dozen diamond drills before you found it."

"Now," said Mrs. Wick briskly, "we're not going to talk any more about this. And we're not going to feel badly about it; we're not going to lose the house and we're not going to lose heart, but we're going to get something still better without any of the trouble that we're expecting. If Mr. Simms gives you the letter of recommendation he promised there can't be any doubt about it."

"You don't know, mother."

"You'll see. Now hurry down to the dining-room, like a good boy, and get something to eat. Don't fret another minute. I'm not."

The next morning at half past seven Miss Berthine Gappon in a pretty pink frock, sun hat and gardening gloves was exceedingly busy in her front yard. She was going to continue to be busy, too, when some people went by—and cool. She would show some people that they couldn't miss their tennis engagements and get away with it. All right for you, Mr. Willie Wick!

But some people didn't go by. At least Willie Wick did not. He went to the station by another and a circuitous route. He bought a paper there but he did not throw the advertising section under the seat; on the contrary he perused it anxiously and carefully, entering some of the advertisers' addresses in his notebook. There was one firm that wanted a clean-cut young man with business experience to fill an opening that was described as splendid. It was on the way to Grierson's, and Willie decided to apply there before calling on Mr. Simms for his letter of recommendation. Really, he had little hope that the splendor was for him, notwithstanding his mother's cheerful prediction of speedy employment. He knew from bitter and disheartening experience how much chance a clean-cut young man has, even when he is advertised for. But there was another course of action that he had decided upon, which was his mother's suggestion, too, though she had made it almost casually and had not insisted upon it. It was not a rosy prospect, but he felt that with courage, determination and tact he might succeed.

He closed his notebook and stared out of the car window with knitted brows and his jaw set resolutely. The first thing to do was to forget the sick sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach.

There was something wrong with the Grierson office machine. At the first glance it seemed to be running smoothly enough, but there was something wrong. There were little clicks and jars and buzzes in it that were quite unusual—lost motion somewhere; a looseness and at the same time an overtension. The large and prominent office clock, regulated to the split-second by telegraph, was apparently at fault, for the eyes of the force were constantly turning to it. Mr. Ellsworth's desk was involved and received an exactly equal share of notice.

On the clock dial the little hand was a trifle over midway between the figures eight and nine and the big hand touched the point of seven. The desk was closed, the swivel-chair that may be regarded as a part of the desk was empty.

It was incredible! But the clock's pendulum was swinging steadily to and fro and the watches that were secretly consulted verified the amazing position of its hands. The closed desk and the vacant chair were no optical illusions. It was twenty-five minutes to nine and David P. had not shown up!

A quarter to nine. Mr. Grierson, pink faced and ponderous, opened the door of his private room, looked at the desk with a puzzled expression, looked at the clock, looked at the attentive force that instantly concentrated on its work, and then withdrew, closing his door with a slow, uncertain movement.

Furtive glances and surreptitious grins were exchanged, but pens continued to scratch busily on paper, typewriters tapped their sharp tattoo and papers rustled, the decorous murmur of legitimate communication continued, and the clock ticked steadily on.

One minute past nine. The buzzer sounded, signaling Mr. Heney, the assistant manager, and every man who heard the signal started nervously. Mr. Heney was so precipitate in his response as to upset a stool, whereupon the entire force stopped, looked and, when the door closed, listened for an appreciable space of time. A young woman typist read over something she had written and, jerking the paper from the cylinder of her machine, crumpled it and tossed it into a waste basket. At the same moment two knife erasers began to scrape. It was evident that the morale of the force was rapidly weakening.

Presently Mr. Grierson's door opened and, as Mr. Heney emerged, the girl at the telephone switchboard said to the long-distance operator, "Glenmuir three-nine, please," and those near that corner, knowing what personage had his residence at Glenmuir, strained their ears for the answer to the call, which they also knew would come from Mr. Grierson's phone.

But before that answer came there was another significant sound; this time through the open windows and from the street. An automobile had stopped with some suddenness. The next moment the street door opened sharply and David P. Ellsworth appeared—appeared pale, unshaven and disheveled. He walked with a rapid stride to his desk and, as he went, it was noticed that one of his shoe laces trailed behind him.

He hung his hat on its accustomed peg and revealed unkempt hair. He turned to unlock his desk and selected the wrong key for that purpose but, successfully fitting the next one, he pushed up the roll-top with one swift motion and seated himself just as Henry, the office boy, brought his grist of letters.

The girl at the switchboard threw in a peg and said:

"Mr. Ellsworth is here, Mr. Grierson. Do you want Glenmuir? . . . Glenmuir, never mind that call for three-nine. . . . No."

Two letters in quick succession Mr. Ellsworth took from the left-hand basket and disposed of. The third he seemed to give unusual consideration, positively staring at it. From the letter his eyes wandered, one might say absently, to a filing cabinet that flanked his desk, and gradually there came a strange sort of relaxation of the lines of his face, or rather a new alignment. He was smiling. Becoming suddenly aware of it he frowned and, looking at the letter again, penciled something on the back of it. Perhaps half a dozen more he scanned and scribbled on with his customary dispatch, but again lapsed into thought with the same queer stare at the cabinet and the same odd smile on his face. Again arousing himself he picked a letter from the right-hand basket, read his indorsement and then, with an exclamation of impatience, ran his pencil through it and scrawled a new notation. At this juncture Mr. Grierson put out his head and, catching the manager's eye, exchanged a nod with him and ducked back.

For ten minutes more the manager continued his remarkable behavior, reading, rereading, erasing and writing anew, and staring at the card cabinet; then he suddenly started from his chair, picked up baskets and letters and carried them into Grierson's room. The partition of that retreat was thin and a raised voice within could be easily heard. What David P. said was in a low tone, but Grierson almost shouted:

"What!"

And then: "You don't tell me!" and a laugh.

Nothing more until the manager, coming out, stopped with an air of reluctance at the threshold.

"I hope everything will continue to progress favorably," Grierson was saying.

"Thanks," returned the manager.

"By the way, you didn't say which it was."

"A boy," said David P. and closed the door.

He went quickly back to his desk, closed it, flicked his hat from its peg, jammed it on his head and, with a hasty step, made for the wicket of the railing that divided the working space from the waiting bench. Now simultaneously the street door swung inward to admit Willie Wick. At once Willie Wick saw who was coming, and immediately Willie Wick and his little plan went to pieces.

It was the unexpectedness of the thing. He had intended to approach the manager's desk erect, calm and confident. He meant to look the manager straight in his steely eye and make a brief, businesslike request for reinstatement, as one who had justice and reason behind him and insisted respectfully but *firmly* on a right. He had formulated his address:

"Mr. Ellsworth, I was discharged yesterday for the infraction of a rule that I admit is necessary but which, like all rules, admits of exception in exceptional cases. I stated my case lamely, I know, owing to the agitation that I felt; but I had been under an unusual strain owing to the circumstances of my tardiness, circumstances over which I had absolutely no control. Briefly they are these."

But all this was hopelessly jumbled in his distracted brain.

His tongue had thickened and his knees were shaking. Only a sort of desperate determination remained; one fixed idea that every disordered faculty grasped at and clung to, so that he barred the manager's way and found utterance for what was uppermost and vital:

"Mr. Ellsworth My mother My mother ——"

Apparently he could go no farther. He noticed that the little gold pin with its turquoise setting was missing from David P.'s necktie. He had been looking fixedly at the necktie from the first. But now David P. spoke:

"You were discharged yesterday for being late. Wick, isn't it?"

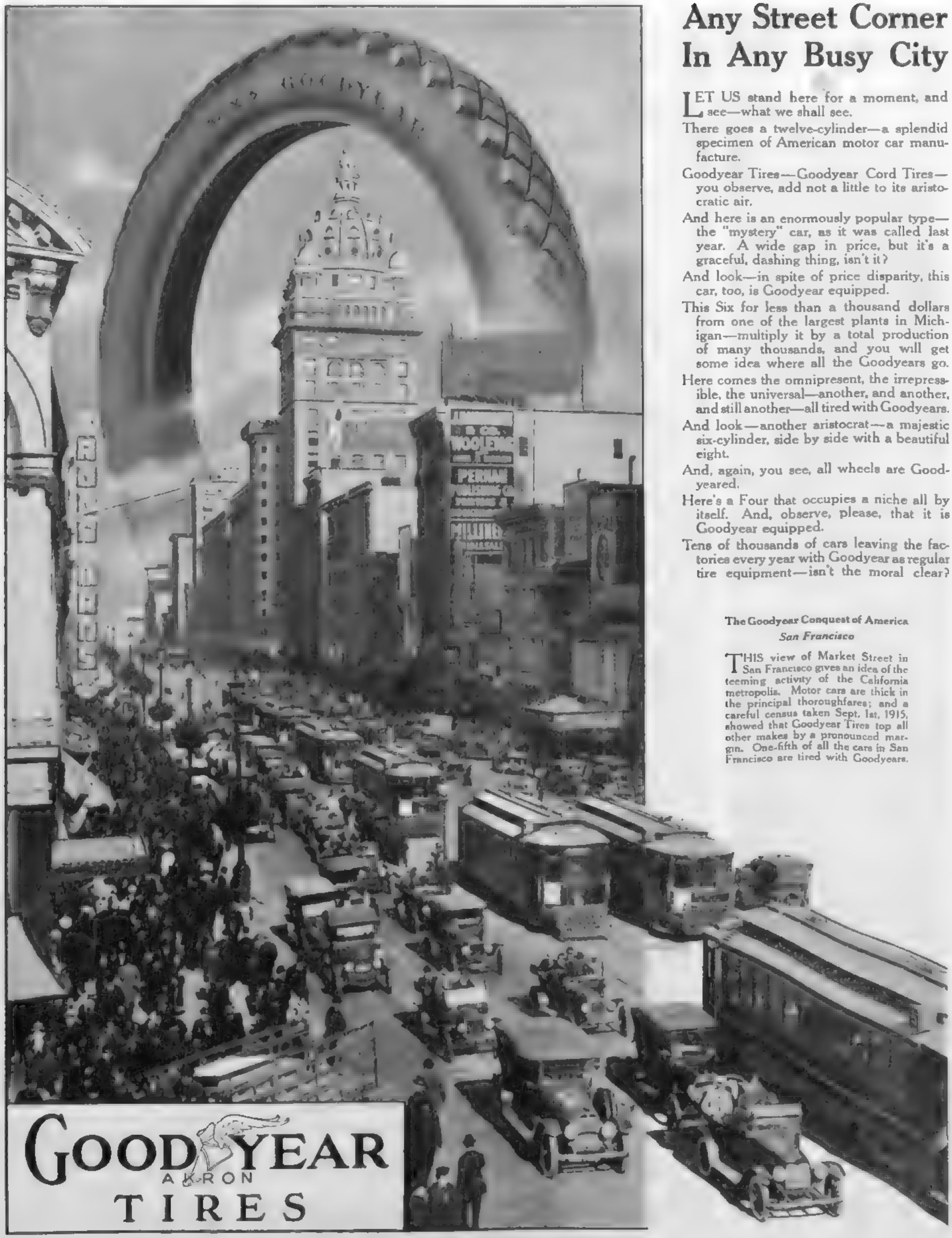
There was something so strange in the tone of the manager's voice that Willie, as he assented, removed his fascinated gaze from the necktie and saw a marvel.

David P. Ellsworth's eyes were no longer hard.

They were soft and luminous. Tiny wrinkles radiated from their corners. They were smiling eyes. A new face altogether. Pity in it—a sort of amused pity—and with all a kind gravity that somehow robbed pity of its sting.

"My mother thought ——"

"Wick," said Mr. Ellsworth, "I'm in a hurry; but if you want to and you think it won't happen again, you can go back to your work. Tell Mr. Simms I said so!"



Any Street Corner In Any Busy City

LET US stand here for a moment, and see—what we shall see.

There goes a twelve-cylinder—a splendid specimen of American motor car manufacture.

Goodyear Tires—Goodyear Cord Tires—you observe, add not a little to its aristocratic air.

And here is an enormously popular type—the "mystery" car, as it was called last year. A wide gap in price, but it's a graceful, dashing thing, isn't it?

And look—in spite of price disparity, this car, too, is Goodyear equipped.

This Six for less than a thousand dollars from one of the largest plants in Michigan—multiply it by a total production of many thousands, and you will get some idea where all the Goodyears go.

Here comes the omnipresent, the irrepressible, the universal—another, and another, and still another—all tired with Goodyears.

And look—another aristocrat—a majestic six-cylinder, side by side with a beautiful eight.

And, again, you see, all wheels are Goodyeared.

Here's a Four that occupies a niche all by itself. And, observe, please, that it is Goodyear equipped.

Tens of thousands of cars leaving the factories every year with Goodyear as regular tire equipment—isn't the moral clear?

The Goodyear Conquest of America

San Francisco

THIS view of Market Street in San Francisco gives an idea of the teeming activity of the California metropolis. Motor cars are thick in the principal thoroughfares; and a careful census taken Sept. 1st, 1915, showed that Goodyear Tires top all other makes by a pronounced margin. One-fifth of all the cars in San Francisco are tired with Goodyears.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRES

All Makes of Cars; One Make of Tires

SEEMS odd—doesn't it—that you can go up and down the gamut, from top price to low price—fours, sixes, eights and twelves—and find such an astonishing preponderance of Goodyears?

As a matter of fact there's nothing odd about it.

The man with the car of low price is just as keen on tire economy, which is only another word for tire-goodness, as the man with the car of high price.

And when you've reversed that statement—said it backward—you've got the simple solution.

American motor car owners buy more Goodyears than any other tire—and there are close to two hundred brands of tires.

Men who own popular priced cars buy Goodyears in spite of the fact that they could get fifty other makes—and more—for less money.

Men who own the costliest cars, on the other hand, buy Goodyears because there isn't anything above or beyond them to buy.

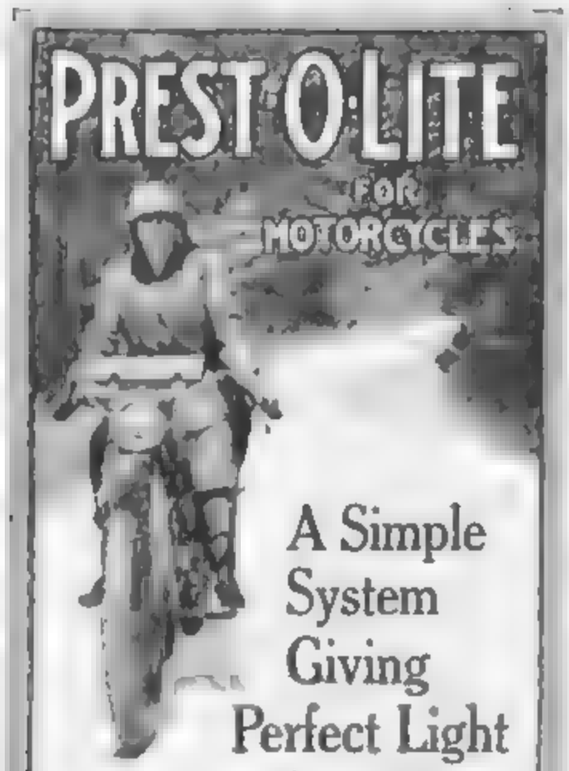
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

The Goodyear Conquest of America

Boston

ON the other side of the continent—in Boston—we find the same consistent Goodyear leadership. For here, also, one-fifth of the cars—as indicated by count Sept. 1st, 1915—are Goodyear equipped. The photograph shows Tremont Street—the Hub's Fifth Avenue—on a bright autumn morning

PREST-O-LITE
FOR MOTORCYCLES



A Simple System Giving Perfect Light at Small Cost

Because Prest-O-Lite gives perfect riding light, is simple and trouble-proof, never fails in emergencies, demands no attention you yourself cannot give, easily, quickly and inexpensively, because it stands the jolts, and is as sturdy as your motorcycle itself, more riders use Prest-O-Lite than all other systems combined.

Yet Prest-O-Lite costs less to buy and less to use than any other brilliant light.

Sold on Money Back Basis

Prove Prest-O-Lite on your own machine. Use it for 30 Days. You are the judge if you want your money back.

The Complete Equipment for Satisfaction

You can get Prest-O-Lite on any make of motorcycle. If you want a complete equipment, your dealer can give you Prest-O-Lite, a lamp and a mechanical horn—makes a splendid combination. Saves you money when you buy, and more when you use it.

Your name and address on the margin of this page will bring complete information on motorcycle lighting. Write today.

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THE DUB

(Continued from Page 16)

however—there were lucrative profits. So Elmer suggested they go into the supply business themselves. They did it too. There were fat profits in the deal. You can see it all on the records. The courts have them on file. Elmer showed them, also, how, to be safe, they must change their methods of bookkeeping. It never would do to let the entries of sales and transfers stand as they were. He knew! He had kept those books. There were a lot of things he showed them. But there was that deal in Union Pacific.

Elmer was forty-three. On each of his temples was a patch of gray he treasured. It gave him a distinguished air, he thought. Long before this he had quit the dim, dingy boarding house down near the ferry slips, and bachelor apartments, a place of quiet elegance, now domiciled him. The place was of the sort favored by rising, capable business men—bachelors. Elmer never had married, you know. If ever he thought of Nelly Ross, she who long ere this had left the Island, he smiled. What a dub he'd been those days! It amused him to look back on it. Now he had his hands in on everything. He was dipping in everywhere. A useful man—a very useful one, indeed, for Wall Street—Elmer was feeding fatly on the crumbs that fell from the table above him.

And all the time every fresh venture he was let in on brought him nearer to the goal he'd set out to gain. And, too, though he did not dream it, step by step Elmer drew nearer to the moment when it all would end, vanish as into smoke. But Elmer didn't dream it. Even had he foreseen, had visioned what was to come, it still is doubtful whether he'd have let go. The wine was in him. It was in his blood. His veins ran dollars and cents.

"Why?" is a question that, with men like Elmer, is ever profoundly a mystery. He did not know how to spend money, to get for himself the things that money buys; he only knew how to make it. True, he still had his dreams. The town house and the country place he would get one day; but he would get them only because they were the things other men had—the big men he envied, he admired. Once they were his he did not know how to live in them. He felt awkward, ill at ease. He could not learn their use. He was too old by then to learn.

But to return—the deal in Union Pacific was what made Elmer.

The spring morning—that day the disclosure burst on Wall Street—was bright and clear. You remember the occasion. The sunlight, pouring down between the high walls of the skyscrapers, danced and rippled joyously. It often happens so. The Blue Mondays and Black Fridays that Wall Street remembers seem to have been fatefully glorious otherwise—Nature grinning perhaps. Sunday, the day before, Elmer had put in at a country club up the Hudson. It was a smart organization, its members mostly millionaires. Golf Elmer detested, for at it, as at other diversions, he was a perfect duffer. The rest of it, though, he'd liked. The game over, they sat about a table in the grill and talked.

Big men they were, the big ones to whom, as a useful man, Elmer had made himself most useful. They were not Sykes' crowd however. Take note of that. They were even bigger men. They were men that Elmer had seen would be useful to him. Sykes, of course, was friendly to Elmer—very friendly—he had helped Elmer much; but Elmer's aims were high, you see. These friends could help Elmer in a way that Sykes never could—as Sykes wouldn't. Remember that! For two of them were directors in the Island. They controlled big blocks of its stock. Sykes would have raised his brows had he seen how Elmer was hobnobbing with them—kotowing and deferring.

They did not talk of Union Pacific. If the rail was mentioned they remained silent, their looks obscure; but Elmer knew. They were heavy holders of the security. More than once that day, had you looked closely, you would have seen his eyes leap.

There had been a pool formed to raid Union Pacific. Sykes was in on the pool. He knew his associates were loaded heavily with the security, but the chance was too tempting. The public, after a long rise in the stock, was in on it largely; and at the price at which it stood Union Pacific was top-heavy. But never mind! Though Sykes knew his directors carried big blocks of it, the directors did not know he knew. Elmer did however. He knew that Sykes knew. That was why his eyes had leaped.

Elmer, however, did not warn his friends, the directors. Neither did he warn his other friend, Sykes. The deal in Union Pacific was put through. A savage onslaught, it broke the price ten points in a morning. It closed at the day's end weak and wabbling. There was a crimp put in several big fortunes that day. You remember reading about it in the newspapers. A society person, a leader of cotillons, like the grasshopper, danced no more that year. A young sporting blade, a yachtsman, put up his yachts for a year or two. There was one exquisite, a dawdler abroad, who turned up his nose at America, who very nearly had to go to work—not quite though; but nearly, so nearly that his pale, delicate features turned almost transparent.

At half past nine that day, half an hour before the time when—*sui generis*—he usually appeared, Elmer arrived at the Island. His first concern was the stock ticker. The tape flowing through his fingers—"Feeling the Nation's Pulse!"—he stood with eyes again agleam. London had opened weak. All day he hovered over the machine. The assault, the real attack, began at the New York opening. Five thousand shares of Union Pacific were hurled into the market at a price three-quarters off from the Saturday's close.

And as the stock fell, receding a fraction with every sale, Elmer's eyes narrowed into chinks. It was not too late even then to have warned Sykes. He was, of course, not the organizer of that pool. Bigger men, fellows much bigger even than Sykes, had engineered it; and Sykes was merely one of their instruments, a useful man himself. In two or three other banks and trust companies that day were other useful men, too, of course; but that is not the point. Sykes, had he been warned, might have "got out from under"; but Sykes wasn't warned.

At half past three, after a guarded look about him, Elmer put on his hat and went out. His air was the same as when, on that day, years before, he had sneaked out to dash round to Lubin's. In not more than twenty minutes at the most he returned. Thus in so short a space of time had Elmer achieved his aim, his vaunting, vaulting ambition.

Standing there alone in his office, only conscience, his own knowledge, for company, he cast a look about him. His lips for an instant he moistened. Then his active, eager eyes came abruptly to a halt. Afterward, as they fixed themselves on the wall, a smile dawned on Elmer's face.

"Ah!" breathed Elmer.

They began arriving shortly, the big men who came to the Island that day. The two directors, Elmer's golf-club hosts, were among the first. Half a dozen others followed. All, as Elmer knew, were heavily interested in the Island. They, also, were heavily interested in U. P. Elmer could hear the hum of voices that emerged from behind Sykes' door.

Occasionally it grew distinguishable: "Abusing confidence!" "Diverting information!" "Attacking kindred interests!" All this, listening, Elmer heard. It was all as was charged. Once, when the door was opened, admitting a belated arrival, Elmer caught a flitting glimpse of Sykes. He sat at his desk, his jaw squared and his eyes sullen, defiant, for the man was a fighter. Though faced with the proofs he had not caved. A strong man, as Wall Street knows such men, he was displaying a strength worthy of some heroic cause.

Elmer's eyes, as they caught his, fell swiftly. He hurried out of view. But he had won! He had won! That was the point. Everything had been worth it!

Elmer was now a successful man.

The reorganization, that sweeping readjustment of the Island's affairs, came, as Wall Street will remember, six weeks after that day. There was no open scandal. Things march swiftly in the Street, and by that time the deal in Union Pacific had blown over. Just the same the men on whose toes Sykes had trod did not forget. Sykes' offense had been unforgivable.

To have somebody use your own resources against yourself is, in Wall Street, the Scarlet Sin. Sykes, however, was not ousted publicly. A list of the votes and proxies, the Island's stock control, was merely shown to him; and Sykes saw the point. He resigned.

This happens frequently in the financial district. Scandals cost money. The majority directors, the ones who had put him out, even framed up and handed him a set of eulogistic resolutions.

So, at fifty-five, growing old, Sykes was shelved—Bassett's age when he had been "let out"; Kronk's age, within a year or two, when Kronk had been turned into the street. The mills of the gods!

At five o'clock that day Elmer was in his office directing the removal of the papers from his desk. A new man was to become the Island's cashier now, for Elmer had moved up. He was the company's president. Thus, once Sykes had quit his office, Elmer would move in there. No hurry, however; he meant to wait until Sykes had flitted. There were reasons, in fact, why he did not wish to face his whilom friend, his one-time patron. He had not communed with him for days—many days indeed. Elmer, in the time that had intervened, often had wondered how much Sykes had learned.

The door opened then. Sykes stood there. He was smiling though his face was haggard. Holding the door open he jerked his thumb at the depressed, peaked, large-nosed youth known nominally as Elmer's secretary.

"Get out!" said Sykes briefly.

The stenographer got out. Elmer, too, might have followed but that Sykes blocked the way. Elmer did not like his looks. He had his hat on and the cigar in his mouth he rolled from side to side. He stared at Elmer fixedly.

"Just one thing I want to say to you," said Sykes. Removing the cigar from his lips he blew a gust of smoke into the room. "Take my advice: You'd better work by yourself hereafter. You're the sort that if you'd been a burglar—that is, a house burglar—you'd steal your pal's tools before you got to the crib!"

It was pretty outlandish. Elmer wondered whether the man had been drinking. He refrained from replying, however.

"That's all!" said Sykes; then he passed out.

Elmer's early ambition was achieved. He was the Island's president. The world was before him!

VII

ONE more picture now—one last view; then Elmer we may leave. To describe him in his glory, the full flower of his bloom, is not required here.

He had his millions now. He had his town house and his country place. He had even his fast horses, his fast motors, his fast yacht. He had, also, like his own kind, a wife. *Mirabile dictu!* Elmer—yes—had a wife. His fellows had wives; he must have one too.

The woman he married was not rich; she had, however, "connections." Her reason, though, for marrying Elmer was problematical. Inertia probably. She was not very animated or inspiring. Bridge and a taste for musical comedy were the peak of her intellectual faculties. Otherwise she had only social leanings.

Her time, ere long, she spent mainly abroad. While here, however, she occupied the country place, Elmer dwelling in town. The times she came to the city Elmer moved upstairs. Man and wife were not very congenial, in fact.

He was a big man now. He was—to use the Street's meaning of it—a strong man. He had become, also, a very careful man.

Sykes' speech, that parting allocution, Elmer often had pondered. He wondered whether he really had "played straight." A dim doubt of it had come vaguely to trouble him. Thus in his dealings with others now he was very particular. As an interlocking director now, whenever a steam road or a trolley line was boosted on to the stockholders he examined every step he took to make sure he was playing square with his associates. Many a stiff fight he had with temptation. Many a night he walked the floor fighting with himself; but he withstood it. Sykes' speech had sunk in deep.

It was this very thing, in fact, that at last got Elmer into trouble. What "did" him was playing straight with the pool in

New York, Back Bay and Eastern. Elmer stuck—was square; and they got him, with the rest of his associates.

The way had been long and it had been devious; he could not go on forever. Had Elmer, however, followed his own true inclinations—been true to himself, that is—he might have remained unscotched for a long time. But no! Sykes had his revenge. Elmer remembered what Sykes had said, and that tripped him.

The deal now is open history. It was a huge affair—one of the biggest killings the Street has ever known. The road, a vast and prosperous system, had by hazardous fortune fallen into the hands of the "interests," of which Elmer was a minor member. The proposal was made—and carried out—that the road be developed. By this was meant that the interlocking gentlemen in control should unload on it a variety of competing steam roads, trolley lines and steamboat companies of which they stood possessed. The stockholders, in mass aggregating a majority of the widows, orphans and minor heirs of at least three states, were made to hold the bag. That is the Wall Street term, you know. In other words, countless hundreds of them—thousands perhaps—paid the bill. It was, indeed, one of the biggest killings the Street had ever known. Again in Wall Street's happy argot, it was "murder."

Elmer knew from the first he ought not to go in on it. What he should have done, once he had the information, was to hover round on the outskirts, playing the game "both ways through the middle"—another phrase you know. Briefly, when the crowd bought in roads—the trolley lines and steam systems they meant to unload on the Back Bay—he should have loaded up with the stock of those roads first; then he could have gouged a profit out of his friends. Also, knowing how they were gouging the Back Bay, he should have gone short on that security.

He didn't though. He played square instead. Millions Elmer's friends raked in. Then came the crash. You know what happened then.

It was Christmas Eve; and in New York that year, for a wonder, it was to be a good, old-fashioned white Christmas. The day before it had snowed, and now, under the early starlight and the arc lamps that snapped and coruscated at the corners, the streets of the shopping quarter were dazzling. The crowds, laughing and chattering as they hurried by, paused when a tinkle of bells chimed on the crisp, clear air. A sleigh—strange sight—hove into view. New York does not often see a sleigh. As it gritted over the car tracks, thumping and scraping, the street crowd paused, every neck craned.

"Hooray!" cheered a newsboy.

Then, inspired, he let go at the fabled vehicle the snowball—half ice, half slush—he had been saving for his rival, the "wop" who was trying to dip in on his trade. The crowd cheered and laughed as the shot went true.

Nelly Ross—Nelly Horton now—hurried on. Out in the country, in the pleasant suburb where she lived, neither sleighs nor snow were a novelty. She must make haste besides. In a brief hour her husband was to meet her at the station, when they would take the accommodation train for home. Before that she had still several purchases to make.

A toy steam engine for Horton, Junior, was one of them. He had asked for it at the last moment. Bessy, too, his sister, had wanted a book of cut-outs she had seen. Then there was the jacket like Nelly's that the little servant girl, the maid-of-all-work, had so admired. She must get that too. Nelly's cheeks glowed. Her eyes sparkled too. She looked very pretty as she bustled along.

How nice it was to be getting on! How fine it was to be prosperous and to be able to buy what you want. The nicest part of it, too, was that you could do things for those about you. Money meant so much. Artless, her thoughts trite—very happy though—Nelly hurried. Then, just as she had reached the corner, there at the shop door for which she was heading, Nelly saw him. She knew him instantly. The man she had long forgotten was coming up the street.

Court had adjourned early that day. In honor of the occasion it had closed hours early. This, too, was in spite of the court's determination that it would sit day and night to hurry the ends of justice. The Federal attorney, however, had made no objection. He was quite agreeable. So, too, had been Elmer.

All that day he had been on the stand. The inquiry to which the Government's advocate had subjected him was what the newspapers had termed grilling. Impudent was what Elmer termed it. All his private affairs had been turned inside out; the Federal attorney had, in fact, attacked Elmer from every side. He was a young man too; but he had seemed to show little respect for either Elmer's years or Elmer's position in the community. He had sought to learn the source of every dollar Elmer had. There was a suggestion that the Government meant to make him disgorge.

Elmer disgorge! Why, his money gone, he would have nothing! He knew it too. The suspicion of its truth already had dawned on him. That was why, dismissing his limousine at the court-house door, he had walked.

He wanted to think it out.

The world had rocked beneath him. It was still reeling. What would he be without his money? The fact that, so far, it had never been anything to him even penetrated his intelligence; but without it what would he be? The thought was still revolving in his brain when Elmer saw her.

"Why, Nelly!" cried Elmer.

In his surprise he stood stock-still, forgetting even to raise his hat. Ordinarily he never did that to the Island's stenographers—he just touched the brim of it paternally, then passed on; but about Nelly was a remembrance that might have made him go farther. She symbolized his youth, his early dreams. He felt, awkwardly, a moment later, that he should have been more deferent. Then habit, the rule of custom, got Elmer. It was the Island's president who spoke next.

"Ha!" said Elmer, pattering it like his kind. "Glad to see you. How are you getting on?"

Patronizing, unctuous! That phrase too! A dim memory, a recollection as vague as the shadow of a dread, a bad dream long past, filtered into Nelly's mind. Where had she heard that phrase—that expressionless speech—before? Then she remembered. It had been at the Island—naturally. She gazed at Elmer queerly. "How do you do, Mr. Pringle," she replied.

She was not glad to see him. There was no reason she should be. Besides that, in the newspapers she had read of Elmer's many exploits. Again came to her the fear of him she once had felt.

Elmer looked at her. He would have liked to be simple, natural. He always had liked Nelly. Her frank, pretty face allured him even now. In its air of renewed faith and content he saw somehow comfort and understanding. Though still plainly dressed, her air unpretentious, she seemed to have found something he had not. He wondered what it was. He would have liked to ask her—only habit was too strong.

"Getting on?" asked Elmer.

She answered in monosyllables: Yes, she was getting on. Yes, her husband was doing well. Yes, she had children. But there Nelly's true self got the better of her antagonism. She knew what had befallen him that day. Pity welled in her heart. She unbent, and out of her poured the answer to those stilted inquiries of his. All her happiness she told him. She told how her husband had succeeded, how prosperity had come to them.

All they had won she revealed, and Elmer stood there gaping. He did not comprehend at first. Finally, however, he did. These people were content. That was what they had which he never had had. They were satisfied. He never had been. His money was all he had ever had.

But, confused, his cosmos grown foggy, Elmer was still to himself true. Nelly was saying:

"I must be going now. Good-by!"—when he reached down into his pocket.

"Here," he said; "you take this and buy the kiddies something. Buy 'em something big."

It was a fifty-dollar bill. Nelly gaped, then she gasped. His money! Take that money of his! She knew where it had come from. The next instant Elmer found himself alone.

He seemed to understand. The bill in his fingers fluttered to the pavement. A passer-by saw him standing there and nudged his companion. "That's Pringle," Elmer heard him say—"th' crook!"

Elmer did not even wince. The sight of the bank note lying on the snow recalled him for an instant to his senses, and he stopped and picked it up; but as he pocketed it he caught sight of himself in the plate glass of a street window.

There he stood, then, staring at himself. "You dub!" he whispered. "You dub!!"

(THE END)

INSIDE NEWS IN WALL STREET

(Continued from Page 10)

I shall never forget a bright spring day in 1907 when three of us were whiling away the time with nothing to engage our activities except the most idle conversation. One of us picked up a map of railroads in New England and carelessly remarked that it not only would be a logical step for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad to buy the Boston and Maine, but perhaps such a step had already been taken. No one had ever publicly suggested such a thing and not a word had been whispered about it.

One of the reporters happened to be well acquainted with a minor official of a great trunk line whose name shall not be mentioned, but which was and still is engaged in constant squabbling with the New Haven Railroad.

"All right," said the reporter, "I'll see what I can do about it. It ought to be true even if it isn't."

So he went to his railroad friend and asked if it wasn't true that the New Haven had bought the Boston and Maine. For of course any reporter with more than one day's experience knows enough to pretend that a thing is true even though he hasn't the slightest idea of it. Much to his astonishment the official said that such was the case, but that he didn't feel at liberty to say anything about it. However, he was persuaded to go to the president of the railroad, who at once consented to see the reporter. The latter could hardly conceal his astonishment when the president of the great railroad told him in the most emphatic manner that the New Haven had just purchased a controlling interest in the Boston and Maine, and added some details which indicated that his own feeling toward the New Haven had, to put it lightly, been ruffled.

A few months previously there had joined the employ of one of the three newspapers concerned in this far-reaching scoop a young man connected with one of Boston's best-known Back Bay families. It has become the fashion of late years for rich and prominent men to put their sons to work as reporters for a year or two for the experience they get. This was a cheerful and obliging young man whose first name was Theodore. It was suggested that he telephone an uncle who was then a director of the Boston and Maine. He immediately got his uncle on the long-distance telephone in Boston and the following conversation took place:

"How are you, Theodore? I hear you are working as a reporter on the Sun. How do you like it?"

"I like it very well, Uncle Laurence, and, by the way, you can help me now if you want to. Is it true that the New Haven has bought the Boston and Maine?"

"I am sorry, Theodore, but all the directors have agreed not to say anything about it."

That was enough for the three reporters. When directors of a corporation agree not to say anything about a deal it is a pretty sure sign that the deal is under way or has perhaps even been put through. So the article was printed to the extent of three or four columns in the next morning's papers, and President Mellen denied it with great vehemence. He demed it up and down and back again. Of course the reason for this "technical denial," as the newspapers call it, was fear of what the Massachusetts Legislature, then in session, might do. The New Haven had actually owned the Boston and Maine for some time, as later developed

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in many investigations. Everyone knows the years of agitation and excitement that have followed.

One of the finest pieces of actual sleuthing ever done was that of a reporter for one of the financial news bureaus. He is now a banker and is the sort of person who would be successful in any line of activity. For a long time it had been rumored that the Pullman Company was about to do something handsome for its stockholders, but newspapers in New York were unable to get the least inkling in regard to the pending melon, nor did the papers in Chicago, where the company's plant is located, have any better luck.

Finally one reporter decided he would interview every single director until he broke through the hoodoo. The board of directors was composed of such men as J. P. Morgan, two of the Vanderbilts, George F. Baker, a close associate of Morgan, Norman B. Ream, another Morgan associate, and in general of men who had the reputation of being absolutely impregnable to all interviewers, practically unapproachable. But at last the reporter went to a director whom he had never heard of before, one Henry C. Hulbert, a retired merchant then close to his eightieth year. His office was far removed from the financial district, but to it the reporter betook himself early one morning, only to find that Mr. Hulbert was out and no one knew when he would return.

The reporter sat in that office from early morning until one o'clock in the afternoon, when the pangs of hunger proved too much and he started back for Wall Street. But before he left the room he noticed a group picture on the wall, taken in the early days of the photographic art. Under each figure was the name, and below that of a handsome young man in the thirties was "H. C. Hulbert."

Nassau Street, down which the reporter walked, is about the busiest spot in New York at the noon hour. Suddenly the reporter had a hunch that Mr. Hulbert had passed him. The young man turned round and walked by the supposed Pullman director once and then a second time. Remember he had never seen the capitalist, that the man was then nearly eighty and the reporter had merely glanced at his portrait of forty years before!

An Accurate Forecast

"Are you Mr. Hulbert?" asked the newspaper man.

"Yes, what can I do for you?" the old gentleman replied in a cordial manner.

The reporter at once told his errand, and to his astonishment Hulbert walked slowly along, telling him the exact terms upon which the big melon was about to be distributed, mentioning the exact amount and the date when it would be paid. Next day when the article appeared in the news bureau it was vigorously denied by other persons connected with the Pullman Company, but several months later the directors met and voted to distribute the melon on precisely the same terms and dates which the old gentleman had indicated.

Probably the manner in which the New York World was saved from being beaten on one of the most momentous pieces of financial news ever printed deserves a foremost place for its downright ingenuity and quick thinking. On March 31, 1903, the New York Times printed an exclusive interview with J. P. Morgan, in which the great financier declared that the pessimistic talk indulged in was not justified by facts.

"It may be true," he admitted, "as some of the captious critics declare, that at the present moment there are in the market many undigested securities, but ought not the character of these securities to be taken into consideration in a broad or comprehensive view of the situation?"

Morgan went on at some length, wholly unprecedented for him, to attempt to demonstrate that the new securities, having in mind, no doubt, the stock of the United States Steel Corporation which he had recently floated, were really meritorious. But the country absolutely refused to notice anything in that interview except the two words "undigested securities." Those two words swept across the country like wildfire and played a tremendous part in further depressing the price of stocks.

S. S. Fontaine, financial editor of the New York World, heard somewhere that a Times reporter had obtained an interview from Morgan. He streaked for the old building at the "Corner," as the J. P. Morgan & Company house has always been known, and as soon as he could see the "old man" asked if Mr. Morgan had given the Times an interview.

"I did," was the pointed reply.

Fontaine begged to be given the same interview.

"I can't do it," said Morgan, "because you will put big headlines on the article."

With every ounce of ardor and earnestness that was in him the eager financial editor gave assurance that sensationalism would not attend the World's treatment of the subject.

"Well, I am too busy to talk to you now," said the relenting financier as he turned again to his work. "You can get it from the Times."

"A swell chance I'll have to do that," pleaded the agitated Fontaine.

"Tell them Mr. Morgan said to give it to you," bellowed forth the great man, and in his tones was an order of dismissal which even the hardened desperation of a newspaper man trying to save himself from the worst beat of years could not mistake. With but little hope Fontaine telephoned the late Arthur Greaves, city editor of the Times, and asked for the interview.

"I won't give it to you, not a bit of it," said Greaves. "It is our beat."

"But Mr. Morgan said for you to give it to me."

"Tell Morgan to go to blazes!" was the reply, proving that at least one newspaper editor was independent.

Suddenly it occurred to Fontaine that the Times had an arrangement for exchanging news with the London Times. There is five hours' difference between London and New York, so it is easy for the New York papers to publish in their morning editions all the news that the same morning's London papers have. He hastily telephoned his managing editor and suggested that a representative of the World in London buy the first edition of the London Times and cable the entire story over. It would not be in any sense cribbing, because Morgan had authorized the World to use the interview. Everything worked according to schedule and the first edition of the World had the interview complete.

The Times never discovered why it failed to have a beat. A few days later Fontaine asked Mr. Morgan if he knew how the World had obtained the interview.

"The Times gave it to you," replied the banker.

Fontaine explained how he had really obtained the rare piece of news, half fearing that the lordly Morgan might be so offended at being disobeyed that he would take it out on the person who happened to be talking to him at the moment. But the financier always admired ability in any form, and he rose from his desk, smiling.

"Good for you, my boy," he said, as he patted the astonished newspaper man on the shoulder. It was the only time in their long acquaintance of years that the news gatherer ever saw Morgan unbend.

When Mr. McKinley Died

What often seems to be important news even to the trained expert does not prove to be such. When President McKinley was shot the news was handled with amazing rapidity by the Associated Press. As soon as it became known to the New York office of the "A. P." one of its most trusted men was sent posthaste to convey the bad tidings to J. P. Morgan. He was told to stick to Morgan until McKinley either died or passed the danger point, for the managers of the great news association reasoned that Morgan was by far the most important man to keep in touch with at such a time.

In those days newspaper men walked right into Morgan's private office. Morgan was just rising from his desk to leave for the day. He had put his hat on, had a bundle of newspapers and a cane under one arm and was reaching for an open box of cigars with the other hand.

"President McKinley has been shot," the breathless reporter managed to say.

Morgan dropped the cigars and newspapers, sat down, and lowering his eyes upon the carpet began to trace out patterns with the end of his cane. For nearly fifteen minutes he never raised his eyes, but continued to tap the carpet. His shoulders moved convulsively and ominously, but he said never a word. The reporter stood respectfully, hat in hand, and a few feet away a ticker, only two minutes behind the Associated Press, in its noisy hurrying, tattling fashion printed out the dreadful news from Buffalo. First came one partner and then another to glance white-faced at the ticker. They looked toward Mr. Morgan, but none dared to interrupt him, and they tiptoed away. Morgan had been very close to McKinley and even closer to his manager, Mark Hanna.

Finally the money king stood up, shook himself and squared his shoulders as if to throw off the burden that had for a quarter of an hour proved too much for even his mighty spirit. He asked the reporter how later news could be had, and the reporter promised to bring it to Morgan at his yacht in the evening. The newspaper man spent an hour and a half with Morgan that night and stuck close to him until McKinley died, but not the slightest bit of news ever came out of that faithfully performed task.

A combine among newspaper men is a great time and labor saver. It means a division of labor, a freedom from the worry and danger of being beaten on big news, and general happiness all round among the members of the combine. But in earlier days it was necessary to keep secret the very existence of such an agreement, because the managing editors of the newspapers did not approve of it. Editors who paid high salaries to experienced financial news gatherers naturally objected to having these men give up their beats to cub reporters on other papers. But as a rule the high-priced man was only too glad to enter a combine, because the arrangement always provided that the newer cubs did the "leg" work and the older men merely gave advice and the benefit of their superior knowledge.

The Sons of Rest

One of the ablest Wall Street news gatherers owed many of his biggest beats to a friend of his paper. The reporter in question was told by this friend of the formation of the United States Steel Corporation. No one else had received even a hint. The reporter was a member of the combine, but the beat was so stupendous, and it was so undeniably intended for him alone, that he felt justified in not giving it up.

But he was a man with a conscience, and in order to save his fellows from the disgrace of being beaten had the article split into three parts, one bearing a Chicago, the second a Pittsburgh and the third a Cleveland date line. The result was that the papers which did not have the story, instead of calling down their Wall Street representatives, turned the vials of their wrath upon the innocent and bewildered correspondents in Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Chicago.

The whole situation was explained at the next secret meeting of the combine and the reporter who had obtained the beat was completely absolved.

A still earlier combine was known as the Sons of Rest, who so perfected their combine that they finally decided to go home at five o'clock in the afternoon.

They were bold and ingenious in spite of their lazy hours. In those early days the same reporters covered both political and financial news. It was a logical and convenient combination, a sort of scheme to work "both ends against the middle." Only the increasing subdivision of labor and the tendency toward specialization, which has marked the growth of the metropolitan press no less than other branches of industry, has broken up this very happy arrangement. When the Sons of Rest were too indolent to hunt out a beat they invented one, and if any skeptic doubted its accuracy they would refer him to one of their political friends.

But the Sons of Rest came to grief finally. Their scheme was a perfect one. The combine included every morning paper and the members worked together without a hitch. It was simply too good to last. An enterprising reporter on one of the evening papers acquired the habit of working later than the morning paper men, an unheard of situation. The result was that after all the morning paper men had scattered to their homes in the calm and sane belief that every contingency had been provided for, this solitary evening paper man would hustle round, pick up a beat and induce his paper to print a special late edition. Then the editors of the morning papers, spying the scoop in an evening paper, would hastily telephone for their Wall Street representatives, only to find that these men had flown to the four corners of the earth. That was the end of the Sons of Rest.

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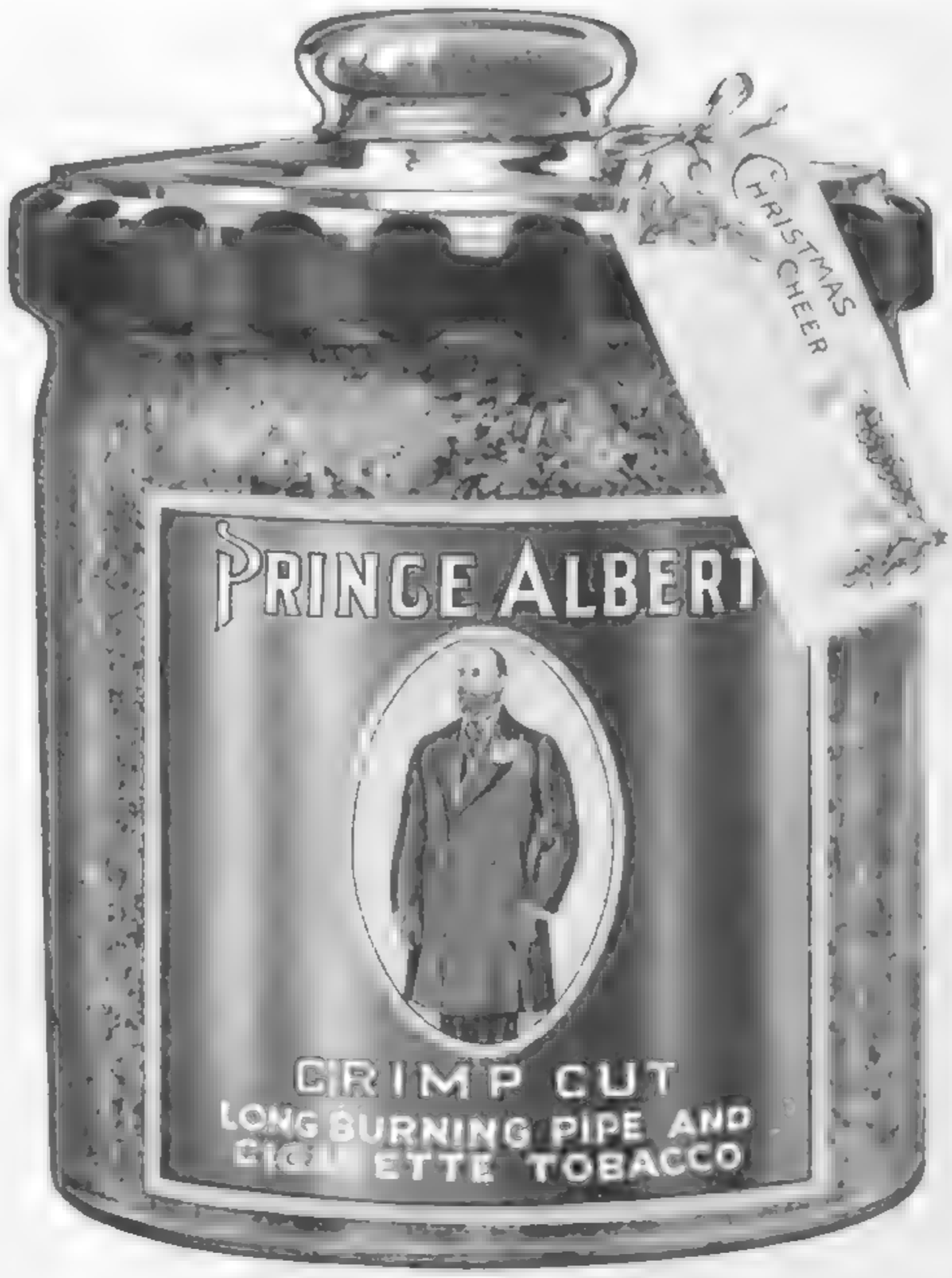

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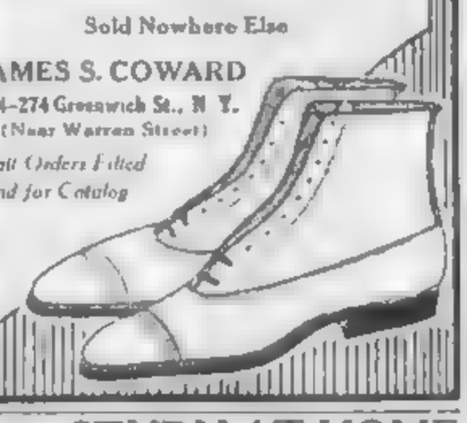

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UNEASY MONEY

(Continued from Page 19)

true that he had been in pretty bad shape at the moment when the words had been spoken. It was just at the end of his Broadway career, when, as he handsomely admitted, there was a certain amount of truth in the opinion that his interior needed a vacation. But since then he had been living in the country, breathing good air, taking things easy. In these altered conditions and after this lapse of time it was absurd to imagine that a moderate amount of alcohol could do him any harm.

It hadn't done him any harm, that was the point. He had tested the doctor's statement and found it incorrect. He had spent three hectic days and nights in New York, and—after a reasonable interval—had felt much the same as usual. And since then he had imbibed each night, and nothing had happened. What it came to was that the doctor was a chump and a blighter. Simply that and nothing more.

Having come to this decision Nutty mixed another highball. He went to the head of the stairs and listened. He heard nothing. He returned to his room.

Yes, that was it, the doctor was a chump. He had hinted at all sorts of terrible things as the penalty for the slightest deviation from his instructions, and his bluff had been called. So far from doing him any harm, these nightly potations brightened Nutty up, gave him heart and enabled him to endure life in this hole of a place. He felt a certain scornful amusement. Doctors, he supposed, had to get off that sort of talk to earn their money.

He reached out for the bottle, and as he grasped it his eye was caught by something on the floor. A brown monkey with a long gray tail was sitting there staring at him.

There was one of those painful pauses. Nutty looked at the monkey, rather like an elongated Macbeth inspecting the ghost of Banquo. The monkey looked at Nutty. The pause continued. Nutty shut his eyes, counted ten slowly and opened them.

The monkey was still there.

"Boo!" said Nutty in an apprehensive undertone.

The monkey looked at him.

Nutty shut his eyes again. He would count sixty this time. A cold fear had laid its clammy fingers on his heart. This was what that doctor—not such a chump after all—must have meant!

Nutty began to count. There seemed to be a heavy lump inside him and his mouth was dry; but otherwise he felt all right. That was the gruesome part of it—this dreadful thing had come upon him at a moment when he could have sworn that he was as sound as a bell. If this had happened in the days when he ranged the Great White Way, sucking up deleterious moisture like a cloud, it would have been intelligible. But it had sneaked upon him like a thief in the night; it had stolen unheralded into his life when he had practically reformed. What was the good of practically reforming if this sort of thing was going to happen to one?

". . . Fifty-nine . . . sixty."

He opened his eyes. The monkey was still there, in precisely the same attitude, as if it was sitting for its portrait. Panic surged upon Nutty. He lost his head completely. He uttered a wild yell and threw the bottle at the apparition.

Life had not been treating Eustace well that evening. He seemed to have happened upon one of those days when everything goes wrong. The cat had scratched him, the odd-job man had swathed him in an apron, and now this stranger in whom he had found at first a pleasant restfulness, spotting after the recent series of violence in which he had participated, did this to him. He dodged the missile and clambered onto the top of the wardrobe. It was his instinct in times of stress to seek the high spots. And then Elizabeth hurried into the room.

Elizabeth had been lying in the hammock on the porch when her brother's yell had broken forth. It was a lovely, calm, moonlight night, and she had been revelling in the peace of it, when suddenly this outcry from above had shot her out of her hammock like an explosion. She ran upstairs, fearing she knew not what. She found Nutty sitting on the bed, looking like an overwrought giraffe.

"Whatever is the ——" she began; and then things began to impress themselves on her senses.

The bottle which Nutty had thrown at Eustace had missed the latter, but it had hit the wall and was now lying in many pieces on the floor, and the air was heavy with the scent of it. The remains seemed to leer at her with a kind of furtive swagger, after the manner of broken bottles. A quick thrill of anger ran through Elizabeth. She had always felt more like a mother to Nutty than a sister, and now she would have liked to exercise the maternal privilege of slapping him.

"Nutty!"

"I saw a monkey!" said her brother hollowly. "I was standing over there and I saw a monkey! Of course it wasn't there really. I flung the bottle at it, and it seemed to climb onto that wardrobe."

"This wardrobe?"

"Yes."

Elizabeth struck it a resounding blow with the palm of her hand, and Eustace's face popped over the edge, peering down anxiously. "I can see it now," said Nutty. A sudden faint hope came to him. "Can you see it?" he asked.

Elizabeth did not speak for a moment. This was an unusual situation, and she was wondering how to treat it. She was sorry for Nutty, but Providence had sent this thing and it would be foolish to reject it. She must look on herself in the light of a doctor. It would be kinder to Nutty in the end. She had the feminine aversion from the lie deliberate. Her ethics on the *suggestio falsi* were weak. She looked at Nutty questioningly.

"See it?" she said.

"Don't you see a monkey on the top of the wardrobe?" said Nutty, becoming more definite.

"There's a sort of bit of wood sticking out ——"

Nutty sighed.

"No, not that. You don't see it. I didn't think you would."

He spoke so dejectedly that for a moment Elizabeth weakened, but only for an instant.

"Tell me all about this, Nutty," she said.

Nutty was beyond the desire for evasion and concealment. His one wish was to tell. He told all.

"But, Nutty, how silly of you!"

"Yes."

"After what the doctor said."

"I know."

"You remember his telling you ——"

"I know. Never again!"

"What do you mean?"

"I quit. I'm going on the wagon."

Elizabeth embraced him maternally.

"That's a good child," she said. "You really promise?"

"I don't have to promise, I'm just going to do it."

Elizabeth compromised with her conscience by becoming soothing.

"You know, this isn't so very serious, Nutty, darling. I mean it's just a warning."

"It's warned me all right."

"You will be perfectly all right if ——"

Nutty interrupted her.

"You're sure you can't see anything?"

"See what?"

Nutty's voice became almost apologetic.

"I know it's just imagination, but the monkey seems to me to be climbing down from the wardrobe."

"I can't see anything climbing down the wardrobe," said Elizabeth as Eustace touched the floor.

"It's come down now. It's crossing the carpet."

"Where?"

"It's gone now. It went out of the door."

"Oh!"

"I say, Elizabeth, what do you think I ought to do?"

"I should go to bed and have a nice long sleep, and you'll feel ——"

"Somehow I don't feel much like going to bed. This sort of thing upsets a chap, you know."

"Poor dear!"

"I think I'll go for a long walk."

"That's a splendid idea."

"I think I'd better do a good lot of walking from now on. Didn't Chalmers bring down some Indian clubs with him? I think I'll borrow them. I ought to keep out in the open a lot, I think. I wonder if there's any special diet I ought to have. Well, anyway, I'll be going for that walk."

At the foot of the stairs Nutty stopped. He looked quickly into the porch, then looked away again.

"What's the matter?" asked Elizabeth.

"I thought for a moment I saw the monkey sitting on the hammock."

He went out of the house and disappeared from view down the drive, walking with long, rapid strides.

Elizabeth's first act, when he had gone, was to fetch a banana from the ice box. Her knowledge of monkeys was slight, but she fancied they looked with favor on bananas. It was her intention to conciliate Eustace.

She had placed Eustace by now. Unlike Nutty, she read the papers, and she knew all about Lady Wetherby and her pets. The fact that Lady Wetherby, as she had been informed by the grocer in friendly talk, had rented a summer home in the neighborhood made Eustace's identity positive.

She had no very clear plans as to what she intended to do with Eustace, beyond being quite resolved that she was going to board and lodge him for a few days. Nutty had had the jolt he needed, but it might be that the first freshness of it would wear away, in which event it would be convenient to have Eustace on the premises. She regarded Eustace as a sort of medicine. A second dose might not be necessary, but it was as well to have the mixture handy. She took another banana, in case the first might not be sufficient. She then returned to the porch.

Eustace was sitting on the hammock, brooding. The complexities of life were weighing him down a good deal. He was not aware of Elizabeth's presence until he found her standing by him. He had just braced himself for flight when he perceived that she bore rich gifts.

Eustace was always ready for a light snack—readier now than usual, for air and exercise had sharpened his appetite. He took the banana in a detached manner, as if to convey the idea that it did not commit him to any particular course of conduct. It was a good banana, and he stretched out a hand for the other. Elizabeth sat down beside him, but he did not move. He was convinced now of her good intentions. It was thus that Lord Dawlish found them when he came in from the garden.

"Where has your brother gone to?" he asked. "He passed me just now at eight miles an hour. Great Scott! What's that?"

"It's a monkey. Don't frighten him, he's rather nervous."

She tickled Eustace under the ear, for their relations were now friendly.

"Nutty went for a walk because he thought he saw it."

"Thought he saw it?"

"Thought he saw it," repeated Elizabeth firmly. "Will you remember, Mr. Chalmers, that, as far as he is concerned, this monkey has no existence?"

"I don't understand."

Elizabeth explained.

"You see now?"

"I see. But how long are you going to keep the animal?"

"Just a day or two—in case."

"Where are you going to keep it?"

"In the outhouse. Nutty never goes there, it's too near the beehives."

"I suppose you don't know who the owner is?"

"Yes, I do; it must be Lady Wetherby."

"Lady Wetherby!"

"She's a woman who dances at one of the restaurants. I read in a Sunday paper about her monkey. She has just taken a house near here. I don't see who else the animal could belong to. Monkeys are rarities on Long Island."

Bill was silent. "Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose, flushing his brow." For days he had been trying to find an excuse for calling on Lady Wetherby as a first step toward meeting Claire again. Here it was. There would be no need to interfere with Elizabeth's plans. He would be vague. He would say he had just seen the runaway, but would not add where. He would create an atmosphere of helpful sympathy. Perhaps, later on, Elizabeth would let him take the monkey back.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Elizabeth.

"Oh, nothing," said Bill.

"Perhaps we had better stow away our visitor for the night."

"Yes."

Elizabeth got up.

"Poor, dear Nutty may be coming back at any moment now," she said.

But poor, dear Nutty did not return for a full two hours. When he did he was dusty and tired, but almost cheerful.

"I didn't see the brute once all the time I was out," he told Elizabeth. "Not once!"

Elizabeth kissed him fondly and offered to heat water for a bath; but Nutty said he would take it cold. From now on, he vowed, nothing but cold baths. He conveyed the impression of being a blend of repentant sinner and hardy Norseman. Before he went to bed he approached Bill on the subject of Indian clubs.

"I want to get myself into shape, old top," he said.

"Yes?"

"I've got to cut it out—to-night I thought I saw a monkey."

"Really?"

"As plain as I see you now." Nutty gave the clubs a tentative swing. "What do you do with these darned things? Swing them about and all that? All right, I see the idea. Good night."

But Bill did not pass a good night. He lay awake long, thinking over his plans for the morrow.

XV

LADY WETHERBY was feeling battered. She had not realized how seriously Roscoe Sherriff took the art of publicity, nor what would be the result of the half-hour he had spent at the telephone on the night of the departure of Eustace.

Roscoe Sherriff's eloquence had fired the imagination of editors. There had been a notable lack of interesting happenings this summer. Nobody seemed to be striking or murdering or having violent accidents. The universe was torpid. In these circumstances the escape of Eustace seemed to present possibilities. Reporters had been sent down. There were three of them living in the house now, and Wrench's air of disapproval was deepening every hour.

It was their strenuousness which had given Lady Wetherby that battered feeling. There was strenuousness in the air, and she resented it on her vacation. She had come to Long Island to vegetate, and with all this going on round her vegetation was impossible. She was not long alone. Wrench entered.

"A gentleman to see you, m'lady."

In the good old days, when she had been plain Polly Davis, of the personnel of the chorus of various musical comedies, Lady Wetherby would have suggested a short way of disposing of this untimely visitor; but she had a position to keep up now.

"From some darned paper?" she asked wearily.

"No, m'lady. I fancy he is not connected with the press."

There was something in Wrench's manner that perplexed Lady Wetherby, something almost human, as if Wrench were on the point of coming alive. She did not guess it, but the explanation was that Bill, quite unwittingly, had impressed Wrench. There was that about Bill that reminded the butler of London and dignified receptions at the house of the Dowager Duchess of Waveney. It was deep calling unto deep.

"Where is he?"

"I have shown him into the drawing room, m'lady."

Lady Wetherby went downstairs and found a large young man awaiting her, looking nervous.

Bill was feeling nervous. A sense of the ridiculousness of his mission had come upon him. After all, he asked himself, what on earth had he got to say? A presentiment had come upon him that he was about to look a perfect ass. At the sight of Lady Wetherby his nervousness began to diminish. Lady Wetherby was not a formidable person. In spite of her momentary peevishness, she brought with her an atmosphere of geniality and camaraderie.

"It's about your monkey," he said, coming to the point at once.

Lady Wetherby brightened.

"Oh! Have you seen it?"

He was glad that she put it like that.

"Yes. It came round our way last night."

"Where is that?"

"I am staying at a farm near here, a place they call Flack's. The monkey got into one of the rooms."

"Yes?"

"And then—er—then it got out again, don't you know."

Lady Wetherby looked disappointed.

"So it may be anywhere now?" she said.

In the interests of truth, Bill thought it best to leave this question unanswered.

"Well, it's very good of you to have bothered to come out and tell me," said Lady Wetherby. "It gives us a clew, at any rate. Thank you. At least we know now in which direction it went."

There was a pause. Bill gathered that the other was looking on the interview as terminated, and that she was expecting him to go, and he had not begun to say what he wanted to say. He tried to think of a way of introducing the subject of Claire that should not seem too abrupt.

"Er ——" he said.

"Well?" said Lady Wetherby simultaneously.

"I beg your pardon."

"You have the floor," said Lady Wetherby. "Shoot!"

It was not what she had intended to say. For months she had been trying to get out of the habit of saying that sort of thing, but she still suffered relapses. Only the other day she had told Wrench to check some domestic problem or other with his hat, and he had nearly given notice. But if she had been intending to put Bill at his ease she could not have said anything better.

"You have a Miss Fenwick staying with you, haven't you?" he said.

Lady Wetherby beamed.

"Do you know Claire?"

"Yes, rather!"

"She's my best friend. We used to be in the same company when I was in England."

"So she has told me."

"She was my bridesmaid when I married Lord Wetherby."

"Yes."

Lady Wetherby was feeling perfectly happy now, and when Lady Wetherby felt happy she always became garrulous. She was one of those people who are incapable of looking on anybody as a stranger after five minutes' acquaintance. Already she had begun to regard Bill as an old friend.

"Those were great days," she said cheerfully. "None of us had a bean, and Algie was the hardest-up of the whole bunch. After we were married we went to the Savoy for the wedding breakfast, and when it was over and the waiter came with the check Algie said he was sorry, but he had had a bad week at Lincoln and hadn't the price on him. He tried to touch me, but I passed. Then he had a go at the best man, but the best man had nothing in the world but one suit of clothes and a spare collar. Claire was broke, too, so the end of it was that the best man had to sneak out and pawn my watch and the wedding ring."

The room rang with her reminiscent laughter, Bill supplying a bass accompaniment. Bill was delighted. He had never hoped that it would be granted to him to become so rapidly intimate with Claire's hostess. Why, he had only to keep the conversation in this chummy vein for a little while longer and she would give him the run of the house.

"Miss Fenwick isn't in now, I suppose?" he asked.

"No, Claire's out with Dudley Pickering. You don't know him, do you?"

"No."

"She's engaged to him."

It is an ironical fact that Lady Wetherby was by nature one of the firmest believers in existence in the policy of breaking things gently to people. She had a big, soft heart and she hated hurting her fellows. As a rule when she had bad news to impart to anyone she administered the blow so gradually and with such mystery as to the actual facts that the victim, having passed through the various stages of imagined horrors, was genuinely relieved, when she actually came to the point, to find that all that had happened was that he had lost all his money. But now in perfect innocence, thinking only to pass along an interesting bit of information, she had crushed Bill as effectively as if she had used a club for that purpose.

"I'm tickled to death about it," she went on, as it were over her hearer's prostrate body. "It was I who brought them together, you know. I wrote telling Claire to come out here on the Atlantic, knowing that Dudley was sailing on that boat. I had a hunch they would hit it off together. Dudley fell for her right away, and she must have fallen for him, for they had only known each other for a few weeks when they came and told me they were engaged. It happened last Sunday."

"Last Sunday!"

Let him bring one to YOU

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I should like to know more about the plan which I have [illegible]

Name

Street and No.

City State

Opinion

It had seemed to Bill a moment before that he would never again be capable of speech, but this statement dragged the words out of him. Last Sunday! Why, it was last Sunday that Claire had broken off her engagement with him.

"Last Sunday at nine o'clock in the evening, with a full moon shining and soft music going on offstage. Real third-act stuff."

Bill felt positively dizzy. He groped back in his memory for facts. He had gone out for his walk after dinner. They had dined at eight. He had been walking some time. Why, in Heaven's name, this was the quickest thing in the amatory annals of civilization. His brain was too numbed to work out a perfectly accurate schedule, but it looked as if she must have got engaged to this Pickering person before she met him, Bill, in the road that night.

"It's a wonderful match for dear old Claire," resumed Lady Wetherby, twisting the knife in the wound with a happy unconsciousness. "Dudley's not only a corking good fellow, but he has thirty million dollars stuffed away in the stocking and a business that brings him in a perfectly awful mess of money every year. He's the Pickering of the Pickering automobiles, you know."

Bill got up. He stood for a moment holding to the back of his chair before speaking. It was almost exactly thus that he had felt in the days when he had gone in for boxing and had stopped forceful swings with the more sensitive portions of his person.

"That—that's splendid," he said. "I—I think I'll be going."

"I heard the car outside just now," said Lady Wetherby. "I think it's probably Claire and Dudley come back. Won't you wait and see her?"

Bill shook his head.

"Well, good-by for the present then. You must come round again. Any friend of Claire's—and it was bully of you to bother about looking in to tell me about Eustace."

Bill had reached the door. He was about to turn the handle when someone turned it on the other side.

"Why, here is Dudley," said Lady Wetherby. "Dudley, this is a friend of Claire's."

Dudley Pickering was one of those men who take the ceremony of introduction with a measured solemnity. It was his practice to grasp the party of the second part firmly by the hand, hold it, look into his eyes in a reverent manner, and get off some little speech of appreciation, short but full of feeling. The opening part of this ceremony he performed now. He grasped Bill's hand firmly, held it and looked into his eyes. And then having performed his business, he fell down on his lines. Not a word proceeded from him. He dropped the hand and stared at Bill amazedly and—more than that—with fear.

Bill, too, uttered no word. It was not one of those chatty meetings.

But if they were short on words, both Bill and Mr Pickering were long on looks. Bill stared at Mr Pickering Mr Pickering stared at Bill

Bill was drinking in Mr. Pickering. The stoutness of Mr. Pickering the cheerfulness of Mr. Pickering the dullness of Mr Pickering—all these things he perceived. And illumination broke upon him.

Mr. Pickering was drinking in Bill. The largeness of Bill—the embarrassment of Bill—the obvious villainy of Bill—none of these things escaped his notice. And illumination rose upon him also

For Dudley Pickering, in the first moment of their meeting, had recognized Bill as the man who had been lurking in the grounds and peering in at the window, the man at whom on the night when he had become engaged to Claire he had shouted "H."

"Where's Claire, Dudley?" asked Lady Wetherby

Mr. Pickering withdrew his gaze reluctantly from Bill

"Gone upstairs."

"I'll go and tell her that you're here, Mr.—— You never told me your name?"

Bill came to life with an almost acrobatic abruptness. There were many things of which at that moment he felt absolutely incapable, and meeting Claire was one of them.

"No, I must be going," he said hurriedly. "Good-by."

He came very near running out of the room. Lady Wetherby regarded the practically slammed door with wide eyes.

"Quick exit of Nut Comedian!" she said. "Whatever was the matter with the man? He's scorched a trail in the carpet."

Mr. Pickering was trembling violently.

"Do you know who that was? He was the man!" said Mr. Pickering.

"What man?"

"The man I caught looking in at the window that night!"

"What nonsense! You must be mistaken. He said he knew Claire quite well."

"But when you suggested that he should meet her he ran."

This aspect of the matter had not occurred to Lady Wetherby.

"So he did!"

"What did he tell you that showed he knew Claire?"

"Well, now that I come to think of it, he didn't tell me anything. I did the talking. He just sat there."

Mr. Pickering quivered with combined fear and excitement and inductive reasoning.

"It was a trick!" he cried. "Remember what Sherriff said that night when I told you about finding the man looking in at the window? He said that the fellow was spying round as a preliminary move. To-day he trumps up an obviously false excuse for getting into the house. Was he left alone in the room at all?"

"Yes. Wrench loosed him in here and then came up to tell me."

"For several minutes, then, he was alone in the house. Why, he had time to do all he wanted to do!"

"Calm down!"

"I am perfectly calm. But ——"

"You've been seeing too many crook plays, Dudley. A man isn't necessarily a burglar because he wears a decent suit of clothes."

"Why was he lurking in the grounds that night?"

"You're just imagining that it was the same man."

"I am absolutely positive it was the same man."

"Well, we can easily settle one thing about him, at any rate. Here comes Claire. Claire, old girl," she said as the door opened, "do you know a man named Darn it, I never got his name, but he's ——"

Claire stood in the doorway, looking from one to the other.

"What's the matter, Dudley?" she said.

"Dudley's gone clean up in the air," explained Lady Wetherby tolerantly. "A friend of yours called to tell me he had seen Eustace ——"

"So that was his excuse, was it?" said Dudley Pickering. "Did he say where Eustace was?"

"No; he said he had seen him, that was all."

"An obviously trumped-up story. He had heard of Eustace's escape and he knew that any story connected with him would be a passport into the house!"

Lady Wetherby turned to Claire.

"You haven't told us yet if you know the man. He was a big, tall, broad gazook," said Lady Wetherby. "Very English."

"He faked the English," said Dudley Pickering. "That man was no more an Englishman than I am. He acted well, but I could see the Tenderloin sticking out of him."

"Be patient with him, Claire," urged Lady Wetherby. "He's been going to the movies too much, and thinks every man who has had his trousers pressed is a social gangster. This man was the most English thing I've ever seen talked like this."

She gave a passable reproduction of Bill's speech. Claire started.

"I don't know him!" she cried.

Her mind was in a whirl of agitation. Why had Bill come to the house? What had he said? Had he told Dudley anything?

"I don't recognize the description," she said quickly. "I don't know anything about him."

"There!" said Dudley Pickering triumphantly.

"It's queer," said Lady Wetherby. "You're sure you don't know him, Claire?"

"Absolutely sure."

"He said he was living at a place near here called Flack's."

"I know the place," said Dudley Pickering. "A sinister, tumble-down sort of place. Just where a bunch of crooks would be living."

"I thought it was a bee farm," said Lady Wetherby. "One of the tradesmen told me about it. I saw a most corkingly pretty girl bicycling down to the village one morning, and they told me she was named Boyd and kept a bee farm at Flack's."

"A blind!" said Mr. Pickering stoutly. "The girl's the man's accomplice. It's quite easy to see the way they work: The girl comes and settles in the place so that everybody knows her. That's to lull suspicion. Then the man comes down for a visit and goes about cleaning up the neighboring houses.

"You can't get away from the fact that this summer there have been half a dozen burglaries down here, and nobody has found out who did them."

Lady Wetherby looked at him indulgently.

"And now," she said, "having got us scared stiff, what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going," he said with determination, "to take steps."

He went out quickly, the keen, tense man of affairs

"Bless him!" said Lady Wetherby. "I'd no idea your Dudley had so much imagination, Claire. He's a perfect bomb-shell."

Claire laughed shakily.

"It is odd, though," said Lady Wetherby meditatively, "that this man should have said that he knew you, when you don't ——"

Claire turned impulsively.

"Polly, I want to tell you something. Promise you won't tell Dudley. I wasn't telling the truth just now. I do know this man. I was engaged to him once!"

"What!"

"For goodness' sake don't tell Dudley."

"But ——"

"It's all over now; but I used to be engaged to him."

"Not when I was in England?"

"No, after that."

"Then he didn't know you are engaged to Dudley now?"

"N-no. I—I haven't seen him for a long time."

Lady Wetherby looked remorseful.

"Poor man! I must have given him a jolt! But why didn't you tell me about him before?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Oh, well, I'm not inquisitive. There's no rubber in my composition. It's your affair."

"You won't tell Dudley?"

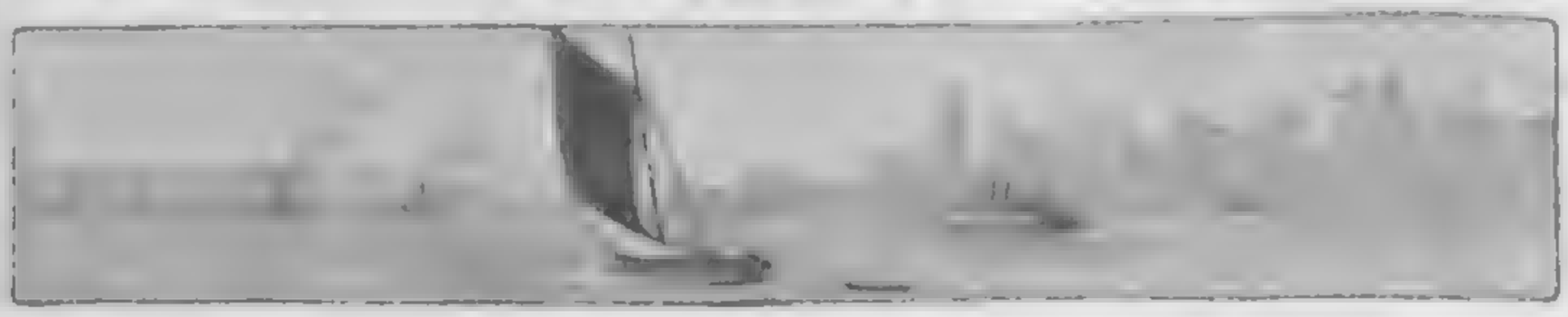
"Of course not. But why not? You've nothing to be ashamed of."

"No, but ——"

"Well, I won't tell him anyway. But I'm glad you told me about him. Dudley was so eloquent about burglars that he almost had me going. I wonder where he rushed off to."

Dudley Pickering had rushed off to his bedroom and was examining a revolver there. He examined it carefully, keenly. Preparedness was Dudley Pickering's slogan. He looked rather like a stout sheriff in a film drama.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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If your dealer can't supply you, send 10c for one package or $1.00 for a carton of ten packages (200 cigarettes), sent postage prepaid. If after smoking one package you are not delighted with CAMELS, return the other nine packages and we will refund your dollar and postage.

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MR CHARLES H LUGG
Pierre, South Dakota

The following letter is a typical endorsement of our Vocational plan for boys, to which the announcement on page 38 refers:

The State Superintendent of Public Instruction for South Dakota writes:

"THE work you are doing with the boys who are enrolled with you is such as to lead them wisely in the final choice of a vocation. This guidance is worth much to the budding citizen and is supplying an element in our social life which our schools aspire to furnish, but in which their work is at present sadly deficient.

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Sincerely yours,

C. H. Lugg.

OUR BOOKLETS

"Two School Board Problems" and "Salesmanship: A Vocation for Boys" are of interest to teachers and parents, everywhere. Either will be sent upon request.

Vocational Section Box 701
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"ORCHESTRA D—2"

(Concluded from Page 13)

moment in a spot thousands of miles away!" He sat looking at it. Then his voice trailed on: "When I learned from the owner of the theater that the film was only six weeks old I closed my diggings in London and came here. This was months before I saw you. As a lost dog looks for its master, so have I looked for her. For her I took this house. Each morning I would say: 'To-day! It will be to-day!' At night I said 'To-morrow!' But now!" He ended hopelessly, his upturned hands open, empty. "Now?"

Fortuna found her voice.

"You haven't given up?" She tried to speak with urgent pleading. In reality she did not care. Her own bruise was too sore. "You mustn't lose heart, Mr. Pauncefote."

His eyes lightened with a groping hope.

"I mustn't, eh? Yes, tell me that! I need such words." He started up and sat on the couch beside her. "I wouldn't show this except to the truest sort of a pal," he whispered as if in a confessional: "See, Fortuna! Here is the ghost that keeps beside me, more real than any of the things called real."

He had bent closer and was holding his opened watch before her. From a circular flash of lambent gold she saw a girl's proud yet soft-eyed face, one a man might well remember.

"Shall I ever find her? They say women have intuition. Shall I find her, Fortuna?"

"I'm sure you will!" she said with energy. But she did not care at all. She felt dry, void. The marks of age showed transiently in her face.

It was two in the morning. Even Eighth Avenue was still. Even the rooming house where Fortuna lived was a vacuum where the ticking of a clock would have been loud. She had been lying in the dark, her eyes wide open, each happening of the night tripping before her, curtsying, retreating. The result was a tantalizing confusion.

She sprang up and went to the window. The rain had stopped, leaving the streets shining mirrors of silver and jet. She pressed her face to the glass and looked steadily at the peaceful stars.

"I was mean not to feel sorry for Mr. Pauncefote! . . . How did *he* know? . . . Oh, he's straight. How easy he could have fooled me if he'd been like some of the lightweights! . . . I hope he finds her! . . . He's just crazy about her, and that's what makes him look as if he was tired right through to his very bones! . . . Well, anyway, it was a look-in at the four hundred! . . . Not any in mine, thanks! All those servants like detectives—all that marble—and the quietness! . . . Funny—Mr. Pauncefote didn't seem to see the servants. . . . And that dinner—all those frills as natural to him as if it was only a rathskeller! . . . He's different. That's it—different." She yawned and stolidly strolled back to bed. "I guess you got to be born that way, before it's natural to have things done for you like you didn't have any hands or feet. . . . When you're used to hoofing it for yourself, style like that gives you the jumps."

Weeks went by. Owen came no more to the theater. Reminders of him, books and flowers, had several times reached Fortuna. These pleased her in a numb way only. He had taken his place beside the splendid, almost incomprehensible necklaces and coronets of diamonds that, without a stirring of any personal desire, she could gaze at behind glass in the jeweler's window.

It had not been possible for her and Eddy to swing back into friendliness. At first he was out of the city. When he appeared at the theater his throat was wrapped in a muffler, his voice was a whisper. He had given her one look of longing out of hot, glassy eyes before he went home and to bed. A few days more and the girls were whispering about him. Cheerful, slangy little Eddy with his illumined smile and his "chatty" way was dangerously ill. When Fortuna heard "tonsilitis" she felt no anxiety. On the night that "pneumonia" was spoken she went into one of the empty boxes and gazed, frightened, at the Eddy to whom the shadow of death gave new dignity, a piercing appeal. The ticket seller, who was his chum, found her there, and as he spoke looked away from her hushed, drained face.

"He's been delirious to-day—talks about you all the time, Tunie. It's pretty certain from what he jabbers," the man said in a choked voice, "that if—he goes—he's looked after you."

"After me?" She said this stupidly.

"Left you all he has."

The words made her wince. Coals of fire burn at white heat. "Would he—would he know, Jimmy, if I sent him a letter?"

"He wouldn't know," Jimmy said, and went away, blinking.

Instead of going home that night she stood in the rain opposite the hotel in some room of which Eddy lay close to the formidable Silence, whispering of her. If he should die! If soon there would be no kindly, comic Eddy, a cheerful worshiper giving all, asking little! If she could never say: "Eddy, I didn't know. I'm sorry!"

Fortuna turned away, a still, deep terror choking her. "Oh, God—don't!"

After that night she lost the usual measuring of time. It was a blank in which she heard: "He's about the same." Light pierced it when this changed to: "Better." Stars twinkled into it with: "He's out of danger." And then came a blaze of moon and sun glory with the message from the ticket seller: "He wants you to come up with me to-night after the show."

She felt the sheer rapture that mortals may taste seldom. If she had been on a mountain she would have shrieked her joy, face to earth, a primitive woman again.

"Tunie," she heard Netty say, "take these! They're yours—Orchestra 4 and 6."

"This way, please!" Without looking beyond the hand holding out the coupons Fortuna went down the aisle.

"How dark it is!" a woman behind her said. "Isn't there a step?"

"No, it's quite smooth and easy, Mrs. Larremore," another feminine voice answered patiently. "Come very slowly."

After jerking down the seats Fortuna waited to return the checks. It had percolated through her engrossing happiness that the first voice, aged and with a Southern drawl, was that of a "fuss cat"; that the other, replying, had been youthful, charming. Its English intonation had awakened a thought of Owen.

She looked fully at the pair as they reached her—looked—and then she seemed to feel a blow at the back of the head that made her eyes bulge.

A very old, bent woman was being seated by her companion with the carefulness of an employee. Fortuna waited to have a clear look at both. The white-haired woman was beautifully gowned—a petulant autocrat. The girl was about twenty-five. The black she wore had the severity of a maid's; her hair was wound Greek fashion round her small head; the patient face had features like chiseled ivory, a proud chin, sunken, dark eyes.

The sea seemed roaring in Fortuna's brain, to one cry: "Yes, yes, yes!" She went like the wind past the lines of faces and into the woman's cloakroom. Here she began feeding the pay telephone with coins. Owen was not at his house. He was not at any of the clubs that she had heard him mention. But at the last one she received a bit of helpful news:

"Try Delmonico's—a private room—bachelor dinner to Mr. Raymond."

Another coin—a clerk's voice—a servant's voice—a strange man's voice—then Owen's:

"Hello there!"

"Hello, Mr. Pauncefote. Oh, I'm so glad! This is Fortuna. I want you to come to the theater——"

"What's wrong? Trouble! I can tell from your voice."

"I can't say anything now. Only come. Don't fail me!"

"Of course not. Must I come at once? Or will it do in half an hour?"

"Half an hour will do—if you surely come!"

"Surely."

"Good-by."

She went back to the auditorium, trembling so that it was hard to walk, and leaned on the rail of the last row. She had called Owen to his happiness. How wonderful! And it was possible for her to do this great thing on this night of nights when she was to see Eddy again! That was the best of all!

The curtain had been up for half an hour when she looked in at the ticket seller. "Has 'Orchestra D—2' been turned in, Jimmy? There's no one in it."

He twittered a small bunch of tickets under an elastic band. "Yep, it's here. Just came back from Rosenheim's Agency."

"I'll take 'D—2'," said Fortuna. Her eyes were black in a blanched face. She could not speak with steadiness.

"You? What for?" But he put it down. "Two plunks."

"Trust me till pay day."

The last chorus of the first act had commenced when, peeping through the screen door, she saw Owen's motor swing up at the curb, saw him rush from it before it quite stopped. A yellow-and-white flurry, she flashed into the lobby and halted him beside the ticket office. "I have a seat for you. Come," she said in a hushed, imperative tone.

She could see he had hurried in the kindliest anxiety to aid her in some distress. While the doorman was tearing the coupon from "D—2" he kept trying to read her face.

"Upset, aren't you? I'll help you."

They were inside. "Hush!" Her smile was wild. "We can't talk now. There *is* something—yes. Afterward I'll tell you. Come."

While thrusting the seat check into his hand she swept past him down the aisle. Confused, unwilling, as he had no wish to sit through the play again, he strolled after her.

"I don't really want ——" he began in faint rebuke, when she paused beside a vacant seat and faced him. "I'd rather ——"

"You sit down!" The tone through her shut teeth was concentrated, triumphant. "If I've guessed right," she whispered, suddenly weak, "good luck to you!"

She left him there.

What followed after Owen seated himself in "Orchestra D—2" was told in the next morning's papers:

"Cupid slipped into the Halcyon Theater last night and took a hand in the performance.

"The prettiest of the girl ushers was seen leading our distinguished English visitor, the Honorable Owen Pauncefote, to an aisle seat. He folded his coat in the usual way and sat down with his hat on his knees, the personification of boredom. One glance to his left, and he met the staring eyes of a black-robed young woman beside him. He did not look away—in fact, he grabbed her—the word is used advisedly. From the reports of the disturbed auditors about them we give the following:

"'Lois! Lois! Oh, my darling! I have searched the world for you!'

"The young woman said just one word and that was: 'Owen!' She said it in a most encouraging tone, after which her head went plump on his shoulder. She had fainted.

"It was ascertained that this 'Lois' had been known as a Miss Treherne, and was companion to the elderly woman beside her, the wealthy Mrs. Ambrose Larremore, of Virginia, who was on one of her occasional visits to New York. But in reality she was Pauncefote's runaway wife, found now after long years.

"To see Pauncefote carry the girl from the theater was a sight to warm the heart."

There were other bits to the story, known only to Fortuna. As Owen passed her, carrying his beloved burden, she crept close to him.

"Oh, Fortuna!" he sighed. "You'll come to us to-morrow? You won't forget!" She thought the glory in his eyes belonged to Eternity.

Hours later she was beside Eddy's bed. His first look at her was something in which her heart seemed to drown—that too held the glory "not of earth" that had transfigured Owen.

"Tunie," Eddy whispered, "they won't shave me till morning; but, pinfeathers and all, I had to see you! Come here!"

She knelt, her arms clasping him—but loosely, because of his weakness.

"Forgive me, Eddy. I was mean to you—I was always mean!"

"Forget it!" His next question came on a small, mischievous snort: "How's the Englishman?"

"Oh, Eddy, wait till you hear what's happened! Oh, he's fine—and you'll think so when you know him."

"Where is he?"

"Just where I am." Fortuna laid a soft kiss on each wan eyelid. "With the one he found he couldn't do without!"

WINGED CRIME

(Continued from Page 5)

When court reconvened Farmer Hayward was allowed to peek through the door leading into the judge's robing room, and instantly identified Taussig as the man who had come in the night and left the motor in the barn. Armed with this information the district attorney again took up the thread of his cross-examination of the defendant.

"Do you positively deny that you have ever been to the town of Poughkeepsie?" he asked.

"I do," replied the defendant in an almost inaudible tone.

"Do you deny that you took a motor on a night in last November to a farm near Poughkeepsie and left it in a barn?"

The witness' eyes shifted uneasily.

"I object!" shouted his attorney feebly. But no one paid any attention to him.

Taussig's jaw trembled.

"I do," he repeated mechanically.

"Will Mr. Thomas Hayward please step forth?"

A door in the back of the court room opened and the Poughkeepsie farmer made his way to the bar, the straw still clinging to his whisker.

"Did you ever see this man before?" demanded the district attorney.

The witness shook his head.

"Answer!" roared the district attorney.

"No," replied the witness.

"Is it not a fact," continued the prosecutor, "that you placed an automobile in this man's barn, paid him twenty-five cents for the privilege, and instructed him to call you up in New York on the telephone if necessary, giving him your telephone number for that purpose?"

"No," whispered the defendant, perspiration breaking from his forehead.

A Quick Change of Front

The district attorney produced a faded copy of the Old Farmers' Almanac. Opening to the month of December he pointed out the figures written in pencil, "Columbus ——"

"Is not that the number which you gave to Mr. Hayward on that night—written by yourself?"

The witness swayed in his chair.

"Answer," ordered the judge.

"No, it is not," stammered the defendant, but everybody knew he was lying.

"I challenge you here and now on the witness stand to write the words, 'Columbus ——,'" and the district attorney flourished a pad and pencil before the witness.

Taussig hesitated, took the pencil with unwilling fingers and nonchalantly wrote the words and numbers. Anybody could see that his hand had done the writing in the almanac. He had flagrantly perjured himself and was liable to imprisonment in the state's prison for twenty years, whereas he could, if found guilty on the indictment then being tried, be sentenced only to state's prison for five years for the crime of "receiving stolen property."

There was a hurried consultation between the defendant's counsel and the district attorney. Taussig tottered from the stand and took his place at the bar. The judge ordered an adjournment of ten minutes, during which time Taussig and his lawyer were closeted in the jury room. When the trial was resumed the lawyer arose and said:

"If Your Honor please, my client is prepared to plead guilty to the crime for which he is now being tried, it being understood that in so doing he purges himself in the eyes of this court of anything which he may have done and any testimony which he may have given during the course of the trial."

The court accepted the plea, and adjourned sentence pending an investigation of the prisoner's career. The chief of police and the old farmer collected their witness fees and mileage, and returned to Poughkeepsie.

A couple of days later the warden of the Tombs sent word that Taussig desired to see the assistant district attorney who had prosecuted the case against him, and an order was issued directing him to be brought in custody to the Criminal Courts Building. At first, though professing a desire to assist the authorities, he nevertheless exhibited great reluctance in making any definite statement. He still denied that he had any hand in the theft of the car, but admitted that he had made misstatements on the witness stand in relation to Hayward and Poughkeepsie which would have subjected him to severer punishment than if he had pleaded guilty to the crime of receiving stolen goods upon which he was being tried. But although he went so far as to admit that he had gone to Poughkeepsie and had left a car in the farmer's barn, he nevertheless claimed that there was nothing criminal in the transaction and that he had never assisted in the theft, alteration or sale of any car that he had reason to believe was stolen. The assistant district attorney had repeated interviews with him, but elicited little information. It was apparent that although he was anxious to mitigate his punishment so far as possible by appearing to aid the authorities, influences had been brought to bear upon him to withhold the facts within his knowledge. Through Taussig's wife, however, the assistant district attorney succeeded in counteracting these influences to a certain extent, but the prisoner was arraigned at the bar for sentence without having been of any material advantage to the police in unearthing the general conspiracy. Under these circumstances the court gave him a substantial sentence in state's prison. He was taken to Sing Sing, and, after being subjected to hard labor for a month, again sent word to the district attorney that he was prepared to give important information. He was brought down to New York in the custody of a deputy sheriff and given another chance. It was evident that he did not enjoy his life at Sing Sing. It further appeared that he felt that his friends whom he had been seeking to protect had not "made good." He had hoped to be treated with leniency, but on the contrary had been dealt with by the judge severely. He was now, he asserted, prepared to tell all. He did tell a good deal—but not all on this occasion. What he did disclose was an extraordinary commentary upon those well-known maxims that "Looks are deceitful" and that "All that glitters is not gold." Listen, then, to the story of the guileless old farmer, as recounted by Taussig the convict:

"You may think," said Taussig after the deputy sheriff had unlocked the handcuffs so as to permit his prisoner to smoke a cigarette, "that I know a lot more about this here stealing of automobiles than I do. I'm going to tell you all I know, but the truth is, none of us knows very much. I've been in the automobile business now for about five years, and I swear on the Bible I never touched a stolen car—not but what I may have handled cars that had been stolen, but I never knew it. How was I to know it? Supposin' a feller drives up in a motor to my garage and offers to sell me a car? I look it over and find it's in good condition and the price seems reasonable.

The Druggist's Stolen Car

"How do I know where he got the car? He always produces his license, and it corresponds with the license number on the car. You can't expect a man to do more than that! Maybe that's how I got mixed up with some of these here crooked deals you talked to the jury about. But I didn't know it—that is, except in one case. That's what I'm going to tell you about. It's about this man Hayward. I got to know him first just as he said. A year ago back in December I knew a feller named Chappie Magee, who used to hang round a garage where I worked. One day he brought in a pretty good 1913 car. 'What will you give for it?' he says. 'Where did you get it?' I asked. 'Off'n a lady,' he says. 'What lady?' says I. 'Doctor's wife,' says he, 'going to Europe.' I offered him four hundred dollars for the car, paid him cash and stuck the car in the back of the garage. That night, as I was sitting in my flat talking to my wife, another feller I know named Ikey Bloomenthal calls me up on the phone and says: 'Say, Taussig, that car you bought to-day off Chappie Magee is a 'hot one.' He swiped it off a druggist on Lenox Avenue. The police have just picked him up on Broadway, and I'm telephoning from Schwartz' saloon on the corner. They're on the way round to the house now. You better beat it.'"

Taussig rested the arm from which dangled the loosened handcuffs on the desk, took a deep breath, and exhaled a cloud of cigarette smoke.

Colonel Dixie Plays Santa Claus

"I know I can depend upon it"

"Oh, dad! It is too beautiful for words! Such color, such lovely dreamy lines, such nestling upholstery, such gorgeous lamps! I'll just have to pinch myself to prove that Santa Claus and your dear old self are not playing a trick on my fancy."

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"Now I ask you," he continued, "what was an innocent man to do? I knew Magee would try to square himself by squealing on me and claiming that him and me was partners in the deal. It was up to me to get the car out of the way, because if the cops couldn't find any car they couldn't corroborate what Magee said."

The district attorney took note of the prisoner's familiarity with the New York Code of Criminal Procedure, but made no comment.

"So I beat it down to the garage, filled the car up with gas and started out for I don't know where. The main thing was to get out of New York. I went up through Van Cortlandt Park, over the hill through Yonkers, down into the Sawmill River Road and lost myself somewhere out beyond the Croton Reservoir. It was December, and the roads was something fierce with slush and mud. I didn't have any overcoat or any lap robe and I nearly froze to death. Along about twelve o'clock at night I struck Poughkeepsie and took a road leading back into the country. I was dog tired, and so stiff I could hardly hold the wheel. Besides, the car had begun to get cranky and backfired to beat the band.

"Finally I saw an old barn on the top of a hill with a little farmhouse next to it, and just then the car stopped of its own accord. I went up to the door and pounded on it, and pretty soon old Hayward stuck his head out of the window. 'What do you want?' he says. 'To leave my car here,' says I. 'Who are you?' he says. 'It don't make any difference who I am,' says I, 'I will give you a quarter just to let the car lie here for a few days.' So the old feller came climbing down the stairs, put on a pair of rubber boots, got his lantern and we went out to the barn. I managed to get the car in there and pulled some hay down so as to partly cover it up. Then I give the old feller a quarter."

"Not much of a garage bill!" hazarded the district attorney.

Wise Farmer Hayward

"It was all I could afford," answered Taussig, "and I had to walk four miles down to the station and wait there till seven in the morning to get a train to New York. But the funny part of the thing was that as soon as I got the car into the barn the old feller gave me a wink and says: 'There won't be nobody looking for this car, will there?' I told him I didn't think so. 'Well,' he says, 'give me your telephone number in New York so if anything happens I can let you know.' Then it came over me that the old guy was wise to exactly what was going on—you can't fool these old farmers much! So I wrote down my telephone number in the Almanac—like a fool!—and told him I'd come up in about ten days or two weeks to get the car. Then he said: 'Maybe you'd like to put another car in here some time.' I said maybe I would. 'Well,' he said, 'the next time it will cost fifty dollars. But it is the safest place to put a car anywhere between Columbus Circle and Montreal.' Then, of course, I knew the old guy was 'wise.'

"So I went back to New York. About a week later the old feller called me up and passed the time of day, and told me how the weather had turned cold up where he was, and he had let the water out of the radiator to prevent it from freezing. Finally he asked if the car was insured. I said no, that it wasn't. Then he said he was sorry, because if it had been it would be very easy to have a fire in the barn. That set me thinking. I found out afterward that he had called me up just to find out who I was. You see, I had given him a phony name in Poughkeepsie, but he called up the telephone company and asked them for the name and address of the subscriber he had been talking to."

"Did you have a private telephone of your own?" asked the district attorney.

"Yes," answered Taussig, "all us fellers have private phones."

"What do you mean by 'us fellers'?" demanded the district attorney.

Taussig shifted uneasily.

"Oh, fellers that deal in cars," he stammered evasively. "Now here's how I got into all this trouble. Here's where I get in Dutch. That miserable Ikey Bloomenthal found out where I put the car and then went round and collected three hundred dollars reward from the insurance company for telling where it was. Next thing I knew old farmer Hayward called me up on the telephone and said that an insurance adjuster had just been up to his place with a man who claimed to own the car, and a constable, and had taken it away. You can bet I was mad! I'd lost my four hundred dollars that I'd paid Chappie Magee for the car. I'd lost the car—and I hadn't had any share in the insurance money! They had got me coming and going. Besides, I didn't trust that old farmer a little bit! There was something about him that made me think he wasn't on the level."

The district attorney covered a smile with his hand.

"And then I got landed up in Sing Sing for three years and a half—and me as innocent as a babe!"

"You have certainly had hard luck!" the prosecutor remarked sympathetically.

"Well," continued Taussig, "when spring came along I went up to see that farmer, and I found that he was the wisest old chap outside the Tenderloin or in it. And now I'm going to tell you something, and I hope I will get a pardon for it. That old farmer had a hand in one of the slickest games that's been pulled off yet. Did you ever hear of a 1912 car that belonged to a man named Blutcher?"

The district attorney pulled his card catalogue toward him and looked through the B's.

"Yes," he answered, "it was stolen June 13, 1914. The insurance company paid four thousand dollars on it, and eight hundred dollars reward to a man called Charlie the Duck."

"That's the car!" exclaimed Taussig eagerly. "Now, I'll tell you something that, if I am not mistaken, will make you sit up. That was an old car that could just barely hitch along on three legs that me and Hayward had paid seventy-five dollars for. You see it turned out that the old farmer used to trim his whiskers and get into his broadcloth Sunday-go-to-meeting suit and come down to the city and pose as being the hot cheese on Broadway. He got hold of a little feller named Blutcher, who's a wig maker, and a crooked insurance agent named McPherson, who represents the Interplanetary Fidelity Company. McPherson insured the car without looking at it for four thousand dollars. Then me and Blutcher and Hayward arrange with Chappie Magee to steal the car from in front of Blutcher's shop."

"Do you mean," cried the district attorney, "that the owner conspired to have his own car stolen?"

"Sure thing," answered Taussig in matter-of-fact tones. "It's done every day.

"We went out for a joy ride up through Van Cortlandt, and coming back Hayward ran the car into an elevated pillar and smashed it all up. It took two weeks to get it repaired so it would run, and cost one hundred and fifty dollars. Then Blutcher left it in front of his store and Magee and I drove it over to Newark, and left it with Tom Kelly that runs the garage on State Street. Blutcher collected the four thousand dollars and split even with Hayward, me and Chappie—after taking out twelve hundred dollars for Schwartz, the saloon keeper."

The Man Higher Up

"Why Schwartz?" queried the district attorney. "What had he to do with it?"

"That was the understanding," answered Taussig rather blindly. "You see Schwartz is the feller that tips everybody off how the tricks are to be pulled."

"Is Schwartz the man higher up?" asked the district attorney.

Taussig shook his head.

"I don't think so," he replied.

"Do you always work—are these tricks always 'pulled,' as you describe it, on tips from Schwartz?"

"Not always, but generally," explained Taussig. "If I hadn't tried to work on my own and bought that blamed car I wouldn't be in Sing Sing now.

"We got another feller, that was out of a job, to drive Blutcher's car down to Philadelphia, and paid him fifteen dollars for it. Then Ikey Bloomenthal went to the insurance company and got eight hundred dollars for telling them where the car was in Philadelphia, which made another two hundred dollars apiece."

"Say," interrupted the deputy sheriff admiringly, "your talent is wasted in Sing Sing. You belong on Wall Street!"

"That is a very interesting little story," commented the district attorney when Taussig had finished, as he handed him another cigarette. "But may I ask who invented this clever scheme, and who is able to commandeer the services of your friends, Chappie Magee and Ikey Bloomenthal, at the psychological moment?"

Taussig shook his head.

"I can't tell you for sure," he answered, "but all I know is that I could always get Chappie and Ikey by calling up Blank's garage"—and he mentioned the name of the man higher up.

"If you will give me the evidence on which I can prosecute Blank I will do my best to get you a pardon," said the district attorney.

"I can't do it," asserted Taussig. "I don't believe anybody could give it to you, and if they did, it would only be the evidence of a lot of thieves and you never could corroborate it."

The district attorney nodded.

"I understand," he said.

But a week later Blank was indicted on four separate charges. The necessary corroboration had been secured.

For a long time the reason for Hayward's willingness to come forward and identify Taussig and thus lay himself open to counter attack and exposure from the latter seemed inexplicable. Then it was discovered that the supposed farmer, although he had been living for upward of ten years in retirement in the country, was in fact an old gambler who had formerly run an establishment in New York, had committed some other and more flagrant offense, and had shaken off the dust of the city for the greater security of the simple life. When the constable had driven up to the farm in the company of the owner of the car which Taussig had placed in Hayward's barn, he had at first declined to surrender the car until the constable had threatened to arrest him on the charge of receiving stolen property. This quickly brought him to an acquiescent state of mind, and his readiness to assist the authorities later on was due only to the necessity on his part of concealing his actual identity and continuing to play the rôle of the guileless hayseed. Yet from time to time, as Taussig had said, the old lure of the lights had drawn him back to Broadway and to crime.

Bogus Insurance Adjusters

Taussig's story opened up a new line of inquiry to the police—the possible relation of so-called adjusters for the insurance companies to crime. The first fact elicited was that many of these adjusters were not adjusters at all, although they used business cards bearing the names of companies which they claimed to represent but in fact were not connected with in any way whatsoever. They were in truth free lances, who through the use of stool pigeons, stalls and confederates among the thieves—if not by a more direct connection with the man higher up—kept themselves fully informed of everything that went on in this extremely profitable criminal enterprise. There is even good reason to believe that they arranged for the insurance, theft and ultimate recovery of cars, such as the 1912 car described by Taussig. In any event they were in many cases the actual go-betweens for the thieves in dealing with the loss departments of the insurance companies. Investigation showed many instances where persons had insured and then either stolen or burned their own cars; it further demonstrated that the connections of the ring were many and widespread, and that stolen and made-over cars were in use by the most unlikely persons.

The temptation to make one hundred per cent or two hundred per cent profit on the sale of a motor, or to possess one at a cost less than twenty-five per cent of its value, proved too great to be resisted by many persons who should have known better. One politician was caught in the toils who admitted having had an interest in a car or two which had been handled by Taussig, although of course he swore vehemently that he had not the faintest idea that they were stolen.

Following Taussig's confession there was a general rush on the part of motor thieves already convicted or under indictment to get on the band wagon. Those awaiting trial clamored to be allowed to plead guilty and tell what they knew in the hope of getting what is called on the Bowery an "S. S." "suspended sentence." Most of them were youths who had never committed crime before, but each one who availed himself of the chance to turn state's evidence implicated from two to five others, who in turn, having been arrested,

disclosed the evil doings of as many more. The district attorney's card catalogue expanded until a new file was required, and in course of time the data concerning almost every stolen car were secured.

For several months the court calendars were clogged with automobile cases, and a variegated procession of defendants marched first to the bar and then off again to Sing Sing or the penitentiary. Judges and juries got weary of hearing the same sort of evidence over and over again. But occasionally some incident would occur to add an element of interest to what for the most part was a tiresome reiteration of a more than twice-told story.

At one trial, for example, the question arose as to whether the manufacturer's number had been changed in order to disguise the identity of a certain car. It was quite impossible for the human eye to detect any physical marks of alteration, although it was admittedly possible that a certain "4" had been originally a "1." The claim of the state was, of course, that the figure "4" had been faked. The defense naturally argued that it had not. A powerful microscope was procured, which conclusively demonstrated that the number had not been tampered with. The prisoner and his friends were jubilant, until it occurred to the prosecutor to telephone to the secretary of state and ascertain in whose name that number was registered. It turned out to be in that of a gentleman living in Brooklyn whose car had been stolen but who had never notified the police of the fact. From circumstances surrounding the larceny it was comparatively easy to identify it as one of the series of thefts in which the defendant had taken part, and evidence was immediately secured from other informers which resulted in the other car's being discovered in a barn where it had been hidden by the defendant and where he had removed the manufacturer's number and exchanged it with that of the automobile for stealing which he was being tried.

On another trial the prosecution claimed that a stolen car, originally painted blue, had been repainted green. The green motor was brought down to the court house and a carriage painter given the task of rubbing off the last coat in order to find out what its first color had been. Meanwhile the trial was halted and the jury given a chance to stretch their legs. The painter rubbed off the coat of green paint easily enough and came to the blue coat beneath, but being an energetic person he kept on rubbing and presently revealed an underlying coat of orange which had been the car's original color. It had been stolen twice!

Changed Car Numbers

The lengths to which the crooks and their attorneys would go to escape the penalties of the law, and the daring methods which they were ready to employ, were shown in a case where a certain defendant was convicted of stealing a car the original number of which, as in most cases, had been changed. In this instance the case came to trial prior to the time when the close coöperation between the district attorney's office, the insurance companies and the office of the secretary of state had been established, and the prosecution relied for its evidence as to the number of the car entirely upon the testimony of an accomplice who had made a memorandum of it in pencil in a notebook at the time of the alteration. After the conviction the defendant's attorney made a motion for a new trial on the ground of newly discovered evidence, and produced in support of his motion, at the Criminal Courts Building, another car, found in Newburgh, New York, which bore the actual number alleged to have been changed. This, contradicting as it did the chief evidence of the state, caused a sensation. The fact was that the accomplice had made a mistake in the hurry of noting down the number of the stolen car. The court, however, denied the motion on the ground that there was other evidence in the case tending to establish the identity and ownership of the motor for the theft of which the defendant had been tried.

Perhaps the most exciting incident which took place during the period when the motor crooks were at the height of their recklessness occurred in the spring of 1914, when a gang of thieves started out one evening to steal cars wholesale, as it were, by the hook-and-chain method. They had procured a fast runabout and plenty of chains to which hooks were attached. The driver was instructed not to stop the runabout, but as fast as they spotted a car which they thought worth stealing to run up alongside it, slow down, and let one of the gang attach the hook and chain to its forward axle, afterward jumping into the front seat and acting as driver. In this manner they picked up, in a few minutes, three cars, all being towed by the runabout, and each car being steered by one of the thieves. The driver hit up his pace and they were going merrily along, when suddenly the steering gear of the last car became deranged and it shot across the sidewalk and plunged down into the area of a brownstone dwelling house, a mass of wreckage. The chain broke and the driver, who had managed to take a flying leap to safety, ran after and leaped upon the running board of the third car. But the accident had attracted the attention of two policemen. They called upon the driver to stop, and on his failure to obey opened fire and started in pursuit. Amid the fusillade of shots the driver turned sharply at the next corner and narrowly avoided killing a pedestrian, who, in his endeavor to recover his equilibrium, inadvertently stepped upon what was left of the broken chain attached to the last car, which was now trailing on behind. With his legs in the air he was thrown violently to the ground and severely shaken up.

Meantime the motors had gathered speed and disappeared, the officers' marksmanship being somewhat feeble. Sometime later the stolen cars were found concealed in an icehouse in the Bronx.

Thieves Put Out of Business

The fact that only ninety miles of road separated two such large cities as New York and Philadelphia enabled the thieves to carry on a constant interchange of stolen cars between them, and a sort of underground railroad was established at a small farm midway between the two, about half a mile off the main highway. This underground railroad was conducted from the office of the man higher up, but was directly in charge of a chauffeur who was widely known. The farm, which had a barn just large enough to contain two cars, was rented in this man's name, and a long-distance telephone was installed in the house. He engaged as his assistants a couple of men, small in stature and boyish in appearance, who were employed to hang round the parking spaces at race courses, polo, baseball and football fields. These "boys" would fool round the cars until they had succeeded in finding one that suited their purpose. At the psychological moment, when the custodian was at a distance, one of them would crank up the car and they would be off. Generally this would occur in New York and Philadelphia simultaneously. By circuitous routes the motors would be driven to the farm in New Jersey and installed in the barn. The Philadelphia operator would then take the New York car, and the New York "boy" would take the Philadelphia car, both cars would be repainted and otherwise disguised, and the exchange would be complete. The police having at last succeeded in finding the farm, careful plans were made for the surprise and capture of the chauffeur. But although his telephone wire was cut to prevent warning being given to him, in some mysterious way the word was conveyed and when the police surrounded the farm there was no one there.

But the fight against the motor thieves had in fact been won. It was no longer safe for anybody to handle a car that had anything "queer" about it, and those engaged in that business knew that a thousand eyes were watching them on every hand. They could no longer trust even their own comrades—there had been so many unpleasant instances where jolly fellows whom they had induced to go in with them and steal a few "hot ones" had turned out to be policemen! So ruefully the thieves reluctantly took the tip. Instantly there took place a great exodus of big and little crooks—all in motors, of course, of divers makes and vintages—to other parts. The automobile squad down at headquarters almost forgot what a joy ride was like. The motor bureau at the district attorney's office was turned into a branch of the health department, and the town became so safe that an automobile owner could leave his car in the middle of Chatham Square for a week and find it waiting for him when he came back. The good old days were over, so far as New York was concerned.

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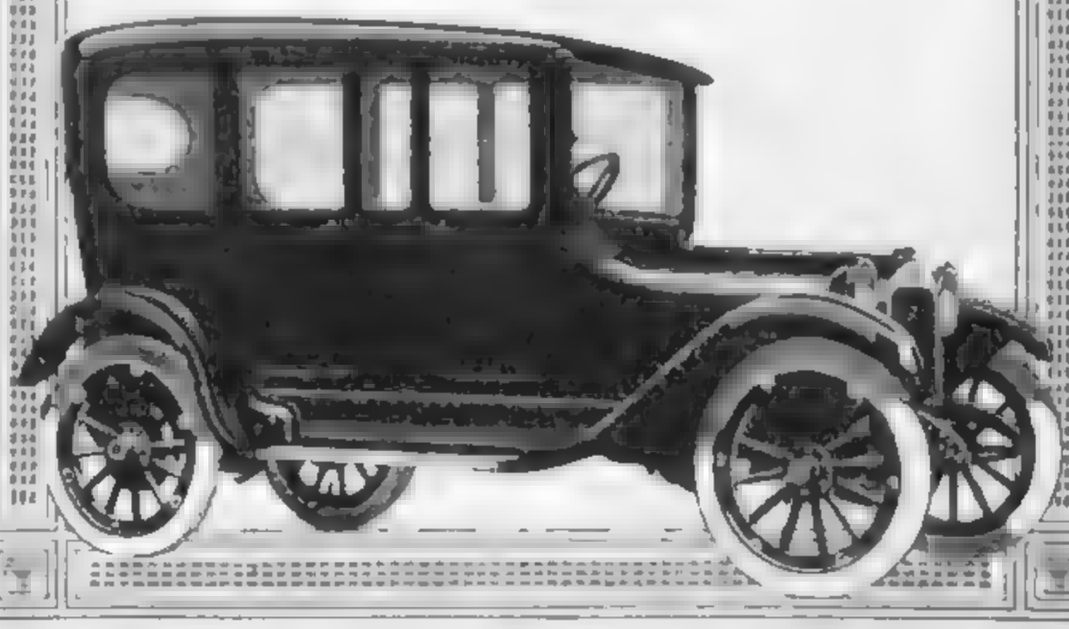

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AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 200
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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

Start THE NEW YEAR With A CASH RESERVE

THEY ALSO SERVE

(Continued from Page 21)

He glanced up at the nurse; and his eyes held all the defiant hatred of a wild animal in a trap.

"Turn over, boy," said the nurse. Her voice was kindly for the first time.

Probably he did not understand the words; but he knew what she wanted. He rolled over on his side, threw off the bedclothes and exposed a bandaged thigh. While the major chatted on the ways of rifle bullets she got off the first-aid bandages. Here was an example to point the major's lecture. Theoretically the little modern bullet goes through clean. Practically it is forever being deflected by a bit of bone; and then it leaves, on its exit, a horrible, gaping wound as big as two palms—a crater of exposed flesh. So it had happened in this case.

It must have been painful, very painful, but the boy never once winced. I watched his fingers; never once did they show a sign of that unmistakable clutching which means agony. Whenever he looked at the nurse there was the same hard defiance in his eyes. She finished at last; she covered him and tucked him in almost tenderly, and hurried to empty her basin. He never looked at her again.

A minute later, and while the major was displaying to me one of the largest and most interesting flesh wounds he had ever seen I glanced back at the pretty Bavarian boy. He lay as the nurse had left him; but his eyes were wide and wet; and as I watched the tears began to run down on to the pillow. He cried without sobbing—just tears and nothing more. For all his soldier defiance and manly fortitude he was just a boy, very much hurt, very far from his mother.

There was a fascination of contrast as well as of horror about Hospital No. 12, the largest and busiest in this base. The British, who had made hospitals from every schoolhouse, warehouse and summer hotel in the district, had here transformed a casino, which figured only a year before as one of the gayest spots in Europe. It is a riot of gilt Cupids and Venuses, of mirrors, of expensive crystal chandeliers. The Medical Corps have soaped over the mirrors to keep excessive glare from dying eyes; but the gilt Cupids and nymphs still look with set smiles upon two thousand wounded as they looked only a year ago last July upon the high play of European dolls and dandies.

Every day, during the heavy fighting at the second battle of Ypres, the great hall of the casino was full. The order would come in the morning to "evacuate." This meant that every man who could be moved without endangering his life must go back to England by hospital ship, that a newly wounded man might have his bed.

Haskins: Please Write

This day the hospital trains, each carrying its three hundred wounded, were rolling in, clearing, and rolling out under ten minutes' headway. By morning the records which the major in charge of the station kept in his office car showed nearly six thousand men, mostly stretcher cases, cleared from the trains in less than twenty hours. At No. 12 the process was going on too rapidly for the ambulances. Every bed was full; and the lucky men about to be "evacuated" and sent back to the comforts of home lay on their stretchers between the cots. These overflowed even the aisles; one picked his way across arms and legs, or the places where arms and legs used to be. The ear quivered with a low, composite moaning, the nostrils shrank from a heavy, composite smell of mortality and disinfectants.

I stood in the midst of all this misery and contrast; and I noticed, in the far corner of the room, a feeble hand that lifted itself from a cot and beckoned. Was this man beckoning to me or was he merely delirious? The nurses were speeding back and forth, carrying basins or shifting stretchers; no one else seemed to notice that hand. So I picked my way down to the corner.

A pale face, decorated with a week's growth of whiskers, and filled with two large, sick eyes, turned feebly on the pillow and regarded me.

"American?" said the face.

"Sure thing!" said I, dropping into the native speech.

"I thought so, from the cut of your jib. I'm from Detroit. Shake!" said he.

His name was Haskins, and he was a very sick man—a "lung case." Which introduces a coincidence. Once, as a boy, he didn't know that his 22-caliber rifle was loaded, with the usual result. The little bullet went through his left biceps, leaving a hollow scar as long and as deep as a man's forefinger. In the action before St. Julien he had been shot through the lobe of the left lung while charging. His left arm, at the moment, was behind him. The bullet had cut a curved course, emerged from under his armpit and lodged exactly in that old scar. They were holding him in Boulogne for fear of pneumonia. They feared truly. Two days later he could not speak to me. I went away for a week; when I returned he had been "evacuated" as convalescent. I hope he is back in Detroit now, telling war stories about a fireside; and will he please write?

The General of the Royal Army Medical Corps admitted that he had one weakness, which he described in his lighter moments as the curse of his race. He had to have his tea at four o'clock. He could live without breakfast, luncheon and dinner, he said; he could dine on roast beef or truffles or canned mutton or hard-tack; but tea he must have, and at four. He had knocked off now from a sixteen-hour stretch of the most anxious and exacting work for a cup of that private stock Ceylon which his servant keeps for him like a treasure. Teatime was the hour to visit the general. He was a pleasant, elderly gentleman, doing his job of repairing the wrecks of war with all the greater zeal because he abhorred warfare. By preference he talked, in these sessions, either Indian civil government, of which he knew a great deal, or anthropology, which was his mild and gentle hobby. Only occasionally did he touch upon the war. As now; for I had brought up a question just then agitating the British authorities in this harbor base.

French Sympathy and Kindness

The hospital trains discharged at the Gare Centrale. From that point, the wounded were carried by automobile ambulance. It was a half mile or so to the nearest hospital; and all the way the ambulances must run across old-fashioned cobble-stones. To jolt across those cobbles was hard enough on well people. It was torture sometimes to the wounded. Whereupon the British offered to repave the streets with cement or asphalt.

The French are a proud people; the town authorities, touched in their pride, responded that they would repave as soon as they could afford it. In the meantime, they hinted, they would take no charity, even from allies.

"I like them for it," said the general. "The French are gentlemen. I didn't know it before the war. I'd lived mostly in India, and I'd never seen much of them close at hand. I'd thought they were unstable and excitable, and all that—you know. When we came up from Boulogne to the border in the beginning, the French cheered us and fed us and gave us drinks all the way. The girls came out and pinned flowers on us. We looked like the forest in Macbeth. They were most polite too. They said we'd come to rescue France. We, with our one little army corps! Then came the retreat from Mons ——"

The general paused here. He never said much at any time about the retreat from Mons, perhaps because he would have had to tell about his own not inglorious part in it, and that would have been "swanking," which is the eighth cardinal sin to a Briton. Ask any soldier who was in it, and he will answer, as by pattern: "It was hell—just hell!" With an enemy advancing thirty kilometers a day, the problem of the Medical Corps was not only to attend the wounded, it was to rescue them and to keep them from the enemy. They took daring chances. The general lost two assistants on the way back, one killed, one captured. He himself just missed both death and capture while he stayed behind to get out the last man at St. Quentin and Le Cateau. The general left all that to my memory and my imagination as he sweetened another cup of tea.

"We weren't in the confidence of the staff," he pursued, "and we thought we

were badly whipped. So did the French. And all the time I had one thought: What were the French going to think of us now? We had come up to help France, and we were beaten from the first. Not much leisure then to do any real thinking, you understand. It just buzzed in the back of my head, as a foolish little idea will when you're in action.

"Well, for a day or so I didn't find much time to talk to the French. But the night of Le Cateau, when I hadn't slept for twenty hours, I thought I had a breathing space for a few winks. My servant found me a billet in a house on the edge of a town. He guided my machine in the darkness. We drove up to the gate. The house was all lighted up. I knocked, and madame came to the door. And honestly I didn't want to face her. It's curious how those little ideas take hold when a man is in an abnormal state.

"She was crying. And when she saw my uniform she put out both her hands and said:

"'Oh, my poor friends, are you beaten? What can I do?' She had expected our coming; and she had set out a supper for us. There were even flowers on the table!

"That's how it went—all the way back to Paris. There was no word of reproach, ever. I never met a man, woman or child who wasn't willing to do everything. One's own people couldn't have been half so kind. That's the test of people, isn't it—standing by!" The general pulled himself up at this point. He had been showing emotion, which is shameful for a Briton.

"Another cup?" he said. "Really, you Americans should learn to take tea. It's much better for one than your cocktails isn't that what you call them?"

I hope that someone will find time after the war to lighten the mass of military reminiscence by a book or so on the Art Quarter—it is no longer strictly the Latin Quarter—in its relation to the war. I suggest the title La Vie de Bohême on the Blink. Some industries in France have gone on, war or no war. Cognac still distills its brandies, Bordeaux still presses its wines, Lyons still weaves its silks, Grenoble still sews its gloves. But the Quarter produced only art; and who wants art nowadays? The students, save for a very few weaklings, have all gone to the front, as have most of the native painters. The foreigners generally shut up shop and went home. All the wheels of industry stopped in the Quarter on the day when the Germans fired on Liège. For men now there remain only a few foreigners, such as Rumanians, Dutchmen, Swiss, and Russians not yet mobilized, some of those old habitués who cover gray hairs and shrunken throats with jaunty caps and flowing ties, and the "*réformés*"—men excused from service for physical disability.

Canteens for Women

Now when the men marched out from Lyons the women went to work at the looms; and the vintages of Bordeaux, like the old vintages of Tuscany when Rome went to war, were trod this year by laughing girls—or by German prisoners. But art is art; and when Jacques or Jean or Raoul went to war, Mimi and Heloise and Julie could not ply brush and maulstick in their places. In short, the army of women dependent on the Quarter in one capacity or another found themselves without funds—for theirs is a butterfly life—and without occupations. You may be the best model in Paris, good alike for hands, head, altogether, and costume. That does you no good if there is no painter to paint you. Few of these women are married, so that they have not even the twenty-five cents a day which the French Government grants a "separated" wife.

The distress has been pathetic, though some of the loose-end methods of the Quarter for relieving that distress are amusing enough. There is, for example, that *réformé* poet, mentioned often enough in news letters to America, who was left without funds and with six girls, sweethearts of soldier friends, on his hands as a personal responsibility. Every evening he repairs with his flock to that café where Americans most gather in these times, and personally begs his American friends to take them to dinner. There is another *réformé*, a clerk on small pay, who all last winter bought bags of coal every Saturday night with his surplus wages and left them at the doors of half a dozen models whom he knew.

A group of patrons of the arts, headed by an American woman, have started canteens in all the artistic quarters of Paris, such as Montmartre and the Left Bank. Here people really associated with studio life, including painters, models, grisettes or even studio scrubwomen, may dine for five cents if they can pay, or for nothing if they cannot. Girl art students do the cooking and wait on table. When their work is done they take off their aprons and join the guests. The diners have a way of lingering because there is nowhere else to go; and while the girl art students wash dishes, a Quarter poet may favor with his latest rime.

Yet, of course, the canteen is charity; and there are those, in the Quarter as elsewhere, who will not eat the bread of charity. One stumbles upon them by accident. For example, an American painter wrote to a model asking her to return some materials of his. She did not answer his letter, and he sought her out in person. She lived in a little room with a toy kitchenette attached, not far from the Boulevard Mont-Parnasse. She had taken in two friends, "midinettes" of a great modiste, and now, of course, out of work. The hostess slept on the couch, the other two on the floor. There had been a mistake, it appeared. The model never had those materials.

"Then why didn't you write and say so?" grumbled the painter.

"Monsieur, a stamp costs ten centimes," said the model. "It was a choice between a stamp or bread for breakfast!"

The Sharp Pinch of Hunger

Three Canadian officers came into town one day on a short leave. They had never seen Paris before, and they knew no French. A resident French-Canadian, who was guiding them, took them to a Latin Quarter café. He recognized an acquaintance in a group of three girls at one of the out-of-door tables. Introductions followed. Before the French-Canadian left to keep an appointment, the officers had invited the three girls, two of whom spoke English, to dinner. There was a moment of hesitation, a short parley in French, and the girls accepted. Dinner began with an apéritif. The Canadian officer, who told me this story, said that after the drink he first noticed the strange behavior of the girl who spoke only French. She began to mutter to herself. When dinner came on she ate ravenously; and then suddenly she screamed, jumped to her feet and tried to throw herself out of the window. A scene, a regular Parisian scene, followed. A policeman entered. After a parley in excited French, which the Canadians, of course, did not understand, he sent for an ambulance and took the demented girl away. Only then did one of the other girls explain to her hosts.

"She had not eaten for three days," she said, "and it has driven her mad—that and the one drink. We had found her just before you arrived, we had forced the truth from her, and we were wondering what to do when you gentlemen were so kind—you see, we also "

"Who is she?" asked the Canadian.

"She was an actress, and a good one, before last August," responded the girl; "but we are not economical in our profession—and who wants actresses now?"

He was a typical British officer, pleasant, friendly in a reserved way, much afraid of making a fuss about himself. He was only slightly wounded. Two weeks more and he went back to his battalion at the front, where I hope luck guards him. Now he was telling about the episode.

"Only a little slap," he said, "shrapnel—but it paralyzed me for the time. I was lying out waiting for the bearers. A poor chap of a Tommy lay twenty yards away, very bad. He was calling for water. I had filled my canteen just before we charged. I found that my right arm was working, and I managed to jerk it, as you might say, far enough so that he could crawl and reach it. I was watching him when a high-explosive Jack Johnson dropped and went off just where he was. Why it didn't hurt me I can't say. It should have, but it only turned me over. But where he was—there was nothing left at all."

He stopped for a moment and seemed to meditate, as he rubbed the wounded spot on his back.

"I abhor shrapnel," he said; "scrambles you up fearfully, especially the casing. Now if one of those big, high-explosive Jack Johnsons drops on one—well, it doesn't mattah!"

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FIBBLE, D.D., TAKES PEN IN HAND

(Continued from Page 6)

My trunk, my neatly strapped steamer rug, my large yellow valise, and sundry smaller articles, were gone, I knew not whither. I did not know they had vanished utterly; wherefore I adhered with the clutch of desperation to my umbrella and my small black portmanteau. Even my collection of assorted souvenir postcards of European views, whereof I had contemplated making an albumed gift to my sole surviving relative, great-aunt Paulina, residing in Hartford, Connecticut, on my return to my beloved native land, was irretrievably lost to me forever.

Still, we moved—haltingly and slowly, it is true, and with frequent stoppages. None the less, we moved; progress was definitely being made in the direction of the seaboard, and in contemplation of this fact one found an infinitesimal measure of consolation, gleaming, so to speak, against a dark cloud of forebodings, like one lone starry orb in the storm-envisaged firmament. During the early part of our journey I could not fail to give heed to the amazing attitude maintained by the young ladies. Repeatedly, as we paused on a siding to permit the passage of a laden troop train, I detected them in the act of waving hand or kerchief at the soldiery.

And once I actually overheard Miss Marble remark to Miss Cling that she, for one, was sorry we were going away from hostilities rather than toward them. One could scarce credit one's ears! Could it be true, as students of psychology have repeatedly affirmed, that the spirit of youth is unquenchable, even in the presence of impending peril? Or, had my own precept and example stimulated these young women into a display of seeming lightheartedness? Perhaps both—certainly the latter. As for me, my one consuming thought now was to bid farewell forever to the shores of a land where war is permitted to eventuate with such abruptness and with so little consideration for visiting noncombatants. To those about me I made no secret of my desire in this regard, speaking with such intensity as to produce a quavering of the voice.

Certain decided views, entirely in accordance with my own, were so succinctly expressed by a gentleman who shared the compartment into which I was huddled with some eight or nine others that I cannot forbear from repeating them here, merely denuding them of profanity.

This gentleman, a Mr. John K. Botts, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and evidently a person of much wealth and no small importance in his home city, said things had come to a pretty pass when a freeborn American citizen who had been coming to Europe every summer for years, always spending his money like water and never asking the price of anything in advance, but just planking down whatever the grafters wanted for it, should have his motor car confiscated and his trunks held up on him and his plans all disarranged, just because a lot of these foreigners thought they wanted to fight one another over something. He said that he had actually been threatened with arrest by a measly army captain whom he, Mr. Botts, could buy and sell a hundred times over without ever feeling it. He was strongly in favor of wiring our Government to instruct the warring nations to suspend hostilities until all the Americans in Europe could get back home, and mentioned thirty days as a suitable time for this purpose.

With regard to this last suggestion I heartily concurred, and my second cablegram to Mr. Bryan, filed while en route, embodied the thought, for which I now wish to give Mr. John K. Botts due credit as its creator. To insure prompt delivery into Mr. Bryan's hands I sent the message in duplicate, one copy being addressed to him at the State Department, in Washington, and the other in care of the Silvery Belt Lecture and Chautauqua Bureau, in the event that he might be on the platform rather than at his desk.

I should have asked Mr. Botts to sign the cablegrams with me jointly but for the fact that after the first two hours of travel he was no longer with us. He left the train at a way station a few miles from Paris, with a view, as he announced, to chartering a special train from the military forces to convey him, regardless of expense, to his destination, and failed to return. Days elapsed before I learned through roundabout sources that he had been detained in quasi custody because of a groundless suspicion on the part of the native authorities that he was mildly demented, though how such a theory could have been harbored by anyone is, I admit, entirely beyond my comprehension.

Nightfall loomed imminent when we reached the French town of Abbevilliers, a place of approximately twenty thousand inhabitants. In happier and less chaotic times one might have spent a pleasant and profitable day, or perhaps two days, in Abbevilliers, for here, so the guidebook informed me, was to be found a Gothic cathedral of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, an ancient fortress, and a natural history collection; but now my ambition was to pass Abbevilliers by with the greatest possible dispatch.

Yet, what was one to do when soldiers in uniform and led by officers entered the train and required the passengers to vacate forthwith, on the excuse that the coaches were required for the transportation of troops? Protests were presented, but all to no avail, the officers remaining obdurate in the face of entreaties, objurgations, and even offers of money by a number of individuals hailing from various sections of the United States and elsewhere. We detrained; there was, in fact, no other course left to us.

Pausing at the station long enough to indite and leave behind a cablegram acquainting Mr. Bryan with this newest outrage, I set forth, with my eight clustering wards, to find suitable quarters for the night. We visited hotel after hotel, to be met everywhere with the statement that each already was full to overflowing with refugees. At last, spent and discouraged, I obtained shelter for my little expedition beneath the roof of a small and emphatically untidy establishment on the shores of that turbid stream, the River Somme. For the accommodation of the young ladies two small rooms were available, but to my profound distaste I was informed that I must sleep through the night on—hear this, Mr. President!—on a billiard table!

I had never slept on a billiard table before. Willingly, I shall never do so again. Moreover, I was not permitted to have an entire billiard table to myself. I was compelled to share it with two other persons, both total strangers to me.

I must qualify that last assertion; for one of my bedfellows—or table-fellows, to employ exact language—lost no time in informing me regarding himself and his history. Despite the hardness of my improvised couch, I fain would have relinquished myself to Nature's sweet restorer—that is, slumber—for I was greatly awearied by the exertions of the day; but this gentleman, who was of enormous physical proportions, evinced so strong an inclination to have converse with me that I felt it the part of discretion, and of politeness as well, to give ear.

Speaking in a quaint and at times almost incomprehensible vernacular, he began by telling me as we reclined side by side beneath the same coverlid that he was no other than Zeno the Great. He then paused, as though to allow me time in which to recover from any astonishment I might feel. In sooth, I had never before heard of any person wearing so singular an appellation; but, realizing instinctively that some response from me was expected, I murmured "Ah indeed! How very interesting!" and begged him to proceed.

This he straightway did, paying no heed to the muttered complaints of our third companion, who reclined on the other side from me, I being in the middle. Since our fortunes were thereafter to be so strangely intertwined, I deem it best to detail in effect the disclosures then and there made to me by this gentleman, Zeno the Great.

His name, it developed, was not Zeno, but Finnigan, the more sonorous cognomen having been adopted for professional purposes. He had begun life humbly, as a blacksmith's assistant in a hamlet in Michigan, and later attached himself to a traveling circus. Here his duties mainly consisted in lending assistance in the elevating and lowering of the tent. Possessing great bodily strength and activity, however, he had in spare times perfected himself in the art of lifting, balancing and juggling objects of enormous weight, such as steel bars, iron balls, and so on, with the gratifying result that he presently became a duly qualified performer, appearing for a term of years before large and enthusiastic audiences, and everywhere with the most marked success imaginable; in fact, he was now without a peer in his chosen vocation, as he himself freely conceded. He expressed himself as being exceedingly sorry not to have with him a scrapbook containing a great number of press clippings laudatory of his achievements, adding that he would have been glad to loan me the book in order that I might read its entire contents at my leisure.

At length his fame, having first spread the length and breadth of our own country, reached foreign shores. After spirited bidding on the part of practically all the leading Continental managers he accepted an engagement at a princely salary to perform before the crowned heads of Europe, and others, as the principal attraction of a vaudeville company contemplating a tour of Europe. I recall that he specifically mentioned crowned heads. Feeling that the importance of the event justified a lavishness in the matter of personal garb, he said that before sailing he had visited the establishment of a famous costumer located on the Bowery, in the city of New York, and there had purchased attire suitable to be worn on the occasion of his public appearances abroad.

This apparel, he admitted, had undergone some wear as the property of a previous owner, being, in fact, what is known as second-handed; but, because of its effectiveness of design and the fortunate circumstance of its being a perfect fit, he had not hesitated to purchase it. I ask you, Mr. President, to mark well this detail, for it, too, has a profoundly significant bearing on future events.

Continuing, my new acquaintance stated that he had reached France but a day or two before the mobilization and, like myself, had been hurled unexpectedly into a very vortex of chaos and confusion. He had lost a collection of photographs of himself, and his treasured scrapbook—losses that he regretted exceedingly; but he had clung fast to his stage attire and to his juggling appliances, bearing them away with him by hand from Paris. He was now endeavoring to make his way back to England, intending to return thence to America without loss of time.

This narration consumed, I presume, the greater part of two hours, I, meantime, endeavoring to conceal any signs of increasing drowsiness. He was, I think, nearing the conclusion of his tale when the porter of the hotel appeared before us in the semigloom in which the billiard room was shrouded. Observing that we were yet awake, he gave vent to an extended statement, ejaculating with great volubility and many gesticulations of eyebrow, hand and shoulder. The French in which he declaimed was of so corrupted a form that one could not understand him; and, since one of my neighbors was now soundly asleep and the other spoke no French, we were at a loss to get on until the porter had recourse to an improvised sign language.

Producing a watch he pointed to the Roman numeral VII on its face and then, emitting a hissing sound from between his front teeth, he imparted to his hands a rapid circular motion, as though imitating the stirring of some mixture. At once we agreed between our two selves that this strange demonstration had reference, firstly to the hour when breakfast would be served on the following morning, and, secondly, to the articles of drink and food which would be available for our consumption at that time.

Accordingly I nodded, saying, "*Oui, oui; je comprends.*" And at that, seemingly satisfied, the worthy fellow withdrew, all smiles. Shortly thereafter we drifted off to sleep and I knew no more until I was roused by the brilliant rays of the August sun shining in my face and rose to a sitting attitude, to find that the third man had already departed, leaving to Zeno the Great and myself the complete occupancy of the billiard table.

As I straightened to my full stature, with my limbs aching and my whole corporeal frame much stiffened by enforced contact during a period of hours with the comparatively unyielding surface of the billiard table, I made another discovery, highly disconcerting in its nature. Ere retiring to rest I had placed my shoes side by side

beneath the table. It was now evident that while I slept some person or persons unknown to me had removed them. I hypothesized this deduction from the fact that they were quite utterly gone. A thorough scrutiny of my surroundings, which I conducted with the aid of my late sleeping companion, merely served to confirm this belief, the search being bootless. I have no intention of making a pun here. Puns are to me vulgar, and hence odious. I mean bootless in the proper sense of the word.

Balancing myself on the marge or verge of the billiard table—for the tiled surface of the floor had imparted a sense of chill to my half-soled feet and already I was beginning to repress incipient sneezes—I called aloud, and yet again I called. There was no response. A sense of the undignifiedness of my attitude came to me. I opened my remaining portmanteau, which had served me as a pillow—and such a pillow! From its depths I extracted a pair of bedroom slippers of a prevalent pink tone, but embroidered on their respective toes in a design of green and yellow moss-rose buds, and adjusted them to my chilled extremities.

These slippers, the handiwork of great-aunt Paulina, had been sent by parcel post to me as a parting gift from her on the eve of sailing, and until now, through all our vicissitudes, had been carefully preserved in an unsullied state. Ah, little had she recked, as her deft fingers wove the several skeins of wool into the finished fabric, that under such circumstances as these, in such a place as this, and almost within sound of war's dread alarums, I should ever wear them!

I was now reminded that I craved food and I mentioned the thought to Mr. Finnigan—or, as I shall call him, Zeno the Great. It appeared that he, too, was experiencing a similar natural longing, for his manner instantly became exuberantly cordial. For all his massiveness of contour and boisterous manner of speech, I felt that this new-made friend of mine had a warm heart. He dealt me an unnecessarily violent but affectionate blow between the shoulders, and as I reeled from the shock, gasping for breath, he cried out in his uncouth but kindly way:

"Little one, that's a swell idea—let's you and me go to it!" Note—By "it" he undoubtedly meant breakfast.

With these words he lifted his luggage, consisting of a large black box securely bound with straps and padlocked as to the hasp, telling me at the same time that he doubted whether any human being in the world save himself could stir it from the floor; for, as he vouchsafed, it contained not only his costume but also a set of juggling devices of solid iron, weighing in the aggregate an incredible number of pounds. I have forgotten the exact figures, but my recollection is that he said upward of a thousand pounds net. As he shouldered this mighty burden he remarked to me over his shoulder:

"I guess I'm bad—eh?"

However, as I have just explained and now reiterate, I am convinced he was not bad at all, but good at bottom; so I contented myself by saying:

"No, no; quite the contrary, I am sure."

As we emerged from the billiard room into the small entrance hall or lobby that adjoined it, I was struck with the air of silence which prevailed. The proprietor was not visible; no other person was visible. Once more I called out, saying: "Hello, my good man! Where are you?" or words to that effect; but only echo answered. I fared to the dining room, but not a living soul was in sight there. Beset by a sudden dread suspicion I hastily ascended the stairs to the upper floor and sped through an empty corridor to the two rooms wherein my eight wards had been lodged. The doors of both chambers stood open; but the interiors, though showing signs of recent occupancy, were deserted. I even explored the closets—no one there, either! Conjecture was succeeded by alarm and alarm by outright distress.

Where had they gone? Where had everybody gone? Unbidden and unanswered, these questions leaped to my bewildered brain, firing it with horrible forebodings.

Sounds of loud and excited outcry came reverberatively to me from below. With all possible speed I retraced my steps to the entrance hall. There I beheld the proprietor in close physical contact with Zeno the Great, striving with all his powers to restrain the infuriated latter from committing a bodily assault on the frightened porter, who apparently had just entered by the street door and was cowering in a corner in an attitude of supplication, loudly appealing for mercy, while the landlord in broken English was all the time pleading with the giant to remain tranquil.

Into the midst of the struggle I interposed myself, and when a measure of calm had been reëstablished I learned the lamentable and stunning truth. Stupefied, dazed and, for the nonce, speechless, I stared from one to the other, unwilling to credit my own sense of hearing.

At seven of the clock a special train had steamed away for Calais, bearing the refugees. The proprietor and his minion had but just returned from the station, whence the train had departed a short half hour before. Aboard it were the Americans who had been stranded in Abbevilliers on the evening previous. My eight young lady seniors were aboard it, doubtlessly assuming, in the haste and confusion of the start, that I had found lodgment in some other compartment than the one occupied by them.

All the recent guests of this hotel were aboard it—with two exceptions. One was Zeno the Great; the other was the author of this distressing narrative.

With one voice we demanded to know why we, too, had not been advised in advance. The proprietor excitedly declared that he had sent the porter to make the rounds of the house during the night and that the porter returned to him, reporting that, either by word of mouth or by signs, he had duly informed all of the plans afoot for the ensuing morning.

"He tell me zat ze billiard-table gentlemans do not understand ze French," proclaimed the landlord; "and zat zen he make wit' 'is mouth and 'is hands ze representation of ze *chemin de fer*—what you call ze locomoteef; and zen you say to him: 'Yes, yes—all is well; we comprehend fully.'"

With a low, poignant moan I pressed my hands, palms inward, to my throbbing temples and staggered for support against the nearermost wall. I saw it all now. When the porter had emitted those hissing sounds from between his teeth we very naturally interpreted them as an effort on his part to simulate the sound produced by steaming-hot breakfast coffee. When, in a circular fashion, he rotated his hand we thought he meant scrambled eggs. Between wonder at the incredible stupidity of the porter and horror at the situation of my eight unprotected and defenseless young lady seniors, now separated from me by intervening and rapidly increasing miles, I was rent by conflicting emotions until reason tottered on her throne.

Anon I recovered myself, and the intellectual activity habitual to the trained mind succeeded the coma of shock. I asked this: "When will there be another train for the coast?" With many shrugs the landlord answered that conditions were unsettled—as we knew; schedules were disarranged. There might be a train to-night, to-morrow, or the day after—who could say? Meantime he felt that it was his duty to warn us to prepare for a visit by a joint representation of the civic and military authorities. Rumors of the presence of spies in the employ of the Germans filled the town. It was believed that one miscreant was even then in the place seeking an opportunity to destroy the public buildings and the railroad terminal with bombs or other devilish machines. Excitement was intense. Aliens were to be put under surveillance and domiciliary search had been ordered. It was even possible that all strangers might be arrested on suspicion and detained for further investigation.

Arrested! Detained! His words sent a cold chill into the very marrow of my being. Innocent of all evil intent though I was, I now recalled that on the day before, while in mixed company, I had spoken openly—perhaps bitterly—of the temperamental shortcomings of the French. What if my language should be distorted, my motives misconstrued? In the present roused and frenzied state of a proverbially excitable race the most frightful mistakes were possible.

There was but one thing to do: I must wire our Secretary of State, apprising him of the exact situation in Abbevilliers with particular reference to my own plight, and strongly urging on him the advisability of instantly ordering a fleet of American battleships to the coast of France, there to make a demonstration in force. With me, to think has ever been to act. I begged the landlord for pen and ink and cable blanks and, sitting down at a convenient table, I began. However, I cannot ask that Mr. Bryan be called to account for his failure to respond to this particular recommendation from me, inasmuch as the cablegram was never dispatched; in fact, it was never completed, owing to a succession of circumstances I shall next describe.

Because of an agitation that I ascribe to the intense earnestness now dominating me I encountered some slight difficulty in framing the message in intelligible language and a legible chirography. I had torn up the first half-completed draft and was engaged on the opening paragraph of the second when the clamor of a fresh altercation fell on my ear, causing me to glance up from my task. The porter, it appeared, had laid hands on Zeno the Great's black box, possibly with a view to shifting it from where it lay, on the floor directly in the doorway; whereupon its owner became seized with a veritable berserk rage. Uttering loud cries and denunciations he fell on the porter and wrested the box from his grasp; following which the porter fled into the street, being immediately lost from view in the distance.

Turning to me, Zeno the Great was in the midst of saying that, though bereft of his scrapbook of clippings and his set of photographs, he hoped to be eternally consigned to perdition—his meaning if not his exact phraseology—if anybody got away with the even more precious belongings yet remaining to him, when nearing sounds of hurrying feet and many shrill voices from without caused him to break off.

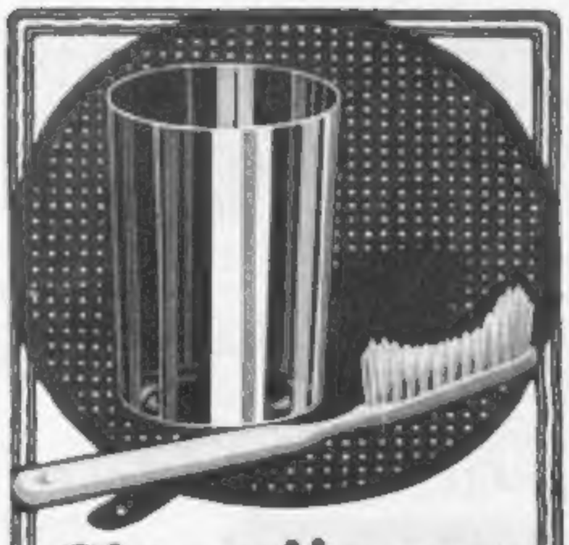
In apprehension, more or less successfully concealed from casual scrutiny, I rose to my feet. At the same instant the porter precipitately reëntered, closely followed by six gendarmes, eight foot soldiers, a personage in a high hat, whom I afterward ascertained to be the mayor, and a mixed assemblage of citizens of both sexes and all ages, amounting in the aggregate to a multitude of not inconsiderable proportions. Agitating his arms with inconceivable activity and crying out words of unknown purport at the top of his lungs, the porter pointed accusingly at Zeno, at the locked box, at me!

For the moment I was left unmolested. With loud and infuriated cries the gendarmes threw themselves on the black box. The foot soldiers hurled themselves on Zeno the Great, precipitating him to the floor, and quite covering him up beneath a quivering, straining mass of human forms. The mayor tripped over a stool and fell prone. The populace gave vent to shrill outcries. In short and in fine, I may affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that chaos reigned supreme.

One felt that the time had come to assert one's sovereign position as an American citizen and, if need be, as a member of a family able to trace its genealogy in an unbroken line to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at or near Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts. I drew forth from my pocket the small translating manual, previously described as containing English and French sentences of similar purport arranged in parallel columns, and, holding it in one hand, I endeavored to advance to the center of the turmoil, with my free arm meantime uplifted in a gesture calling for silence and attention; but a variety of causes coincidentally transpired to impede seriously my efforts to be heard.

To begin with, the uproar was positively deafening in volume, and my voice is one which in moments of declamation is inclined to verge on the tenor. In addition to this the complete freedom of my movements was considerably impaired by a burly whiskered creature, in a long blouse such as is worn in these parts by butchers and other tradespeople, who, coming on me from behind, fixed a firm grasp in the back of my collar at the same instant when one of his fellows possessed himself of my umbrella and my small portmanteau.

Finally, I could not locate in the book the exact phrases I meant to utter. Beneath my eyes, as the printed leaves fluttered back and forth, there flashed paragraphs dealing with food, with prices of various articles, with the state of the weather, with cab fares, with conjectures touching on the whereabouts of imaginary relatives, with questions and answers in regard to the arrival and departure of trains, but nothing at all concerning unfounded suspicions directed against private individuals; nothing at all concerning the inherent rights of strangers traveling abroad; nothing at all concerning the procedure presumed to



Cleanliness alone is not enough

It's a mistake to suppose that because your teeth *look* clean and white they will not decay.

Science tells us that "Acid-Mouth" is the chief foe to good teeth. Cleanliness counts a lot; but it does not go far enough; it does not protect against "Acid-Mouth."

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

besides keeping teeth clean, white and polished, checks "Acid-Mouth." Stop "Acid-Mouth" and you remove the cause of 95% of all tooth decay. No dentifrice is so great a help in stopping "Acid-Mouth" as Pebeco Tooth Paste. Learn the joy of using a real dentifrice.

Send for a Free Ten-day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

The test papers will tell you whether you have "Acid-Mouth" and the tube will easily prove the virtues of Pebeco.

Lehn & Fink

Manufacturing Chemists
122 William Street, New York
Canadian Office: 1 and 3 St. Helen St., Montreal

A small advertisement can tell you the one thing that makes all paint better paint. This one thing is

Zinc

But if you want to know why Zinc is a necessary ingredient of good paint, you must send for—and read—this book, "*Your Move.*"

The New Jersey Zinc Company
Room 420, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

Prices $15.00 up. SOLD or RENTED anywhere at ¼ to ⅓ MANUFACTURERS' PRICES, allowing RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalog D.
TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago

Tempting

is the meal made from *French Meat-Treat.* For, like the many other varieties of

FRANK'S QUALITY MEAT-TREATS

THE NATIONAL DELICATESSEN

Made in Milwaukee

French Meat-Treat is most delicious—and delightfully simple to serve as an entrée, sandwich, sliced cold or served hot.

If your dealer does not sell Meat-Treats, write us, and we'll tell you how to get them.

FREE: Send for our booklet, "Suggestions," containing new recipes for entrées, sandwiches, hot dishes, etc.

L. FRANK & SON COMPANY
Dept. H-G Milwaukee, Wis.

RETAILERS: Write for "Frank-News," the magazine on profitable delicatessen.

BROKERS: Write.

A Car Your Wife Can Drive

IMAGINE a gasoline car whose speed is controlled by an electric push-button. A car with no troublesome gear shift lever. A car a woman can drive the first time she tries, because gear shifting has been made as easy as switching on an electric light. You can buy such a car *now.* We will send you on request name of dealer in your town who can furnish car equipped with Magnetic Gear Shift—also a copy of our booklet, "The Next Big Improvement in Automobiles," telling how gears are shifted magnetically by merely pressing a button.

THE CUTLER-HAMMER MFG. CO.
1208 St. Paul Avenue Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Look for the Magnetic Gear Shift at the New York and Chicago Shows

YOUR LIVING EXPENSES?

ENSTROM'S systematic Two-Year Expense Record shows exactly how much money you spend daily for living, pleasure, clothing and how much has been Wasted. This record Catches the Waste and Turns it into a BANK ACCOUNT. Price 25c each. Satisfaction or money back. Send today. Enstrom Press, 217 E. Main St., Jamestown, N. Y.

obtain among civilized peoples as to the inviolate sacredness of one's personal property from sumptuary and violent search at the hands of unauthorized persons—in short, nothing at all that would have the slightest bearing on, or be of the slightest value in explaining, the present acute situation. Given a modicum of leisure for painstaking search among the pages and a lessening of tensity in the state of the popular excitement, I should undoubtedly have succeeded in finding that which I sought; but such was destined not to be.

Of a sudden a chorus of exultant shrieks, louder than any of the cries that until then had arisen, caused all and sundry to face a spot near the door. The gendarmes had forced open the black box so highly prized by Zeno the Great and now bared its contents to the common gaze.

Mr. President, think of the result on the minds of a mob already inflamed by stories of spies and infernal devices. The box contained six cannon balls and a German captain's uniform!

Ah, sir, how many times since then, dreaming in my peaceful bed of the things that immediately ensued, have I wakened to find my extremities icy cold and my body bathed in an icy moisture! Yet, in my waking hours, whene'er I seek mentally to reconstruct those hideous scenes I marvel that I should preserve so confused, so inchoate a recollection of it all, though from the picture certain episodes stand out in all their original and terrifying vividness.

Again do I hear the maledictions of the frenzied populace; again do I behold their menacing faces, their threatening gestures. Again, with pitying and sympathetic eyes, do I see myself hurried through the streets, a breathless prisoner, hatless, collarless—for my collar came away in the hands of the whiskered wretch in the blouse—deprived through forcible confiscation of my translating manual, by means of which I might yet have made all clear to my accusers, and still wearing on my sorely trampled feet the parting gift of my great-aunt Paulina. Again am I carried for arraignment before a mixed tribunal in a crowded room of some large building devoted in ordinary times, I presume, to civic purposes.

The trial scene—how clearly do I envisage that! Come with me, Your Excellency, and look on it: Zeno the Great is there, writhing impotently in the grasp of his captors and, at such intervals as his voice can be heard, hoarsely importuning me to make all clear. The gendarmes are there. The troopers are there in full panoply of lethal equipment and carnage-dealing implements of war. The mayor is there, as before, but has lost his high hat. Hundreds of the vociferating citizens are there. And finally I—Roscoe T. Fibble—am there also, still preserving, I may fondly trust, such dignity, such poise, such an air of conscious rectitude as is possible, considering gyves on one's wrists, no covering for one's head or one's throat, and a pair of embroidered bedroom slippers on one's feet.

The porter, with circumstantial particularity, reënacts his attempt to remove the damning black box and his encounter with my hapless companion. The mayor publicly embraces him. The chief of the gendarmes proves by actual demonstration that the German captain's uniform is a perfect fit for Zeno the Great. The mayor kisses him on both cheeks. The commanding officer of the military squad makes the discovery that the six cannon balls are hollow metal shells containing cavities or recesses, into which presumably fulminating explosives might be introduced. The mayor kisses him on both cheeks and on the forehead.

It is one's own turn; at the prospect one involuntarily shudders! One's self is hedged about by impassioned inquisitionists. On every side one is confronted by waving beards, condemning eyes, denouncing faces, clenched hands and pointing fingers. From full twenty throats at once one is beset by shrill interrogations; but, owing to the universal rapidity of utterance and the shrillness of enunciation, one is quite unable, in the present state of one's mind, to distinguish a single intelligible syllable.

Lacking my translating manual to aid me in framing suitable responses, I had resort to an expedient which at the moment seemed little short of an inspiration, but which I have since ascertained to have been technically an error, inasmuch as thereby I was put in the attitude of pleading guilty to being a spy in the employ of the enemy, of being an accomplice of Zeno the Great in nefarious plots against the lives and property of the French people, and of having conspired with him to wreck all public and many private edifices in the town by means of deadly agencies.

The mistake I made, Mr. President, was this: To all questions of whatsoever nature I answered by saying "*Oui, oui.*"

Almost instantaneously—so it seemed—I found myself transported to a place of durance vile, deep down in the intricate confines of the noisome cellars beneath the building where the inquisition had taken place. There in lonely solitude did I languish; and at intervals I heard through the thick walls, from the adjoining keep, the dismal, despairing accents of my ill-starred fellow countryman bewailingly uplifted. True, he had willfully deceived me. Most certainly he told me those cannon balls were solid iron.

Yet this was neither the time nor the place for vain recriminations; for, indeed, all seemed lost. Doom impended—earthly destruction; mundane annihilation! One pictured a gallows tree; and, turning from that image, one pictured a firing squad at sunrise. I was only deterred from committing to writing my expiring message to Mr. Bryan and the world at large by two insurmountable considerations: One was that I had no writing materials of whatsoever nature, and the other was that my mental perturbation precluded all possibility of inducing a consecutive and lucid train of thought.

Constantly there recurred to me the words of a popular yet melancholy ballad I had once heard reproduced on a talking machine which dealt with the tragic and untimely fate of a noble youth who, through misapprehension and no discernible fault of his own, perished at the hands of a drumhead court-martial in time of hostilities, the refrain being: "The pardon came too late!"

Nevermore should I see my peaceful study at Fernbridge Seminary for Young Ladies, with its cozy armchair, its comforting stool, or rest, for the slippered feet, its neatly arranged tea table! Nevermore should I spend the tranquil evening hours with Wordsworth and with Tennyson! Nevermore should my eyes rest on my portfolio of pressed autumn leaves, my carefully preserved wild flowers, my complete collection of the flora indigenous to Western New Jersey!

In such despairing contemplations very many hours passed—or at least, so I believed at the time. Eventually footsteps sounded without in the paved corridor; the lock of my cell turned; the hinges grated; metal clanged. Had another day dawned? Had the executioners come to lead me forth? Nay; not so! The sickly light that streamed into my dungeon cell was not the beaming of another sunrise but the suffused radiance of the present afternoon; in fact, the hour was approximately one o'clock P. M., as I learned later.

Enframed in the door opening stood the form of my gaoler, and beside him was one of the cousins of my charge, Miss Canbee. It was the tall brunet cousin—not the slight blond one. I was saved! I was saved!

He—the cousin in question—had been one of the officers in charge of the train which bore my charges away that morning. Meeting him on board soon after discovering that I was not included among the passengers, Miss Canbee begged him to hasten back to Abbevilliers to make search for me. He had consented; he had returned posthaste. He knew me for what I was, not for what, to the misguided perceptions of these excited citizens, I seemed, in sooth, to be.

And in this same connection I wish to add that I have ever refused to credit the malicious rumors originating among some of Miss Canbee's seminary mates, and coming to my ears after my safe arrival at Fernbridge, to the effect that this young gentleman was not Miss Canbee's cousin and nowise related to her; for, as I clearly pointed out to Miss Waddleton on the occasion when she recounted the story to me, if he were not her cousin, how could she have known him when they met in Paris and why should he have been willing to act on her intercessions? He was her cousin—I reaffirm it!

He had come. He was now here. I repeat the former declaratory exclamation—I was saved!

Mr. President, the story is done. You now know all—or nearly all. With a line I dispose of the release from custody of the writer and of Zeno the Great, following suitable explanations carried on with the aid of Miss Canbee's cousin. With another line—to wit, this one—I pass over my affecting reunion that night at Calais with my eight young-lady charges; as also the details of our return to England's friendly shores, of our immediate departure by steamer for our own dear land, and finally of our reception at Fernbridge, in which I was unable to participate in person by reason of the shaken state of my nerves.

And now, sir, having placed before you the facts, with all the determination of which I am capable I reiterate my earlier expressed demand for condign official retribution on the heads of the persons culpably blamable for my harrowing misadventures, whoever and wherever those persons may be. If you feel moved, also, to take up the matter with Mr. Bryan personally, you have my permission to do so, here freely and completely bestowed.

Before concluding, I might add that a day or two since, as I casually perused the editorial columns of a secular daily published at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, I chanced on a delineation of Mr. Bryan, depicting him as being attired in sweeping white robes, with a broad smile on his face, and holding in one outstretched hand a brimming cup, flagon or beaker, labeled as containing a purely nonalcoholic beverage; while on his shoulder nestled a dove, signifying Peace. Accordingly I have taken the liberty of forwarding a copy of this communication to the artist responsible for that pictured tribute, in order that he, too, may know our former Secretary of State in his true light, and in the hope that he—the artist—shall in future cease to employ his talents in extolling one who so signally failed to give heed to one's appeals in the most critical period of one's existence.

I remain, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

ROSCOE T. FIBBLE, D. D.

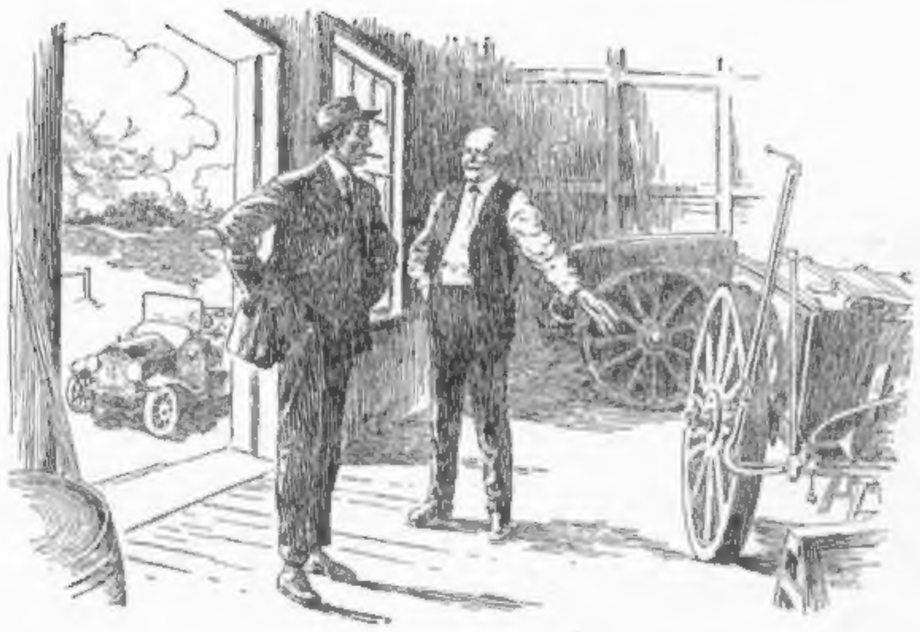
P. S. Since penning the above concluding words my attention has been directed to the fact that the picture in the aforesaid Philadelphia paper was intended for a caricature—or, as the cant phrase goes, a cartoon—its intent being to cast gentle ridicule on the policies of the man Bryan. I have, therefore, addressed a supplementary line to the editor, complimenting and commending his artist in the highest terms. FIBBLE.

A Fitting Selection

IN A KENTUCKY town in the edge of the mountains the crowd at the post office was discussing the latest homicide. Uncle Luther Williams, ripe in years and experience, approached the group and someone turned to him.

"Uncle Luther," he inquired, "how do you stand in regards to this killing yesterday. Don't you think something ought to be done about it?"

"My son," said Uncle Luther, turning his quid slowly, "I'm plumb hostile to all killin's whatsoever. But if Bad Bud Menifee had to kill somebody, it seems like to me he was powerful discreet in the choice he made yistiddy."



The Country Merchant

We believe in the retail merchant.

We believe in doing everything possible to help the American manufacturer make his goods well known to the buying public through the dealer.

We believe in making every customer feel secure when he buys a product bearing the advertised trademark of a reputable manufacturer—and that security is enhanced when he buys it from his local merchant whom he knows and in whom he has confidence.

We believe that one of the powerful assets of the manufacturer who advertises to the farmer is the assistance this advertising gives to the local dealer.

We believe in the retail dealer as a vital factor in the process of national distribution.

X

The advertising policy of *The Country Gentleman* as laid down by The Curtis Publishing Company four years ago is based upon a staunch faith in the merchandising methods of American manufacturers.

It has exerted its influence to point out to advertisers the necessity for the established channels of trade.

Its investigations have proved the wisdom of allowing the dealer and the jobber an adequate profit in handling advertised and trademarked lines.

The Country Gentleman has shown its protection of the dealer by excluding from its columns thousands of dollars' worth of advertising that reflects unfairly on the goods the dealer carries.

X

Advertising in *The Country Gentleman* impresses the country retail dealers all over the United States, not only because they read the publication but also because they see it wherever they go.

It is unique among farm papers because of the magnitude of its "visible circulation"—not only full-price subscriptions reaching the farmer in his home, but also full-price *sales* reaching the farmer where he congregates, in the towns and cities where he goes to do his daily or weekly buying.

Here the unusual and thorough sales organization of *The Country Gentleman* has been highly effective.

The farmer when he comes to town cannot always be singled out and approached for a subscription. But he does pass news-stands and meet boys on the street.

The dealer sees *The Country Gentleman* on the news-stands and in the hands of our young men who sell it.

He sees farmers buying it. He sees them reading it.

He knows that it is a factor in his community.

X

When a piece of farm machinery gives way the dealer can generally supply new parts. He can make repairs and adjustments promptly.

Whatever the goods he carries, he is constantly rendering a service to manufacturers in just such ratio as he is rendering service to his customers.

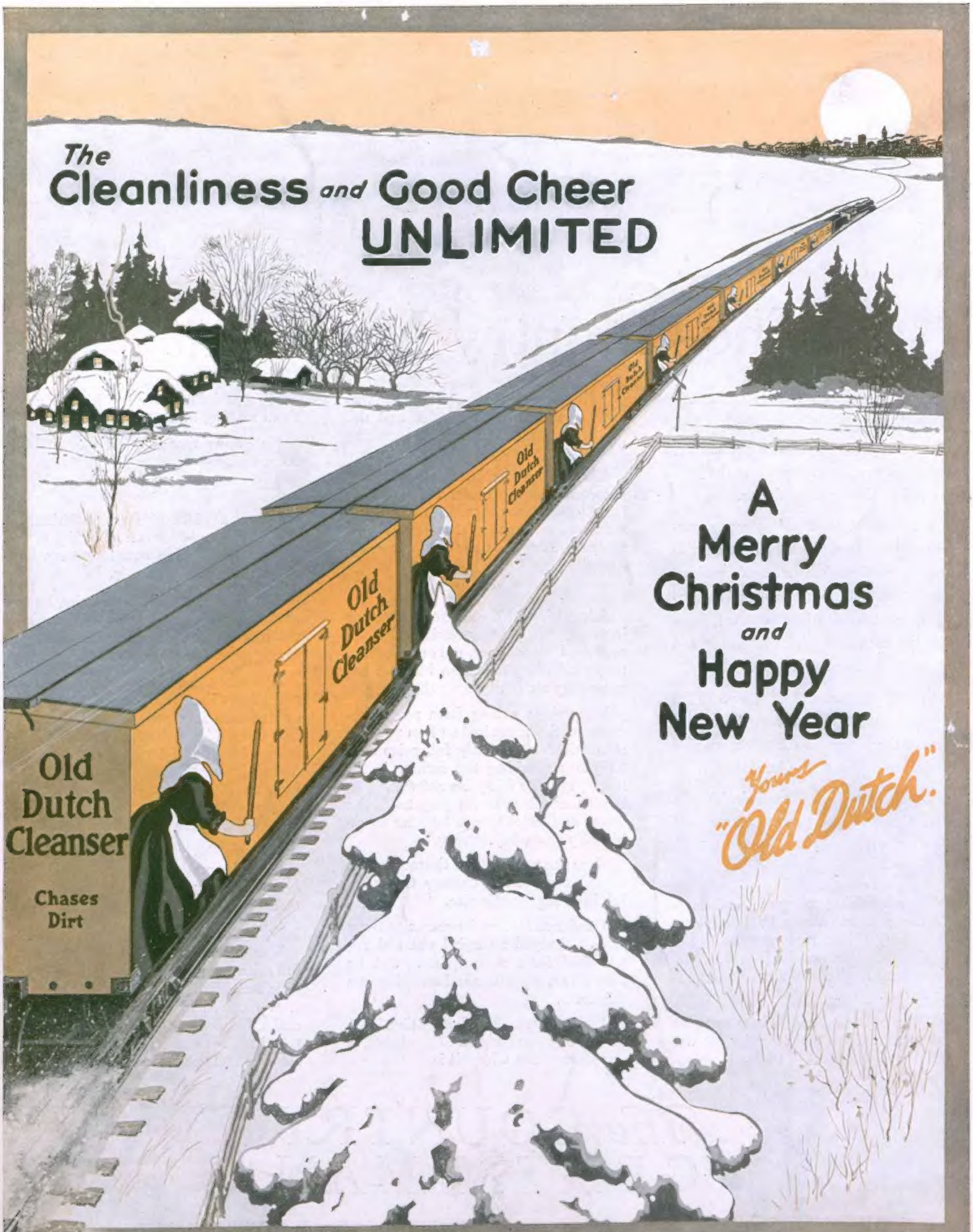
And when the country merchant sees and knows that *The Country Gentleman* carries with it a real influence in his community, because of the strength and sweep of its editorial columns, it is borne in on him that its advertising columns have an influence upon his own customers. These customers are the manufacturers' customers.

They are the customers who are being reached in every farming community every week by *The Country Gentleman* through a sales organization that goes everywhere.

The effectiveness of this method, the full price at which it is sold, and the genuine belief and enthusiasm with which it is received by farmers and dealers, make *The Country Gentleman* an important link between the national manufacturer and the national farm market.

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia


The
Cleanliness and Good Cheer
UNLIMITED
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
Yours "Old Dutch"